

# NATIONAL

MAGAZINE 15 Cents

## THE NUMBERED G I R L

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE  
by Samuel Hopkins Adams

GOLDEN  
JUBILEE  
OF  
PYTHIAN  
KNIGHTHOOD  
BY  
Union B. Hunt

SHORT STORIES BY  
*Seumas Mac Manus*  
*Isabel Anderson*  
*Winthrop Packard*  
*L. M. Montgomery*



JULY  
1914

The "HEART THROBS"  
Magazine

## A Young Looking Complexion

The soft, pure and fine complexion of youth is not so difficult to retain as is often imagined. The reason why many people lose it so soon is that they do not exercise sufficient care in avoiding common impure soaps, which destroy the fresh natural tint and loveliness of skin texture that constitute so great a personal charm.



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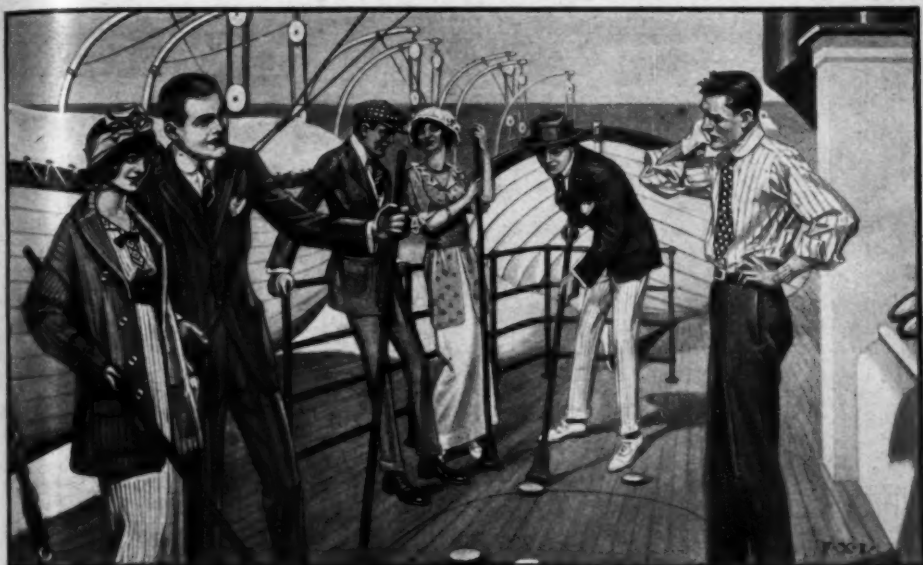
**The skin is always kept in a soft, dainty natural condition by Pears while it brings the complexion to its highest perfection.**

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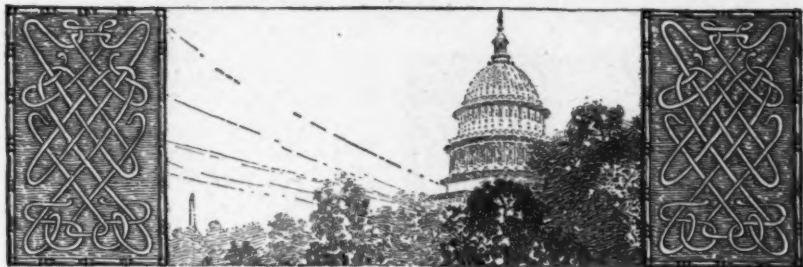




*He saw her first clearly dark against the far gold of the evening west*

—See "The Numbered Girl," page 525

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE



## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**T**HE Fourth of July for some years past has found Congress in session with all the fervor of Continental days. During the blistering hot days of late June and early July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was being prepared to be signed, the Continental Congress was not so fortunate as to have hundreds of thousands of pages of hearing testimony fired at them. They "heard" in other ways in those days, and the most notable "hearing" on record is that of old Liberty Bell ringing out the message on July 4th. The legislative program of the Sixty-fourth Congress is approaching the finale, and the dog-days of August will likely hear the liberty bell of adjournment.

When the war fever had subsided, public interest swung to the mediators' conference at Niagara Falls. Various civic and social conventions met and adjourned in rapid succession, making altogether a lively early summer for Washington. Business men in "convention assembled" petitioned the President to relieve the strained business situation by going slower on his drastic legislative program, but to no avail, for Mr. Wilson told his callers that their apprehensions were "psychological"—a term used before by Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury under Roosevelt, in speaking of panics. The business and industrial interests of the country, counting their narrow and fading margins, shrinking payrolls and decreased products, were concerned not only with the conditions of today, but were looking anxiously towards the future, since if the importation of foreign goods is kept up, there will have to be an increase of incomes and direct taxation somewhere to make up the consequent deficit from tariff revenues, or the bane of issuing bonds to pay expenses may fall upon the country again, as it did in Cleveland's administration.

The President feels that his policies ought to be given a longer trial before condemnation, but the under-current of public opinion throughout the country, from coast to coast, in times of depression is unfavorable to the party in power.

It does not take sentiment long to crystallize on public questions in these strenuous times. Even the headlines of the newspapers, a week or a month old, seem like past history when read in the light of one week ago. Political eyes are now turned to the immediate test of public opinion to be revealed in the Congressional campaigns, which are just now looming up as an overture

to the presidential campaign in 1916. It has been insisted by some of the President's critics that he has undertaken the job of making the United States government all over, through a system of statutory acts that may have to be turned over and over again and repealed if a new administration arrives on the scene in 1916 or later, to again complete the cycle of Democratic legislative experience when President Cleveland, hoping to relieve the depression, convened Congress to repeal the silver-purchase bill, which was, after all, the aggravating symptom of the dominant silver issue of 1896.



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HON. JAMES A. FREAR  
Representative from the Tenth District of Wisconsin

ALL day long amendments were hammered at the Rivers and Harbors bill in the House. It was a time of much moment for the fate of Uncle Sam's millions, which now roll into the billion-dollar budget. A Republican pork barrel

was always considered obese, but the administration pork barrel this year fairly burst its staves. Bacon and eggs or pork and beans was the popular menu in the House restaurant that day.

Many a Congressman was fighting to the last ditch, so to speak, for an appropriation to dredge something in his district. Despite the glowering looks of his colleagues, Congressman Frear of Wisconsin, who has long been investigating the various projects, fought fast and furious for many amendments that would have saved Uncle Sam, according to his claims, at least twenty million dollars. When he invited questions from a hundred members present—including Mann, Underwood and Fitzgerald—no one disputed his statements. In fact, he was getting the goat of so many at this vulnerable time, that even Leader Mann pleaded with him to desist and let the other side have something in the way of perquisites that might not come under the strict rule of "assisting and providing navigation" for boats that float in water.

The approaching completion of the Panama Canal appeared to create added

impetus for anything that looked like a water-way dredging or canalizing in any one of the four hundred and eighty-seven congressional districts, included within the rivers and harbor realm. For in all these districts there were very few Congressmen that did not have claims directly or indirectly, in a liquid way, on the purse strings of Uncle Sam's big treasure chest.

The wild and frenzied finance of Wall Street could not parallel some of the appropriations made by Congress if compared with a computation of what the same work could be done for with the proceeds, or rather what is left, of the watered stocks and the shackled bonds in Wall Street.



WITH the completion of the Panama Canal there has been a revival of the interest early expressed by Henry Clay, Blaine, Root and Knox in the development of trade between the United States and South American countries. To the policies of these former Secretaries of State we have given only a tacit consent, which has been unsupported by positive action, the United States by its own internal development not having had time



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COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THE CAPITAL

Crowds greeted the former President on the occasion of his recent short visit in Washington, where he spoke before the Geographic Society

to give to those outside questions which are now coming to the fore. With the representatives of three South American countries acting as mediators in the Mexican embroglio, hopes of a better understanding between the countries in the Western Hemisphere are entertained.

At a recent dinner in New York the ministers and ambassadors from South



America talked freely concerning the situation. They realized that the enormous development of American interests in South America has given its many divisions American banking connections, and that trade must follow the bank account. The great packing interests of Argentina are now planning on a line of steamships that will bring those countries within thirteen days of New York, and they will also provide better banking facilities. The charge was made that merchants from the United States did not understand the South American

trade. This is greatly owing to their education, for in many school geographies five pages of descriptive matter are given to India and only a quarter of a page to South America. What is desired is friendship without noisy interference in internal and domestic affairs. This is straight talk, but ideas count, and even Director John Barrett, with his resonant voice, could not make the facts any clearer.



JOHN BARRETT

Director General of the Pan-American Union. Mr. Barrett has been prominently mentioned in connection with the Nobel peace prize for the coming year

THE annual celebration of Flag Day has a deeper significance than is usually realized. Can the millions of foreigners pouring in every year be expected to become loyal citizens of the Republic, with a full appreciation of its flag, if our own citizens, utterly absorbed in their daily routine, never stop for a moment to pay proper tribute to their country's banner?

Flag Day observance has become of more than passing importance. In some manufacturing centers it is inspiring to see thousands of foreigners enthusiastically joining in the exercises. I chanced to be in Manchester, New Hampshire, when the President was expected, and almost every house throughout the city had a display of flags that made it seem like a rejuvenated Fourth of July. The best of all was to see little tots here and there carrying the flags. Even the babies waved them with glee, and automobiles, wagons and every kind of conveyance proudly displayed the national colors.

We do not stop to think how little many of the newly-arrived foreigners, forced to labor hard for food and shelter, and ignorant even of our language, have to impress them with what it means to be an American citizen. When naturalized one merely holds up his hand, repeats a formula, and signs his name in the most commonplace manner, while in any civic or secret organization there is a time of probation in which one is instructed in the obligations involved by membership in the order. But, God save the mark, to become an American citizen, the only thing a foreigner has to do is to fall in with

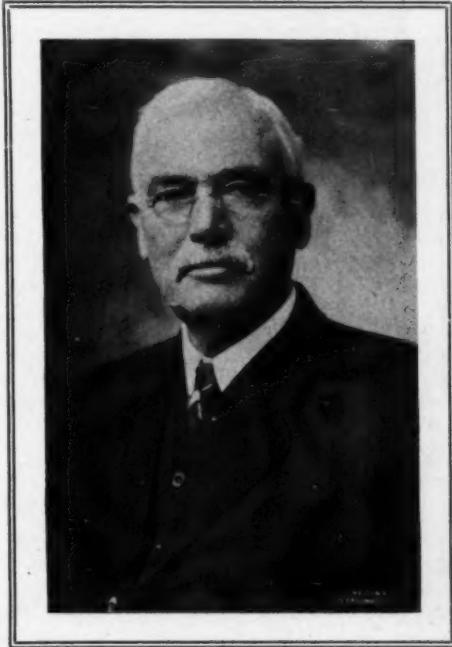
some probably corrupt politicians. Americans themselves are responsible for this state of affairs by being so derelict in their duty—and a duty it is to take some foreigner by the hand and tell him what the good old flag means. Though it is true that splendid work is being done in the schools, still there are many thousands who do not attend school, but on arrival here begin work at once; and if there are no children of school age in these families, they have little opportunity for learning our customs and ideals.

A most humiliating incident took place recently in a street of a manufacturing city of New England where I happened to be. Five foreigners with whom I talked through an interpreter did not know what the Stars and Stripes meant. They thought it was the flag of the corporation for which they were working and had no conception that it was the national flag for which millions had fought and bled. It may be that they come here only for the almighty dollar, but they surely should be instructed as to what makes it possible for them to earn it, and if a little more instruction in just the common facts of citizenship were propagated instead of so much agitation in spreading discontent, all concerned would profit.

When I looked upon the new placement of the stars in the flag at Washington and saw a circle formed, it seemed emblematic of the unity of the nation; but, after all, there is something endearing in the old arrangement of the stars—the stars that never grow old in the firmament—dotted in here and there like the stars above us. It will take another generation to become accustomed to the geometrical design that is now proposed.

If all the incidents of past wars were told in every town, village and hamlet, to the boys of today, I am sure they would find what it meant to others to have their fathers torn from them by the ruthless call to arms, and wives and mothers, thanking God for peace, would still feel a pride in each self-sacrifice, and a clearer understanding of and love for the old flag.

Let us live over the old times with mother and grandmother and have them again vividly portray the home scenes to teach the hearts of the younger generation what home is and what home would be with the Death Angel entering. Let them know that that flag, today brooded over by the Angel



SENATOR FRANK S. WHITE

Chosen by popular vote to serve the unexpired term of the late Joseph F. Johnston of Alabama, after the Senate refused to seat Frank P. Glass, appointed by the Governor of Alabama

of Peace, has more than once been borne over the bodies of brave men, and that these things must never be forgotten. When one million can look upon the flag and not feel a thrill of sentiment or emotion, the nation is fast drifting toward the ashes of a crumbled Republic.



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#### REPAIRING THE ORIGINAL STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Under the deft hands of Mrs. Amelia Fowler of Boston, the famous Fort McHenry flag, the largest battle standard in the world, which has been disintegrating at a most alarming rate in the old National Museum Building, will soon be delicately sewed all over its 10,044 square feet, and put into condition where it will defy the ravages of time, indefinitely

**I**T is never pleasant to talk gloomy during depression, but facts are facts and will be known. Such being the case, it is just as well that the real facts are published. The railroad reports for the past year have set the people to thinking, for the railroads have always been the barometer of trade movement for the country. To contemplate a twelve per cent reduction in passenger and freight traffic means a twelve per cent reduction in demand, sales and production, and as most things are moved by the roads, it represents the ratio on which the general business of the country can most accurately be calculated.

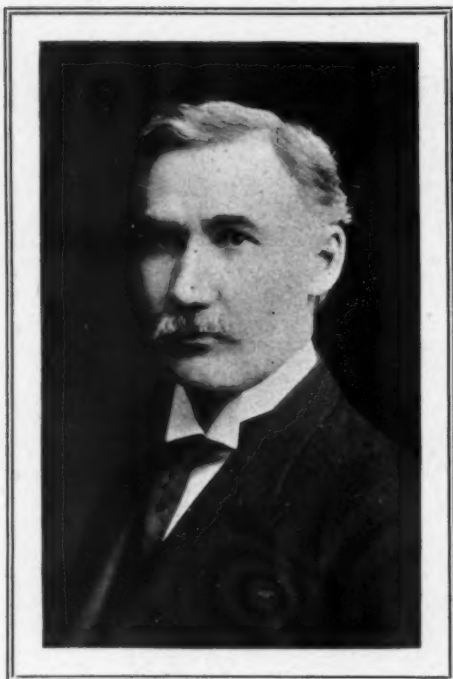
The statements from the executives of the various railroads at this time sound a note of warning which indicates that something is radically wrong in the general condition of business, and the people are feeling that it is no longer safe to listen to the suggestions of quacks, but that it would be wise to place some of the able men that built up and maintained conditions a few years ago again in control.

These facts are no longer put forth as a mere political argument. The



JOSEPH W. FOLK

Much interest has been exhibited in the rapid rise of ex-Governor Folk of Missouri. His numerous attacks on what he considers offending railroads will endear him to the people. As chief counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the task he is undertaking is gigantic, and one on which he is obliged to spend a great deal of time and effort



GEORGE E. ROBERTS

Director of the Mint, whose name is prominent among the eligibles for the federal reserve board

conditions that confront the country should inspire all patriotic, earnest and high-minded men with the resolution to bring back the full measure of prosperity enjoyed in America during the past two decades.

THE "social center" movement, which advocates the opening of the schoolhouses of the nation for the public as "social centers," has at last invaded Washington. Representative Crosser of Ohio and Senator Hollis of New Hampshire are pledged to let their colleagues know about the plan, and have lost no time in presenting the facts in both House and Senate. While the President himself has not yet spoken out in reference to the work, Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, his eldest daughter, rose from her seat in the audience at a recent civic meeting in Washington and made an eloquent plea, declaring:

"The social center movement in the final analysis is the fundamental principle of democracy. No matter how cultured we are we cannot get ideas alone, and we must get together and get them from each other."

Forty years ago schoolhouses were generally opened freely to all kinds of social amusements, and especially to lyceums, lectures and political caucuses. Those who can recall the old days will testify to the good of these schoolhouse meetings, and will agree with the President's daughter.

WALKING about the Capitol grounds with that air of an Earl to the manner born, looking over his estate, I found a friend in Washington standing in awe before one of the great magnolia blossoms. When I say that the magnolia blossom was over one foot in diameter, sunflowers are at once suggested; but this was not a sunflower, it was a magnolia—the sweet-perfumed flower of the South. To see that tree in its full splendor was indeed a wondrous sight. In the Capitol grounds is exhibited nearly every kind of a tree known. They are carefully marked, and here numbers of botany students come every day to study the species. But the most glorious of all of these in the early days of May is the magnolia, with its gorgeous and gigantic blossoms perfuming the entire grounds with its fragrance.



USE of the National Guard through re-enlistment, in case of war with Mexico, has brought this great body into the public eye again. A statement by Brigadier-General A. L. Mills in Washington, that during the last ten years the organized militia of the country has lost more than \$1,000,000 worth of government property, including arms and supplies of various sorts, indicates that a "war scare" has the same general result as a thorough housecleaning. The National Guard is one of the most important elements of our military service, and, in case of a great war, must always be our chief reliance.

There is a vast difference in the organization today and formerly. Men still remember when the members of many companies paid large sums for brilliant uniforms which not only lent attractiveness to parades and processions, but to many social functions. Now, with the national government providing only such equipment and clothing as is necessary to enable the organized militia to take the field, there has been a radical change to a simpler khaki suit and plain hat. It might be inferred from this that the War Department does not believe in or approve of full dress uniforms for the militia. On the contrary, the possession of a distinctive uniform, such as is worn by the 7th and 23d Regiments of New York and the 1st Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, is considered conducive of organization esprit and adds much to the attractiveness of the service. The function of the Federal Government toward the organized militia lies wholly with its *field* efficiency.

Especially is it to be remembered at this time that the company officer of today is no longer the file closer or leader of compact ranks in massed columns and open charges in the field. He must train his men in peace so that in war he can let them go as the huntsman looses his hounds from the leash. He can halt them, push them forward or recall them, but each man must learn to care for and fight for himself, yet with a common spirit and purpose.

WHEN Brand Whitlock called to pay his respects and bid farewell to the President before sailing to take over his appointment as Minister to Belgium, it emphasized the partiality of President Wilson for sending literary men to important diplomatic posts. Mr.



THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BELGIUM  
Hon. Brand Whitlock, formerly mayor of Toledo, Ohio, sailed from New York late in January to assume his new duties in the diplomatic service



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#### CAPTAIN OF THE SENATE PAGES AND HIS CLEVER ASSISTANTS

These boys are at the service of the Senators and must respond instantly to their calls. It has been said that every page wants to be a Senator and oftentimes this desire becomes a reality.

Whitlock has long been a popular writer on social subjects, which have also always permeated the fiction that he has written, and are expressed in a most earnest way.

Brand Whitlock was born at Urbana, Ohio, in 1869. He was educated in public schools and later by private tutors. In 1887 he was a newspaper reporter in Toledo. He served as clerk in the office of the Secretary of State of Illinois, and after having studied law under John M. Palmer of Springfield was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1894, and to the bar of Ohio in 1897. He was elected Mayor of Toledo on the Independent ticket against four other candidates, in 1905, and was re-elected under the same conditions in 1907, 1909 and 1911. He has written many interesting books which have had a gratifying success, and the jokers insist he is a new "Brand" of diplomat in more ways than one.



INTEREST has revived in the subject of reincarnation. One Congressman, walking along the Avenue one bright spring day, called attention to the fact that every horse he passed put down his ears and wanted to bite him. It occurred several times, and he insisted that since boyhood he and horses never could get along well together. His colleagues suggested that perhaps in his former incarnation he had done something in some way to offend horsedom and all horses knew him; that probably a hearing had been attended by horses in previous ages and a decision handed down that that spirit as incarnated in the Congressman of today should hereafter be the subject of resentment by the animals that wear the bit. "Sounds good," said the stout Congressman on the end, "but, speaking of horses, I think you fellows have overlooked

hobby-horses and rocking horses in your flights of fancy. Doncha think these horses know that our imaginative friend from the West owns an automobile? Depend upon it, they still have the good horse sense to recognize the fellows with the gasoline perfumery."

ON an outgoing European steamer, while standing by the rail beside an old college chum, and waving good-bye to friends on the pier, who should come walking down the slippery deck but another boyhood chum—three old friends meeting by accident after many years makes the big round world seem very small. The good ship had a jolly three aboard that trip, and "it's always fair weather when good fellows get together." But we could not be altogether absorbed in ourselves, for in the party was a young lady, just turning seventeen, on her way to attend school in France. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carleton Young of Minneapolis, and her birthday was fitly celebrated on the high seas with seventeen in the party and seventeen candles burning brightly on the birthday cake. Never was a sweeter picture presented than this budding woman of seventeen, listening with face aglow to the seventeen toasts offered, where good wishes were given as boundless "as the waves of the sea." The spontaneity of the occasion left a refreshing memory of the little miss, who was queen of the seas on that voyage. During the last social season Miss Marguerite Rogers Young made her debut in Minneapolis, being presented to society at an afternoon tea, followed by a ball and cotillon given by her parents. It was accorded one of the brilliant events of the debutante season and was given in the gold ballroom of the Radisson Hotel.

Miss Young is a graduate of Stanley Hall, attended Mrs. Finch's School in New York, studied two years in Paris and at the school of Mlle. Taconet of Versailles. She was presented at court, and has had unusual advantages in travel, meeting in person many of the distinguished literary and scientific



MRS. "JACK" BEALL

The wife of Representative Beall of Texas. She has a host of friends in Washington and is one of the popular and efficient leaders of the official world proceedings



MRS. JAMES CARLETON YOUNG AND DAUGHTER MARGUERITE

Miss Young recently made her debut in Minneapolis, and is also one of the popular debutantes of Washington

people of Europe, while her father was collecting his famous autograph library of the distinguished writers and artists in France.

During the latter part of the social season at Washington, Miss Young was one of the popular debutantes in Washington society. She was a guest at the dinner given by Hon. John Barrett, Director General of the Pan-American Union, to the daughters of President Wilson.

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SINCE benches were substituted for chairs in the House of Representatives, admiring constituents in the gallery find it difficult to locate their respective Congressmen, who now cluster about the seats and tables of the leaders, but have no regular chair. Though they talk facts and figures, it has been figured out by one enthusiastic statistician that less than one hundred and eighty hours of oratory has been given to important measures and that if the members had actually said what has been printed in the *Record*, or what they have been "given leave to print," they would still be talking on the tariff bill, passed a year ago.

# The Numbered Girl

by

Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Average Jones," "The Great Game," "Chester Kent Cures a Headache," etc.

*A summer idyl, in which the spell of forest and river and the ordeal of common danger and mutual self-sacrifice, conquered pride and brought about a happy marriage*

FURLOUGH'S END" hangs, I may suppose, in many thousands of homes. Though [the nine days' wonder of its first appearance has long since passed, lithographed familiarity has served neither to condemn nor to vulgarize it. For there is, in its sad beauty and power, a touch of the eternal appeal to that divine pity which lies, sleeping but never dead, within us all.

A woman-figure is limned dark against a summer's dying sunset. A hint of woodland, a gleam and ripple of swift water, lie beyond. The face, seen almost full, is young and grave and weary; the face of a girl, "wistful and sweet, and with a heart for breaking." The landscape, spreading at her feet, merges into an allegorical vision; a vision urgent, imperative, the sorry pageant of today's struggle for life. Dim figures, massed, press forward blindly in the endless combat, under a sky fouled with the belching of factory chimneys which flaunt the black flag of Industry the Conqueror. High above rises the grandeur of the mighty city like some pinnacled and impregnable Valhalla, in whose shadow the shifting masses grapple and sway and fall.

Already, in the young face of the seer, the peace of the open spaces is dying out. One feels, in the drawn lips, in the steadfast eyes, a pathetic acquiescence in her share of the human lot. One thin hand

fingers a fallen leaf. It is the reminder that her brief respite is over, the recall of one doomed soldier to the war of want, the end of the furlough.

Such is the cartoon over which, for a period, the impressionable public lost itself in amaze at its workmanship, its feeling, its imaginative power. But the superior wonder was that it should be signed with the straggling S, followed by the slanted dash which had for some brilliantly successful years before his downfall and disappearance from the haunts that had known him, marked the flashy, shallow, and supernally popular work of that wreck of self-indulgence and self-scorn, young Dudley Sayre.

II

HE saw her first, the bitter youth, clearly dark against the far gold of the evening west. The gracious outline of her soothed, for the moment, his inner hatred of all things.

"If that is truly seen," said his all but dead ambition, "perhaps—perhaps there is still work to be done."

His twitching fingers drew forth the stub of a pencil, a mutilated wreck of wrath. With eager lines, upon the inner cover of a book, he sketched in the slender, supple, poised figure leaning against the boulder fence. Slender almost to gauntness, he thought, tracing the slope of the shoulder and the angle of the delicate



chin with avid and long-forgotten certainty of stroke. The unconscious model stirred, lapsed, half-turned. She rose, lifting her arms widely upward. He heard her long, eager breaths. The pose was lost before he had fixed it, and the rancor that was in him he turned, in his disappointment, upon her.

"You might have sat still," he snarled. "What's the matter with you?"

The girl turned to him, surveying him incuriously. "Nothing," said she.

"What were you doing, then?"

"Breathing."

"It's a prevalent habit. Do you always make such a fuss about it?"

"There's so much air!"

She filled her lungs slowly, voluptuously, her young form swelling to the inhalation.

"Air is free everywhere," he said.

The girl received this unremarkable statement with a short and rather hard laugh.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am," she proclaimed, "the monarch of all I survey."

"You don't look much of a monarch," he retorted brutally, "with those clothes. And that hat."

The girl flushed angrily.

"Not that the dress isn't cleverly made," he added, studying her with the eye of an expert, "cheap as the material is. But your manner doesn't match the cheapness. I believe on my soul," he broke out after studying her for a moment, "that you're one of these Simple Life fools who go to the country to play at being poor."

"Such pretty manners!" she taunted.

"Humph! Well, it's nothing to me. Except that you're out of tone with the place."

"Don't worry. I shan't be here long."

"Expect to have your fill of the air so soon?"

"No, I never expect to."

"What does that mean, I wonder," he said, stirred to interest in spite of himself. "Suppose, just for experiment, you tell me who you are."

THE girl leaned forward upon the stones, resting her chin in a slim, toil-roughened hand. Her gray eyes regarded him in steady silence.

"You don't intend to tell me?"

"Oh, yes. If you really want very much to know." She spoke as one humoring the harmless whim of a child. "I'm Number Seventeen in the carding department of the factory."

"A factory girl? You don't look it."

"Perhaps I haven't been at it long enough."

"That's rather a stern implication."

"Life's rather a stern business for a woman, on the East Side."

"Doubtless it's a terrible affliction to have to work for a living," he sneered, the mere suggestion that any other than his hardly-used self should venture to blame fate stinging his evil humor to speech.

"Not to have to work," she corrected patiently. "But to live in the fear of not having work."

"Surely somebody could be found to help out, in that case," he insinuated evilly.

She met his glance unmoved. "Oh, yes," she agreed. "There's always charity. Or worse."

"You've gained your knowledge of the world young."

"I'm over twenty-one. And one learns young in New York if one is—"

"If one is pretty," he finished for her, as she paused.

"Yes, if one is pretty," she repeated gravely.

"Well, you're a cool one," he said, in some admiration. "Have you always been a factory girl?"

"No; I worked in a store first."

"Couldn't you make as much?"

"I did well enough at six dollars a week. Then they raised me to ten, and I had to leave."

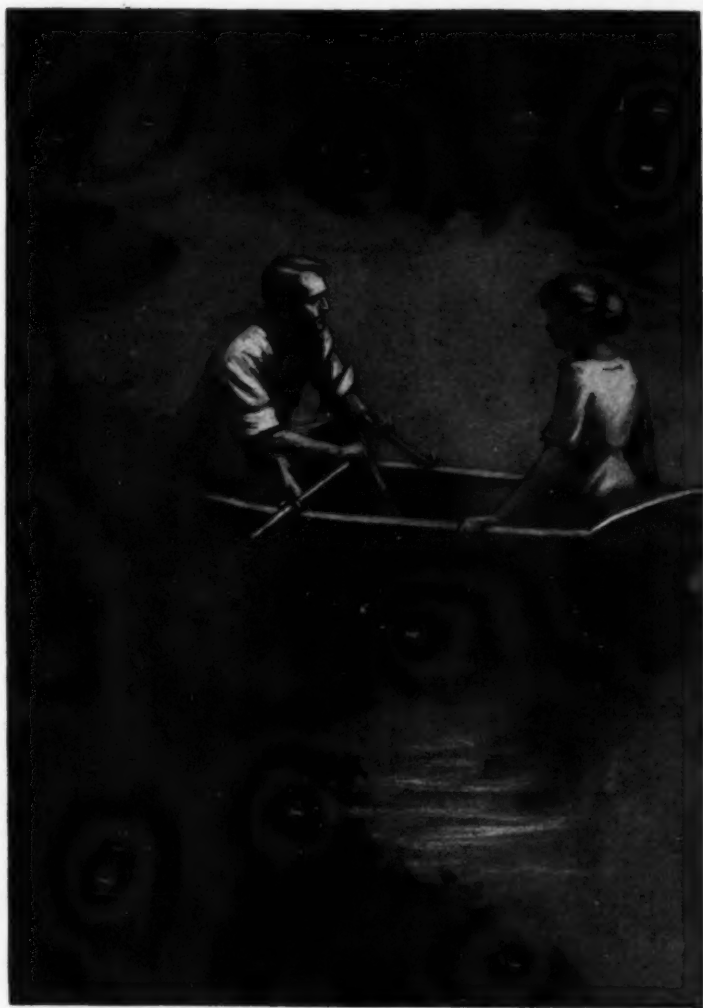
"Why?"

"They wanted more for their ten dollars than I was prepared to give," she returned coolly.

"You've a singularly frank way, Miss Unknown, of speaking of that sort of thing to a stranger."

"Because it's just as well for the stranger to understand at once that I am not an ignorant child, and that I'm fairly competent to take care of myself."

He removed his cap in a bow of sweeping mockery. "No country Lothario need



*"Don't," he said very low. "Don't go back, Seventeen"*

apply. Very well. But do factory girls usually draw vacations with their jobs?"

"Factory girls get vacations—sometimes—when factory girls break down."

"Oh. With pay?"

"No, gentle inquisitor." She hesitated. Then, defiantly, "I'm here on charity. A vacation society found me out and sent me. I'm one of the deserving poor."

"Most of the deserving poor I've known," said the youthful cynic, "deserved poverty and nothing else."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, taking a charity outing is easier than working, I suppose," he pursued malevolently.

She shot a quick glance at him from under raised eyebrows, suggesting a touch of contempt. Her voice was a slow drawl when she spoke again.

"You're a curious sort of beast. You don't expect an answer, do you?"

"Nor deserve one," he replied, with a sudden touch of compunction.

"Ah, that's better. No, it isn't altogether pleasant to think of all this as a sort of poorhouse." She swept a wide gesture around the circle of the dimming landscape. "It's too beautiful for that!"

"God's great poorhouse," he returned, "in which we are all pensioners."

Again she considered him, chin held in hand, with level lucid eyes.

"That was kindly meant, wasn't it?" she asked finally. "Yet you don't look kind. You look hard—hardened."

"I don't ask kindness nor give it," he said with perverse pride.

"You must be very unhappy," she pitied him, gently.

He laughed. "It isn't worth sentimentalizing over. I haven't been able to work; that's all. Perhaps I could, if you'd help me."

"I?"

"Yes. Come and pose for me."

She shook her head.

"I'll pay you well."

"No, thank you. I don't think I should like to pose for you very well."

"Like! Who asked you to like it? It's better business than living on charity," he broke out, his sullen devil rousing at the touch of opposition.

"I wouldn't do it now, for any pay," she

retorted, her little chin obdurately out-thrust. "I don't like you. You're not any sort of a decent person at all."

"Then suppose you get off my premises and keep off after this," he growled. "Understand? Do your lolling somewhere else."

She straightened up sharply, gazing steady-eyed into his gnarled face. "So," she said sorrowfully, "even in God's great poorhouse I mayn't have God's free air to breathe." She drew breath deeply again, and was gone.

ALREADY she was far down the road-way toward the bridge when the red surge of anger receded from the youth's brain, leaving behind a stinging shame. With a leap he cleared the fence and ran with great strides toward the ford which gave a short cut. Leaning arm-pit deep against the clattering current he made his way through, and so, breathless, out at the further side in time to intercept her as she stepped from the bridge. He did not ask her forgiveness. But he said to her, half humbly, half defiantly, as one who challenges, yet dreads an unfair estimate.

"What do you think of me?"

Already he knew that she would understand. Already he knew what would be the manner of her response, the slow consideration of the soft and grave eyes, the quiet sweetness of the clear young voice. It came after a long pause:

"I think there is enough unhappiness in the world without your adding yours to it."

"You are right," he said with an effort, answering both the judgment and the implication. "I am unhappy and I have been cowardly. Will you make me less of both?"

"No one can do that but yourself."

"You might help. By coming back, tomorrow. Say you will."

"I will," she said.

"You shall have," he promised exultantly, "all the air you can breathe!"

### III

CHARACTER is not changed by chance encounter. Dudley Sayre's spirit had fallen to be, through long habitude, an addict to anger. Nervous and sombre self-coddler as two years of intellectual laxity had made him, he was momentarily

chastened by contact with a nature which his sensitive artist's instinct was swift to tell him was of finer and firmer grain than his own. But, overnight, the impress had worn a little dull, and he sat, next day, nursing his wrath, impatience merging into a rancid exasperation as hour after hour passed and she did not come. When at length he looked up from a red-tinged brown study, to find her leaning against the boulders, he had no response for the smile which sweetened her shaded lip-corners.

"You're late enough," he growled without rising from the sward where he lay sprawled.

"I've been finding out things."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"The woman's way. The underhanded, sneaking way," he cried, his eyes blazing. "I'm surprised you weren't afraid to come."

"I'm not timid," she replied composedly.

"And I didn't come the less readily because I'm sorry for you."

"Damn your sympathy!"

"Thank you. Girls of my class have to stand being cursed. There was a forewoman in one shop where I worked who used to swear at us mechanically in the most ludicrous German accent. It was so funny that it didn't hurt. Anyway, the poor old thing didn't really mean it."

"I did!"

"In that case I apologize for my sympathy," she retorted whimsically.

Despite himself, he laughed. And from laughter the black spirit precipitately retreated.

"Explain yourself," he said. "Are you a missionary in disguise come to save my dark soul?"

"Do I look like a missionary?"

"You don't look like anything else in earth or heaven," he replied with profound conviction, "but just yourself."

"Well, I feel like something else. I feel like a nurse with a fractious patient." Her eyes twinkled. "Now, would you like first aid to the injured for those high-strung feelings and sensibilities of yours?"

"Any kind of treatment my nurse prescribes. But first, won't she tell me her name?"

"Mayme Montague. M-a-y-m-e, please. Do you like it?"

"Like it! I hate it. It's monstrous! What's more, I don't believe it."

"Ah? Yet it's the sort of name I should have supposed Mr. Dudley Sayre would expect of a factory girl."

"Why? And what do you know of Mr. Dudley Sayre besides what the vinegar-tongues of the locality have tattled?"

"I used to see his very fashionable pictures. And I remember one lot—East Side types he called them—that had just changed their clothes and stepped off the Avenue. The girls looked like Mayme—the way I spelled it."

Sayre swallowed hard.

"And the men?"

"Oh, all the girls in our set think your young gentlemen are just too perfectly elegant."

There was no mistaking the malice in this. The youth's face mottled with red. "You've had unlimited opportunities of perfecting your critical faculties, I suppose," he suggested sardonically.

"Even the Deserving Poor can see pictures."

"I'm flattered by the impression mine have made. Anything more?"

She considered him.

DO you think you can stand it?"

"Fire ahead," he said grimly.

"Well, then, I do so admire your fidelity to a type. You used to be—I haven't seen any of your things for a long time—but you used to be such a dependable artist. The old reliable school. Your men were so satisfyingly tailor-made, and your girls were always so exactly millinered. One expected to see the very trees in the background properly creased down the front and with their leaves freshly pressed. It must be restful to live in such an ordered world of fancy. Restful, but dull."

Sayre took a deep breath. "If you were a man," he began.

"Oh, if I were a man you'd want to fight me, because I've told you the truth. But as I'm a woman—"

"But as you're a woman, and a most devilishly pretty one"—Before she could move, his arms had enclosed her, and his hot lips were pressed to her face.

For an instant she writhed. The lissome strength of her slender body all but broke

his hold. Then suddenly her muscles relaxed and her form became slack and insensitive within his grasp. By some subtle influence exerted over his senses, she made him feel as if he were clasping a lay figure rather than a flesh-and-blood creature. His grasp relaxed. He stepped back from her.

"All the men try that sort of thing," she said in a bored tone.

"With you?"

"Of course."

"And you allow it?" he cried, sharply and illogically repelled.

"You must have thought so. Otherwise you wouldn't have tried it."

"Young lady," he said, "you're too clever for me. Where did you learn your strategy?"

"As I told you, in a hard school." But this time there was a little catch in her voice.

"Anyway, it's a hard-hitting school," he said. "Well, I've learned something. Are we to be friends?"

"Hardly that, I think. We might be playmates for the next two weeks."

"And after?"

"I'll go back to my work and you to yours."

A shadow passed over his face. "I wish to God I thought that I could," he said gloomily. "If you would only stay and help me—"

"Perhaps I could teach you to card buttons," she finished for him.

"Perhaps you could teach me to be something and think of something besides my worthless self. What is your name, new little playmate?" he added pleadingly.

But she shook her head determinedly.

"Number Seventeen," she said.

#### VI

DURING the next week that number stood between them, an impalpable barrier, a reminder of the impermanency of the fugitive sweetness that had so strangely come into his life. All that was frankest and most joyous of comradeship she gave to him freely. But there lingered still something of the impersonal in their intercourse since, so long as she guarded her secret, there lay back of it always the unknown past whence she came, and the unfathomable future behind which she would vanish, leaving him alone. How

sorely alone he would not let himself think.

Meantime in both of them the miracle of revivification was being wrought; bodily, in the girl, as from the sun-saturated air her breath drew vigor that flushed the delicate cheeks, gave a deeper color to the brave and tender eyes, and rounded the lithe form into a firmer womanhood; mentally, in the youth, whose soul, sick from self-indulgence and brooding, responded, as to a tonic, to the influence by which, half unwittingly, she lifted and held him. For himself he knew only that her presence was an appeasement to his gangrened sense of rancor against the world. Beyond that and the physical charm of her expanding beauty, he attempted no analysis of his feeling for her.

Between times of long walks and excursions on the river in his rowboat, he strove to work. More than once she had come to his bungalow to sit and watch, approving or disapproving as he felt his way painfully toward the old, buried hope. It was after such a day, when all his striving seemed to go for naught, that his reckless mood asserted the mastery again. Something innocently provocative in her charm that afternoon, perhaps the flood-tide of pulsating life within her, stirred riotously in his imagination after she had left him, and he went to meet her at the river that evening with his sombre eyes aflame. She settled herself in the cushioned seat of the boat, and lifting a face of witchery to the flooding moonlight, drank in the perfumed air with deep-bosomed inspirations.

"Do you know," he said, "you are the only person in the world who breathes luxuriously."

"I'm making the most of it. There isn't much left. Oh, dear! I don't want to go back."

"Don't," he said very low. "Don't go back, Seventeen."

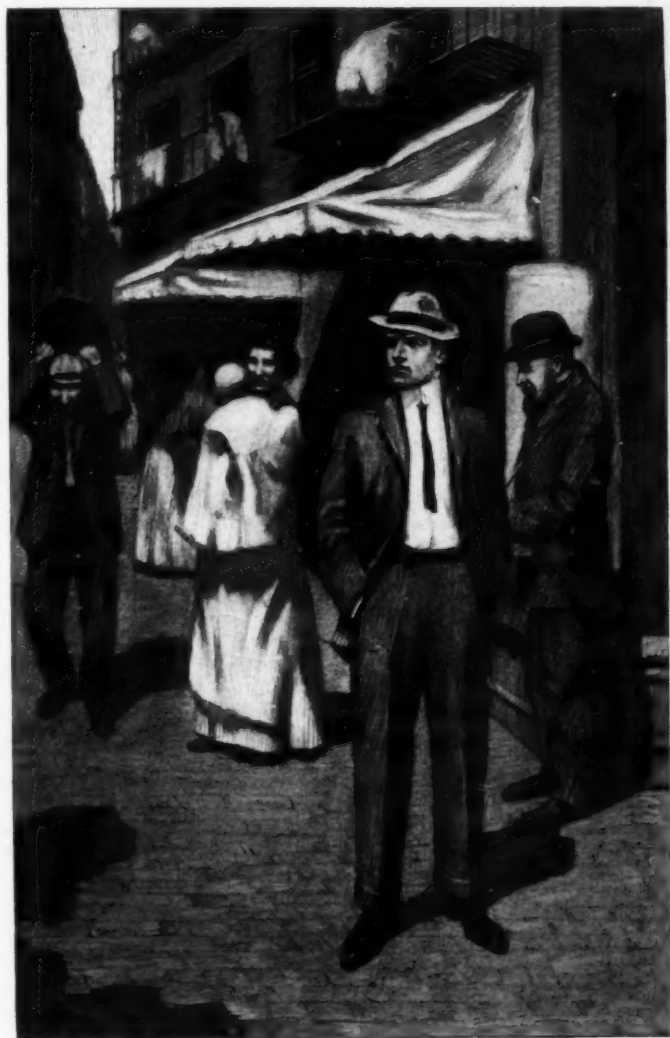
"Easily said! There's my work calling me."

"Give it up, and—stay."

She regarded him with faintly lifted eyebrows.

"What are conventions between you and me?" he went on hurriedly and eagerly. "We are free to live our own lives as we please. What does it matter what other





*Grand Street and its tributaries saw more of Dudley Sayre in the next month than they ever had when he was doing his "slum types"*

people say or think? I can speak freely to you." None the less he paused, studying her face.

Her glance neither fell nor wavered. "I have trusted you far," she said calmly. "Go on—if you like." But there was in her voice that pathetic note of self-defence which only hunted woman, of all human creatures, has. It stirred him to a nausea of shame and self-disgust. He wrenched angrily at the oars and the boat shot across the current.

"You're enough to drive a man mad," he cried. "Are you never afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of sleeping beasts?"

"No," she replied simply.

"Ah, well," he promised, "there'll be no more of that from me to you."

"Nor of anything else after tonight," she said, with a little sigh. "This is our last evening."

"The last! Why, you've a week still."

"One of my friends is ill and in trouble. I must go to her."

He sat, rigid and silent, the oars outstretched as in a wide and absurd gesture of stupefaction.

"Are you going to let us drift down over the dam?"

He turned the boat and forced it up-current. "You're going away," he said dully. "It's a good deal of a mess of a world."

"Ah, no," she objected. "Not unless we make it so." And she sang, in the midst of a measure:

And they win their will, or they miss their will,  
And the hopes are dead, or are pined for still;

But who e'er can know

As the long years go

That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven?

"Do you believe that?" he asked.

She nodded. "Don't you?"

"To live in hell," he said very low. "When you've had your day and—and spoiled your chance in life."

Reaching out, she touched his hand. "Tell me," she said.

"Shall I? It's sordid enough, God knows. Well—there was once a man who drew pictures. He drew two kinds of pictures. One was a good kind, and he did them badly, but, hopefully. The other was a bad, trashy kind, and he did them skillfully.

It made a hit, the trash. The man was very young—just a boy—and very weak. He became a person. He made money and put it away. He put away, too the pictures of the good kind. Some day, he said, when he could afford it, he would go back to them. The time soon came when he could afford it. He didn't go back. They never do. He went back later on, when his trash began to lose its poor little popularity. But something was gone from him. He couldn't do his better work now. He returned to the trash with a sick soul, and found he couldn't even do that any more. He couldn't do anything any more. He took to moping and cursing the world. Now he's done. That's all."

She looked at him searchingly. "All? Not to 'be continued in our next'?"

"No. Concluded. End Finis."

"Ah," said she, "that is failure indeed."

THE word as she uttered it stung him. "It's easy enough to say 'failure' from your lofty pinnacle of success," he sneered, his testy vanity showing its claws.

"Mine is success, beside yours," she answered.

Suspicion shone in his eyes. "Yes? Then you are a masquerader, after all?"

"Don't be dime-novelly. You shall see for yourself how much of a mask I wear. Story for story; there was once a girl who grew to be seventeen years old with everything she needed and most things that she wanted. To be sure, she didn't want so very much. Then—well, there was death and disaster and one hundred dollars a year wasn't enough to live on, even in the little city. So she came to the great city to get work." The narrator threw her head up. "And she kept her heart and her mind clean, and worked hard and honestly under conditions where not to work at all would have been only too easy. Now, when she goes back to her work next week"—there was a thrill of pride in the clear voice—"she's to be an assistant forewoman at ten dollars a week. The news came today. And the first thing she'll do"—the pride died out pathetically—"will be to return the money to the charity that sent her here to get well."

"Congratulations," said the other. "And you call that success?"

"I do," she averred stoutly.

"Probably you're right," he admitted.

"I can see that I'm no fit person for one of your attainments to associate with."

For the first time he saw the sweet, firm lips quiver. "I didn't think you'd have said that," she murmured.

"I shouldn't have said it that way. But it's true enough in the real sense."

He spoke no other word until the keel shoved softly into the loam at the landing-place. Then he drew something from his pocket and handed it to her.

"You're to take that and forget where it came from," he said curtly.

She took the roll of bills and looked from the money to him. Then with a face as hard as marble and almost as white, in the moonlight, she counted deliberately.

"Five hundred dollars," she said. "What did you think to do with that?"

His eyes flinched from hers. "I thought—I know better now—that we might be going away together."

"And now?"

"For you to do what you like with. It means nothing—absolutely nothing. For God's sake take it! Let me do that much for you."

"As a salve to your conscience, I suppose."

He winced.

"I can thank you for one thing," she said in a strange voice. "At least you didn't try to buy me." She put the bills back into his hand.

"I may have meant to be a scoundrel, but I'm not wholly a fool," said he.

"You're perhaps something a little different from what either of us think."

"Take it, Seventeen," he urged, "for the friend who's in trouble. Let it be a gift to her."

"You're bribing," she flashed. "Play fair."

"Very well," he said after an instant's silence. "What's the address of the vacation charity that sent you here?"

"Give me your pencil. What do you want the address for?"

"For a penance. How many vacations do you think five hundred dollars will buy?"

She wrote the address with a brooding face, and gave it to him, but the pencil—this he did not note—she slipped caress-

ingly into the bosom of her dress, as she rose to leave the boat.

"It will make many, many people happy," she said softly, "as it has made one a little unhappy for a moment. No; sit still." Her voice was imperative as she stepped beyond him in the boat. For a moment she stood behind him with her hand on his shoulder.

"Good-bye, Dudley," she whispered close to his ear. For the briefest, sweetest moment her lips pressed his cheek. Then she sprang lightly to the bank.

"Tell me your name, Seventeen," he cried, turning.

"No," she denied him breathlessly.

"Then how am I to find you again?"

"You are not to find me again."

"You can't mean that!"

"But I do. Oh, I do!"

"Why?" he demanded angrily.

And again, "Why?"

With a quick, strong impulsion she sent the light boat darting far out into the stream.

"Because," she said, "I'm afraid."

"I deserved that!" he cried in bitterness of spirit.

Her last words came to him, quivering across the short stretch of current.

"Not of you. Of myself."

And she vanished from the moonlight.

v

GRAND Street and its tributaries saw more of Dudley Sayre, in the next month than they ever had when he was doing his "slum types." Much, indeed, he found there, but not that which he so passionately sought. For the great East Side is a trackless refuge for hunted creatures. So he returned to the country to curse the clean sunlight because it quickened the blood in her cheeks no more; to hate the spicy breath of his own woodlands, for that she breathed, in the secret distances, a tainted ether.

Then, one day, the privacy of his gloom was insulted by the postman bearing a fearful and tinselled gaud. It was a ticket, scrawled across with his name, in handwriting which, he instinctively knew, could not be hers. It specified, that shrieking glare of colors, that the Lady Button Workers' Association would hold its Grand Annual Soiree, Reception and

Promenade at Phantasia Hall; Hat-checks for Lady and Gent, 50 cents. Sayre lost no time in hesitancy. It might be a joke; at least it was a hope. He went.

SOME hundreds of the Lady Button Workers and their gentlemen friends crowded the hall to suffocation. There were banners and badges and beer in plenty, and, toward the stage, a festive popping of the gala cork where the political leader of the district was, as in duty bound, "opening wine." Girls and youths lolled in the gallery seats, with arms unaffectedly intertwined, helping out the small but efficient orchestra in such tunes as struck their fancy. The dancing itself was a joy to see, with such verve and lightness footed the girl-graduates of the school of barrel organ and asphalt, perhaps, on the whole, the best waltzers in any class of society.

Watching, Sayre became aware that he was being watched. Caught by his quick eye the pert-faced little Irish-American miss laughed in response to his accusing smile and crossed the floor to him.

"Lonely, Mr. Sayre?" she twinkled at him.

"Just a little."

"You needn't be. She's here."

Sayre caught her by the wrist. "Where? Take me to her."

"Gee! There's nothin' slow about you, Mr. Hurry-up Harry. You might thank me, with a drink, for sendin' you that ticket. *She* wouldn't thank me if she knew."

"Did you send it?"

"Sure. An' made her come here. She don't never come to these things. Says they're too swell for her."

"What will you have to drink?" said Sayre politely.

"Go-wan!" chuckled the girl good-humoredly. "I don't want no drink. Make a noise like a hoop and roll away. Up those first stairs and to the left. All right. You're welcome. But I didn't do it for you. I done it for her. An' if she knew she'd skin me!"

At the top of the stairs he stopped and stood, shaking. She was leaning against the wall, a few paces from him. The delicate face was half turned from him as when he had first seen it. The eyes looked heavy,

and there was a wistful droop at the corner of the mouth. As he gazed, blindness descended upon him and lifted not. Blindness, and a swiftly following silence. Then hoots and cat-calls, mingled with the sound of mock kisses and simulated maidenly screams apprised him that some humorist had conceived the ecstatic idea of switching off the lights. Guiding himself along the wall, he groped ahead of him.

His fingers met a small cold hand, which clasped and clung to them.

"You!" said Seventeen's voice, thrilling with happy wonder.

"How did you know?"

"How should I not know? I—I can't tell. Your touch, I think. What are you doing here?"

"I came to find you." The lights flashed on, and they were gazing in each other's faces, very pale.

"Come away," he said.

"How did you know?" she asked, as soon as they had reached the street.

"A little Irish incognita—God bless her!"

"Molly! While she was ill I made up a sort of a foolish romance to amuse her. She must have guessed. But how did she find out your name?"

"Tell me yours, Seventeen."

She glanced at him and looked down.

"If you don't I will follow you to your home and to your work until I have it."

"You'd never do that," she said. "At least, I can trust you for a man's kind of honor."

He mused upon that telling phrase. And as he meditated a woman, drunken, hideous, burst from a screen door, reeled heavily against his shoulder, and staggered down the street, muttering obscenities. Sayre looked from her to Seventeen. All his heart rose on a wave of protective tenderness. He stopped dead and took the girl's shoulders in his strong grasp.

"I can't stand this," he said under his breath. "Seventeen, will you marry me?"

He felt her quiver. She turned her face up to his and her eyes sought truth from his soul. "That's pity," she said. "Isn't it?"

"No. By heaven, it isn't!"

"Then it's something worse." A shamed red flushed her cheeks, but she kept her gaze unflinchingly fixed. "Did



*All day she sat for him, regardless of his protests against the overtax upon her strength*



you mean to marry me that evening on the river when you wanted me to go away with you?"

"No."

"You tried to—to get me and found you couldn't," she accused. "Then, when I went away the thought of me tormented you—oh, perhaps there was some pity for me, too; I don't want to be unjust to you—and you brought yourself to try to bribe me. To bribe me—with marriage. Because you couldn't have me any other way. Isn't it true?"

He hesitated and stammered, before the brave eyes that demanded honor of him.

"I—I don't know. One doesn't analyze—such things. But I do know I love you, and want to marry you."

"Ah, you should have said that before," she answered sorrowfully.

His brow furrowed. "I sha'n't ask you again," he growled.

"There'll still be air to breathe," she retorted with a quaint wistfulness.

Following the phrase his mind leaped back to the happy days of comradeship.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a good deal of a brute—still. But, couldn't you manage to forget that, and come to breathe our air once more? If you could help me by doing so?"

She studied his face in silence.

"I've done my best to work, for your sake, since you went away. And I've got a thing—a big thing, I half hope—almost done. Without you I can't finish. Will you come?"

Her face glowed. "Gladly. Happily."

"Over next Sunday, then?"

"If they'll take me in at the farmhouse. No; you mustn't see me home. Good-bye." She lifted her face, like a child, to be kissed, and, as he would have kissed a child, he touched the pure lips. "I'm so happy for you that you can work again," she cried, and was gone.

For the three days before the Sunday it rained and rained and rained, while Sayre paced his bungalow scowling ferociously at the swollen river below. Then, overnight, the clouds parted and fled before the rising sun, and she came to him across the glowing meadows. Between them, that day, little was spoken. He showed her the bold, crude canvas which,

since her going, had been his dearest hope, his sharpest torment. No word came from her parted lips, but she turned her eyes, luminous with tears, to him.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it! Is it truly, truly poor little me? Was I ever so sad? I know I was never half so pretty."

ALL day she sat for him, regardless of his protests against the overtax upon her strength. In the evening they were once more together on the river, now a torrent against which Sayre's powerful strokes made but a creeping headway.

"Now we can talk," she said. "You'll have finished tomorrow, won't you? And you won't need me any more."

"I shall always need you, Seventeen."

She pressed a finger on her lips. "On honor," she reminded him.

"Honor!" he retorted. "What if my desire for you is selfish? It's honorable. Say only that I need you for myself, for my work. Women have married on that basis and been reasonably happy."

"Very likely," she said gravely. "Some women. But, you see, I'm a sentimentalist. No half portions of happiness for me."

He struck his lifted oars strongly into the water. The left blade shattered on a half-submerged log. Sayre sagged forward involuntarily. His knee, catching under the other oak, lifted it clear of the row-lock, whence the unseen hands of the river snatched it away. The girl heard him stifle a cry.

"What is it?" she demanded quickly.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," he said. "Seventeen, we're in great danger. Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then listen. We may make the Lower Island. If not, nothing can stop us short of the dam."

"Does that mean death?" She spoke very quietly.

"One person can go over in this boat all right. It was done last week on a bet. The water was nothing like so high, but I think she'll stand it. Pay attention, now. What little steering you can do must be toward the left. The current is easiest there. You understand? Seventeen! Answer me."



*In the broad light of the moon they stood eye-locked and soul-locked in the silence*

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

"Stick as long as I can be of any help and then swim for it."

She leaned forward, the better to scan his face. "Why don't you swim for the island and take me?"

He spoke stumbingly and with averted eyes.

"Well, you see—there are two of us, and with two of us—the chances are better if—"

"Dudley Sayre, tell me the truth. You don't know how to swim." He made no reply.

"If you did you'd never leave me in the boat. You'd swim and take me with you."

"What's the difference?" he protested. "Only one of us can get through. There's the island! We can't make it. I never really thought we could. Probably I can catch a drifting log and land somewhere. Anyway, you're the younger. And I haven't much to live for. You said so yourself."

She cried out at the hurt given her.

"Ah, I shouldn't have said that," he murmured gently. "I know you only meant to help—what are you doing?"

Her hands on the gunwale had betrayed her intent. Before she could throw herself he had seized and thrust her into the bottom of the reeling boat. She clasped her hands in a piteous gesture of supplication.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she wailed brokenly. "Dear—dearest, let me be the one."

"Did you think I would live if you had gone?" he said passionately.

She clasped her arms about his neck, drawing his face to hers.

"Together, then!" she sobbed, her lips on his. "Together!"

"Do you love me?"

"With every breath of my life."

"Then obey. Crouch in the bottom of the boat as you go over. Once below the dam sit still and call for help."

"Dudley—must I?"

"Yes."

She bowed her head and he could feel the light craft thrill to the voiceless convulsion of her grief.

"Now," he said cheerfully, "sit steady. I may come out all right yet. God keep you, my darling."

He turned, rose and gave a great shout.

"The lights! There's a rope across for the repair work. We can reach it. Steady me when I stand up."

For an instant it seemed that the man's strength must yield to the power of the flood. Then, inch by inch, he worked the craft along the savior-rope until the current's mad muscles slackened and the keel grated. The girl leapt to shore and stood trembling.

He took her hands and set them upon his shoulders. In the broad light of the moon, with the breath of the racing river fanning their brows, they stood eye-locked and soul-locked in the silence. It was she who finally spoke.

"I would have done as you told me, Dudley."

He nodded with a grave smile. "I know," he said. "And I know you now as I haven't known you before. Sweetheart, you've seen the worst of me; some day you shall see the best. You've killed the beast in me; but the man in me hasn't attained to his own yet. When I'm a man, may I come to you again?"

"Yes."

"Where shall I find you?"

"I'll write. I shall know when."

"How?"

Her brows gathered in delicate and beautiful perplexity. "I don't know. But I shall. How did I know it was you, in the darkness, at the ball?"

He laughed happily. "Dearest!" he said.

"Does it seem possible that we were so near death just a moment ago?" she whispered. "Life is so full, now." Then, in the voice of her sweet decisiveness; "I must go back to my work; and you to yours. Make it worthy of you."

"Of you," he retorted, "God willing!"

She set her hands over his. "Say 'Good-night, Vesta,'" she bade him.

"Vesta!" he repeated softly, with a note of awe in his voice. "Purity's own name. Good-night, Vesta."

Once before, at the river's brink, he had felt her kiss, light and fugitive, on his cheek. But this time the very heart-beat of the woman who was his throbbed on his lips, after she had fled and the shadows had closed behind her.

# *The* Turning of the Tide

by L. M. Montgomery

*Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Chronicles of Avonlea," etc.*

MRS. LONGWORTH crossed the hotel piazza, descended the steps, and walked out of sight down the shore road with all the grace of motion that lent distinction to her slightest movement. Her eyes were very bright, and an unusual flush stained the pallor of her cheek. Two men who were lounging in one corner of the hotel piazza looked admiringly after her.

"She's a beautiful woman," said one.

"Wasn't there some talk about Mrs. Longworth and Cunningham last winter?" asked the other.

"Yes. They were much together. Still, there may have been nothing wrong. She was old Judge Carmody's daughter, you know. Longworth got Carmody under his thumb in money matters and put the screws on. They say he made Carmody's daughter the price of the old man's redemption. The girl herself was a mere child. I shall never forget her face on her wedding day. But she's been plucky since then, I must say. If she has suffered, she hasn't shown it. I don't suppose Longworth ever ill-treats her. He isn't that sort. He's simply a grovelling cad—that's all. Nobody would sympathize much with the poor devil if his wife did run off with Cunningham."

Meanwhile, Beatrice Longworth walked quickly down the shore road, her white skirt brushing over the crisp, golden grasses by the way. In a sunny hollow among the sandhills she came upon Stephen Gordon, sprawled out luxuriously in the

warm, sea-smelling grasses. The youth sprang to his feet at sight of her, and his big brown eyes kindled to a glow.

Mrs. Longworth smiled at him. They had been great friends all summer. He was a lanky, overgrown lad of fifteen or sixteen, odd and shy and dreamy, scarcely possessing a speaking acquaintance with others at the hotel. But he and Mrs. Longworth had been congenial from their first meeting. In many ways, he was far older than his years, but there was a certain ineradicable boyishness about him to which her heart warmed.

"You are the very person I was just going in search of. I've news to tell. Sit down."

He spoke eagerly, patting the big gray boulder beside him with his slim, brown hand. For a moment Beatrice hesitated. She wanted to be alone just then. But his clever, homely face was so appealing that she yielded and sat down.

STEPHEN flung himself down again contentedly in the grasses at her feet, pillowing his chin in his palms and looking up at her adoringly.

"You are so beautiful, dear lady. I love to look at you. Will you tilt that hat a little more over the left eyebrow? Yes—so—some day I shall paint you."

His tone and manner were all simplicity. "When you are a great artist," said Beatrice indulgently.

He nodded.

"Yes, I mean to be that. I've told you all



*"You are so beautiful, dear lady. I love to look at you"*

my dreams, you know. Now for my news. I'm going away tomorrow. I had a telegram from father today."

He drew the message from his pocket and flourished it up at her.

"I'm to join him in Europe at once. He is in Rome. Think of it—in Rome! I'm to go on with my art studies there. And I leave tomorrow."

"I'm glad—and I'm sorry—and you know which is which," said Beatrice, patting the shaggy brown head. "I shall miss you dreadfully, Stephen."

"We have been splendid chums, haven't we?" he said eagerly.

Suddenly his face changed. He crept nearer to her and bowed his head until his lips almost touched the hem of her dress.

"I'm glad you came today," he went on in a low, diffident voice. "I want to tell you something, and I can tell it better here. I couldn't go away without thanking you. I'll make a mess of it—I can never explain things. But you've been so much to me—you mean so much to me. You've made me believe in things I never believed in before. You—you—I know now that there is such a thing as a good woman, a woman who could make a man better,



just because he breathed the same air with her."

He paused for a moment; then went on in a still lower tone:

"It's hard when a fellow can't speak of his mother because he can't say anything good of her, isn't it? My mother wasn't a good woman. When I was eight years old she went away with a scoundrel. It broke father's heart. Nobody thought I understood, I was such a little fellow. But I did. I heard them talking. I knew she had brought shame and disgrace on herself and us. And I had loved her so! Then somehow as I grew up, it was my misfortune that all the women I had to do with were mean and base. They were hirelings, and I hated and feared them. There was an aunt of mine—she tried to be good to me in her way. But she told me a lie, and I never cared for her after I found it out. And then, father—we loved each other, and were good chums. But he didn't believe in much, either. He was bitter, you know. He said all women were alike. I grew up with that notion. I didn't care much for anything. Nothing seemed worth while. Then I came here and met you."

HE paused again. Beatrice had listened with a gray look on her face. It would have startled him had he glanced up, but he did not, and after a moment's silence the halting, boyish voice went on:

"You have changed everything for me. I was nothing but a clod before. You are not the mother of my body, but you are of my soul. It was born of you. I shall always love and reverence you for it. You will always be my ideal. If I ever do anything worth while it will be because of you. In everything I shall attempt I shall try to do it as if you were to pass judgment upon it. You will be a lifelong inspiration to me. Oh, I am bungling this! I can't

tell you what I feel—you are so pure, so good, so noble! I shall reverence all women for your sake henceforth."

"And if," said Beatrice, in a very low voice, "if I were false to your ideal of me—if I were to do anything that would destroy your faith in me—something weak or wicked—"

"But you couldn't," he interrupted, flinging up his head and looking at her with his great dog-like eyes, "you couldn't!"

"But if I could?" she persisted gently, "and if I did—what then?"

"I should hate you," he said passionately. "You would be worse than a murderess. You would kill every good impulse and belief in me. I would never trust anything or anybody again—but there," he added, his voice once more growing tender, "you will never fail me, I feel sure of that."

"Thank you," said Beatrice, almost in a whisper. "Thank you," she repeated after a moment. She stood up and held out her hand. "I think I must go now. Good-bye, dear laddie. Write to me from Rome. I shall always be glad to hear from you wherever you are. And—and—I shall always try to live up to your ideal of me, Stephen."

He sprang to his feet and took her hand, lifting it to his lips with boyish reverence. "I know that," he said slowly. "Good-bye, my sweet lady."

When Mrs. Longworth found herself in her room again, she unlocked her desk and took out a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Maurice Cunningham. She slowly tore it twice across, laid the fragments on a tray, and touched them with a lighted match. As they blazed up, one line came out in writhing redness across the page: "I will go away with you as you ask." Then it crumbled into gray ashes.

She drew a long breath and hid her face in her hands.

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Old Mother Earth with her dead-souled moon—how she paints her devils for the eyes of big-souled boys; painting dawns above her mountains of dirt, and sunsets upon her drowning depths of sea; painting scarlet the lips of insatiable women, and roses in the heart of her devouring wines—always painting! Look to Burns and to Byron—who bravely sang her pictures—and sank.

# At Neptune's Throne

A Child's Play in One Act

by

Isabel Anderson

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MERRY JERRY  
OLD MAN OF THE SEA

YOUNG NEPTUNE  
CHORUS OF PINKIES, DWARFS AND SIRENS

THE SEA MAID

SCENE: Courtyard in the white coral palace of Neptune; a green light gives the illusion of sea-water; vegetation suggests that of tropical sea-gardens near the equator; white coral branches resemble trees in a snowstorm; seaweeds and bright-colored grasses grow on seabottom; starfishes, sponges and shells lie on the white sand. The lights are dim, and change from greens to blues and mauves; here and there twinkling lights, like moving fireflies, suggest phosphorescence. At right center is the throne of young Neptune, in front of it a fairy ring in the sand. A rock where a pretty mermaid lurks is at the left of the stage.

As the curtain rises, the Pinkies (the reef builders) are seen at work on the coral palace. They are dressed in pink and have fins upon their shoulders and feet; their faces are oblong, square or triangular. They are very industrious.

Wild shouts are heard, and a band of lively dwarfs, wearing oilskins and caps and necklaces of fish bones, rush in (upper left entrance), carrying a boy between them. He is about ten years old and is in a bathing suit. They set the boy down, and he looks about with wide, startled eyes, while the dwarfs dance a rollicking dance and sing this old song:

"Little boy pudding and baby sauce,  
With old woman pie for a second course,  
Would all be eaten without remorse  
By the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokey poky, pumagie whung,  
Keno, kino, ching chang chung,  
Honey poney, phing phang phung,  
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

For his name was Chingy Fingy Wong,  
Putta potee da Kuttala Kong,  
Flipperty-flapperty Basky Bong,  
The King of the Cannibal Islands."

(The dwarfs all disappear except their leader, who remains with Merry Jerry.)

OLD MAN OF THE SEA (the head dwarf, who wears a long white beard, shaking his finger at Merry Jerry)—I am master of the dwarfs; you had better obey me. Now you stay here until Neptune comes. You're a surprise we have brought him. (He makes a face at the boy.)

MERRY JERRY—I want to go home! I want to go home!

OLD MAN—None of that, boy! If I hear you whimper any more, you'll never get back to your mother.

MERRY JERRY—I won't stay here. You can't keep me.

OLD MAN—Hal who knows best about that? Let me tell you, I'm the "King of the Cannibal Islands." If I call my dwarfs you'll be "little boy pudding" in a hurry. I think nothing of making way with little imps like you. (Pulls Jerry roughly over behind rock at left.) Stay there till I come back for you. (He disappears.)

SEA MAID (peeps round the rock curiously, looking at Merry Jerry from all sides, and smiles at him)—What queer thing is this the Old Man of the Sea has captured? Are you a little boy?

MERRY JERRY (crying and very cross)—Yes. Haven't you ever seen a boy before?

SEA MAID (shaking her head and beginning to comb her long hair)—No, never! So you want to go home? That's the trouble, is it? It's not so bad down here, though. What's your name?

MERRY JERRY—Jeremiah. Mother always calls me Merry Jerry, but I'm too old for that name now. (Looks about.) Why, this is rather a jolly place, after all! At first I thought it was night; now I see, it's the

queer light and the water. Why, I'm walking on the bottom of the sea, and you are a mermaid!

SEA MAID—Yes, I am a sea maid. (*She sings.*)

"As Jack was a-coming, fine beach up and down,

He forgot pretty Polly of fair Bedford town. As soon as he spied Sea Maid's beautiful face He set his three royals and to her gave chase."

SEA MAID—Tell me, boy, what is it that wears its beard without a chin and leaves its bed to be tucked in?

MERRY JERRY—I can't guess.

SEA MAID (*laughing*)—An oyster. I'd know you were a land boy.

MERRY JERRY—Tell me some more about the sea. Gee! this is an awfully queer place! (*Perches on rock beside her.*)

SEA MAID—Well, when the Ocean Giant stirs his kettle he makes whirlpools, and when he knocks the ashes from his pipe he makes volcanic islands, and— But let's play house together! I'll go marketing with sand dollars, and you shall write out the bills with the sea pen.

MERRY JERRY—No! I don't want to play house, that's for girls. Haven't you a zoo down here?

SEA MAID—Of course. We have lizard fishes and rabbit fishes and squirrel fishes, and lots of queer creatures.

MERRY JERRY—Tell me, are those sparks alive? They look like fireflies.

SEA MAID—Yes, they are alive, and they are the lights of the palace.

MERRY JERRY—That's funny! Once when I sat up late I remember looking into the sea and watching those lights. Mother told me some long name—phosphorescence, I think. I suppose she didn't know they were the lamps of the palace. I'll tell her when I get home.

SEA MAID (*poking a cuttle fish and swishing her tail*)—And this is Tom Toddy, all head and no body. (*Looking at Jerry.*) So you think you'll get home, do you, my dear? I'm not so sure of that. I want you myself. You should make a fine merboy before long.

MERRY JERRY—I can't go home? I'd like to know why not. No girl will keep me. But go on—tell me about the palace, whose is it?

SEA MAID—It belongs to Neptune, the lord of the sea.

MERRY JERRY—Jolly! I'd like to get a look at him. Where is he?

SEA MAID—He's off driving his white sea horses. He is a brave king; he wrestles with the wicked swordfish with spiked nose, and battles with the great octopus.

MERRY JERRY—Glory! I'd like to see such a fight. I suppose it is because he is so brave that the mermen made him king.

SEA MAID—Yes. Even the Ocean Giant obeys him. He won a great battle once. Fishes from all over the kingdom were there, and they made him king after that. That was when he conquered the Old Man of the Sea.

MERRY JERRY—Ho! the old duffer who brought me here? Bully for him! Hello! What do you call those funny little people over there?

SEA MAID—They are the Pinkies, the coral-reef builders. They are always working, working, working. Ahoy there, Pinkies, can't you sing for the land boy?

(*Pinkies sing.*)

"The little fish swam  
Over the sea.  
He waved his fin,  
Which was a great sin,  
To the Sole and the Sprat  
And the Willeby-wat."

(*Trumpets are heard.*)

SEA MAID—Hurrah! Neptune is coming! (*Combs her hair and looks into a mirror.*) I got this from a sailor lad. You must have some soap-fish, boy, to wash your hands before you meet our king. Oh dear! it is too late. Here they come. (*She waves.*)

MERRY JERRY—Say, this is fun, after all! Wish the fellows could see me now! What a jolly place this is! I wish mother were here. But it is getting late; she must be looking for me. I must go back. But I don't know where to go! Are those mermaids singing? I wonder.

(*Song is heard, the Rheingold maidens' song. The conquering young Neptune enters with trident lifted, big and handsome and stern. He sits upon his throne, a pink coral crown upon his head, and clad in an armor of oyster shells. The sea dwarfs head the procession, led by the Old Man of the Sea, and blow loud blasts upon their conch-shell trumpets. They are mischievous imps, tying knots in ropes, bothering the pinkies with their pranks, tearing holes in sails, and making faces as they go along. Pinkies also join in the procession and dance and sing. They enter the fairy ring. Sea sirens appear here and there through the palace, half hidden, singing, combing their hair and swishing their tails. Subjects bow before Neptune. Procession winds about stage; breaks up into dances; finally leaving Merry Jerry in center of stage, Old Man of the Sea at Neptune's right, Sea Maid at his left.*)

NEPTUNE—Why, here is a land boy! How did you get into my palace under the sea? Tell me all about it. Come, don't be afraid!

MERRY JERRY—Well, you see, Mr. Neptune, I was sitting on the rocks feeding my gulls, when I saw a big square-rigged ship sail in. There was a jolly dwarf way out on the bowsprit, and he beckoned to me to come aboard.

NEPTUNE—That was the Old Man of the Sea, I am sure.

MERRY JERRY—Yes, that's just who it was. Mother had said I mustn't go in swimming again today, but that dwarf kept beckoning, and he looked so jolly that I got on my bathing suit and went right into the waves.

NEPTUNE—Weren't you frightened, boy?

MERRY JERRY—No, 'course not. I had

on my dried starfish that Sailor Jack gave me to keep me from being afraid of the ocean!

NEPTUNE (*sternly*)—I see. What next?

MERRY JERRY—Well, pretty soon the Old Man of the Sea got hold of me, and he dragged me along ever so far, and at last I got, well, almost frightened. He was awful rough, and didn't take me on the ship at all.

OLD MAN—Oh pooh, nonsense!

MERRY JERRY—And when I wanted to go home the Old Man of the Sea wouldn't let me.

OLD MAN (*chuckling*)—How you did kick!

MERRY JERRY—'Course I kicked! What did you think? The dwarfs carried me along, I couldn't help myself, and the first thing I knew, here I was in your palace.

NEPTUNE—Hum! Do you like it?

MERRY JERRY—It's all right! But it's late. Won't you send me home, please? Mother will be looking for me.

(*Lights come out in the courtyard.*)

NEPTUNE (*to Mermaid*)—I think I'd like the boy myself.

MERRY JERRY—The Sea Maid wouldn't send me home either; she wanted to make a merboy out of me and keep me, too, but I want to go home to mother.

DWARFS (*shout*)—No, indeed! You can't go home! We want you to play with us.

(*Dwarfs dance and play tricks. They sing in chorus.*)

We've got a new toy,

A little land boy—

Sing ricketty racketty rock ahoy!

We'll never let him go,

Oh never, no, no!

With a ricketty racketty rock oh ho!

DWARFS—Come along!

(*Dwarfs take Jerry off and dance with him in a ring.*)

NEPTUNE (*angrily*)—So your dwarfs are up to their tricks again! I believe it was your crew, Old Man of the Sea, that stuffed my conch-shell trumpets the other day; and the mermaids laughed at me till they made ripples on the surface of the water. Oh! of course you tickled my sea horses, too, so they ran away and upset me. Now you have stolen this child. This is the end! You

shall not have him. Take him back to the shore where you got him.

(*Neptune rises and with a gesture dismisses court; goes off up stage. The Old Man of the Sea seizes Jerry.*)

OLD MAN—Take him, boys, Neptune will never know.

SEA MAID—Bring him back! (*To the Old Man of the Sea.*) You have no right to keep him, you wicked dwarf!

OLD MAN OF THE SEA (*dancing with glee*)—Too late, fair maid; we have him now! Off with him! Tie his legs with seaweed! Put starfish in his hair! We'll see when he'll get back to his mother!

MERRY JERRY (*as he is carried off*)—Let me go! I'd rather belong to Neptune than to you!

OLD MAN—Ho, ho! (*fainter*) Ho, ho, ho!

SEA MAID (*calls*)—O Neptune, great king, return! (*As Neptune comes in again.*) The Old Man of the Sea has stolen your land child, O king; the wretched dwarfs will imprison him in their darkest cave.

(*Neptune strikes his trident upon the sand and a sound of thunder is heard.*)

NEPTUNE (*in a terrible voice*)—Old Man of the Sea, bring back that boy! (*No response. He strikes again upon the ground—louder thunder, rolling and finally crashing, with lightning.*) Do you still dare disobey me?

(*Old Man of the Sea rushes in and throws himself at the king's feet; the dwarfs slink in behind him, giving Jerry malicious pinches and kicks as they leave him down stage.*)

OLD MAN—Never again, O great Neptune, will I do aught against thee. Forgive us this folly, and we are forever thy slaves. See, here is the boy to do with as you please!

NEPTUNE—Old Man, you have trifled with me once too often. (*Strikes him with trident.*) You shall take Merry Jerry home to his mother; and this is the way you shall do it! (*Lights go out, and when they come up Merry Jerry is seen astride a fish in center of stage, laughing and waving good-bye.*)

(*Slow curtain as the slaves sing "Hokey, pokey," etc., and the pinkies dance in the fairies' ring. Dwarfs form mournful procession behind as fish glides across stage, and one gives its waving tail a sly tweak.*)

## TOGETHER

By JESSIE DAVIES WILLBY

SUNSET glow far down the hill,

And you and I together;

Skies of rose, and daffodil;

We wander through the purple heather,

Sunset glow far down the hill,

And you and I together.

# Mexico

## Under Aztec and Spanish Dominance

by Charles  
Winslow  
Hall

*The downfall of Montezuma  
and conquest of Mexico by  
the Spanish conquistador  
Cortes*

SOMEWHERE about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Aztecs, whose warlike prowess, invariably followed by the ferocious massacre of the vanquished, had finally raised a despised triblet of fugitives, buried in the reedy fastnesses of the Tenochtitlan lakes and marshes, into the powerful and dominant allies of the lords of Tezcuco and Tlacopan; and through the absorption and imitation of the arts and civic policies of the great Toltec race had made what is now the capital of Mexico a populous and splendid city. It is not necessary to accept as gospel truth all the wonderful stories of the great conquistador, Hernan Cortes, or his monkish fellow-chroniclers, as to the architectural glories of Tenochtitlan; its immense area and population; nor indeed as to the wonderful luxury and ingenious art-treasures of Montezuma's palace, or the monstrous record of his human sacrifices. It was highly necessary that Cortes should astonish and charm the Spanish king, for he had defied his superior officers, and even waged war upon their forces; and no ordinary success would shut the eyes of the king to such defiance of all authority; but that there was wealth and art and barbaric power enough to make the conquest of Mexico one of the greatest adventures and most stupendous crimes of the sixteenth century is beyond question.

Born at Medellin, Spain, in 1485, and educated for the law, he chose rather the profession of arms, then one of the recog-

nized callings in which any gentleman might engage, either in his own country or under the flag of any civilized power with which his own nation was not at the time at war. Just then the Americas, discovered by Spain and handed over to her in perpetuity by the Pope, were attracting every adventurous man of the sword in Spain; and young Cortes, when only twenty-five, took service under Ovando and distinguished himself in the massacres of naked Indian spearmen and bowmen, which Spanish historians have dignified with the title of "the conquest of Cuba. This was in 1511, and for seven years Cortes served Diego Velasquez so efficiently that when the invasion of Mexico was decided upon in 1518, Velasquez, then Governor-General of Cuba, entrusted the command to Cortes. It is true that Velasquez almost immediately regretted this step; but Cortes put it out of his power to rescind the appointment by incontinently departing with his entire fleet.

His first landing within the borders of modern Mexico was on the mainland of Yucatan, opposite the great island of Cozumel; and here a final muster of the naval and military resources of the expedition was held. It was not an imposing array in either branch of the service. Eleven small vessels, including a light brigantine, composed the fleet, navigated by only one hundred and nine mariners, and mounting at most ten small iron guns. The land forces numbered five hundred



and eight men, sixteen of whom were mounted cavaliers, probably wearing full armor; but most of the infantry carried only swords and pikes, except sixteen, who were armed with the heavy and clumsy matchlock muskets of that era, and thirty-three cross-bowmen whose steel bows, strained by powerful "windlances," discharged short steel-headed quarrels, which only the most perfect armor could withstand at short range. Four falconets, or light and rather long four-pounders, comprised the field artillery, and a considerable supply of powder, match-rope, bullets and cannon-shot made up the resources with which Hernan Cortes was to invade a country many times larger in area than the combined empires of Spain and Portugal. Here they were joined by Geronimo de Aguilar, a Spanish priest and survivor of some luckless expedition, who had been a prisoner for nearly eight years, and had acquired some knowledge of Indian dialects.

At Tabasco, where Montezuma had schooled his allies severely for not cutting off the previous Spanish explorers, an attempt to land was resisted and in the storming of the Indian village, eighteen Mexicans were killed and fourteen Spaniards wounded. In an attempt to penetrate further inland, fifteen more Indians were killed; while the Spaniards lost two men killed and eight wounded, and on the 25th of March, a still larger army confronted him. But this time, however, Cortes had landed his horses and his cavaliers in impenetrable armor, and relieved by the Indians to be a part of their horses and superhuman beings, inflicted enormous losses on the defenceless savages and utterly dispersed them. Two chiefs had been captured and these were set free,



CORTES IN FULL ARMOR, FROM THE ROYAL ARMORY, MADRID

unransomed, offering their people peace, or the alternative of the desolating their country. The Tabascans seemed to lay aside all enmity and at once began trading with the invaders, exchanging a considerable amount of gold for the trinkets and cheap utensils, which to them were treasures beyond price. Cortes also held most imposing ceremonies in honor of the Virgin Mary, whose worship he earnestly besought the Tabascans to accept instead of the uncouth and horrible images which represented their chief deities. The ability of de Aguilar to speak in the Mayan tongue was of the utmost value in communicating these new beliefs.

THE first Indian converts baptized were twenty Indian girls, who were given to Cortes by the chief cacique of Tabasco, and divided by the Spanish leader among his officers. Among them, one, who was allotted to Alonzo Fernando de Puerto-Carrero, was named by her Indian owners, "Malinche," and it appears was the daughter of a sub-chief, and after his death was sold into slavery by her stepmother and half-brother, in order to secure the whole of her father's property. "Marina," as she was called by her Spanish masters, accompanied the expedition, which shortly after set sail and coasted along the Mexican shore-line until they reached an anchorage, some miles to the northward of the modern city of Vera Cruz. Here they found an Indian village, whose people spoke a different language to that which de Aguilar had learned in Yucatan; but it appeared that Marina had lived among the Mexicans and understood their language, which she interpreted into the Mayan tongue for de Aguilar, who, in turn, communicated it in Spanish to his countrymen.

From that time, Marina became one of the most important personages of the expedition, acting at first as interpreter, and later as secretary for Cortes, who, after Puerto-Carrero sailed for Europe, made her his mistress, with whom he lived until after the conquest of Mexico.

Some days after their arrival, they were visited by Teuhtlille, the governor or cacique of that province, who arrived in great state with a large retinue, and brought to Cortes many beautiful and valuable

presents, stating that he came to learn the object of his coming, and his probable stay in his country. Cortes replied that he was a representative of the most powerful monarch in the world, who, hearing of the greatness of the Emperor Montezuma, had sent him as an envoy with a message which he must deliver in person. He wished, therefore, to learn how and when he could be admitted to an interview with the Mexican emperor.

During this interview, one or more attendants of the Indian chief were seen to be busily engaged in making colored sketches of the visitors and their surroundings, and Cortes was informed that in this way all important events in the different sections of the empire were depicted and forwarded to the capital; a system which has since been known as the "picture-writing of the Aztecs"; which in some degree resembled the original system of Egyptian hieroglyphics, except that the pictures were more artistically drawn and colored.

Cortes at once resolved to make the deepest possible impression of the Spanish power and resources on the mind of Montezuma, whose character was evidently not less haughty than his own. He therefore ordered his troops to muster for parade; the artillery to be drawn up in line; and his small body of cavalry to go through their evolutions on the hard and sandy beach. Every evolution astonished the Indian chief and his followers; but when the artillery sent forth their lightnings and thunders, and the balls crashed amongst the trees of the forest, breaking down great boughs and slender trunks, the fear of the Indians was almost indescribable. Nevertheless, the artists faithfully represented the impressive scene, the ships of the fleet, the spearmen, the cavalry, the musketeers and cross-bowmen, and above all, the steel-clad cavaliers and steeds, which latter seemed to them to be supernatural monsters, which they were ready to worship as deities.

When these picture-writings and the messages of the sub-chief at the coast reached Montezuma, they found that monarch greatly troubled with many conflicting doubts and fears. A man of great courage and activity in youth, he

had renounced almost everything to enter the priesthood, for which he seemed to have been better adapted than for the dignity to which he was called. Grave and reserved in bearing; in speech, sparing and deliberate; of superior sanctity of life, as understood by the people of his time and scrupulously attentive to every

Tabasco and Yucatan, giving him information of like visitations on the southern coast, were now supplemented by others which announced the landing of a most powerful expedition of men, whose complexion, ships, arms and speech seemed in all respects to verify the accomplishment of the ancient tradition.



CORTES' FIRST MASS, AT TABASCO, MEXICO

detail of regal and religious ceremony, he was also given up to a dignified but pathetic melancholy, born not only of conscious power, but of a haunting belief in the traditions of his race.

He believed firmly in the mission of that Quetzalcoatl, who many ages before had come into the Valley of Mexico to spread amongst the savage tribes the blessings of civil government and the knowledge of many of the arts of civilization; and after having established them in prosperity and peace, had departed to the southern seaboard, announcing that he was about to return to the people from whom he came; but that in years to come, other men, white like himself, bearded and wise in all human and divine knowledge, would come across the sea and rule over the people of Mexico.

These picture-writings, which undoubtedly had also formerly come to him from

It now became necessary for him to receive them peacefully and to accept the destiny which had been so long ago foretold; or to take arms against the fates as well as the evidently superior powers of the unwelcome visitors, and maintain his title to the empire, or die in its defense. His councillors did not agree upon the course to be pursued; some advocating the destruction of the strangers by force or fraud, and others advising a friendly and honorable reception of the envoys of a distant and mighty monarch residing in some unknown part of the world. Montezuma adopted neither alternative, and resolved upon a middle course, by sending an imposing embassy to Cortes, laden with gifts of great value, but declining to permit the Spaniards to approach his capital. So rapidly were the messages of the sub-chief conveyed to the capital by a

system of posts, from which swift runners conveyed from one to another such communications and light packages as one man could carry, that it was only eight days after the parade of the troops that the presents and messages of Montezuma were laid before Cortes by two Mexican nobles of rank, accompanied by the governor, and followed by a hundred slaves, bearing large quantities of gold and silver ornaments; a Spanish helmet, which had been sent to Montezuma, and was now returned full of gold dust; two great circular plates as large as carriage wheels; one of gold, representing the sun; the other, the moon in silver; beautiful fabrics of the finest texture, brilliantly dyed or interwoven with the wonderful plumage of tropical birds, and a large quantity of the plain and finer cotton fabrics of the country.

The Spaniards saw, with delighted astonishment, the first fruits of their wildest dreams of possible good fortune; but when the presents had been given, the envoys came forward and delivered the message of Montezuma. It did not lack in either diplomacy or directness, but stated that while the present emperor had taken great pleasure in receiving the communication from the King of Spain, the journey to his capital was so long and beset with so many dangers and perils, that he could not consent to its being attempted, and that therefore the strangers must return to their own land, without a personal interview, but taking with them the proofs he had given of his friendly disposition.

Cortes was not lacking in diplomatic courtesy, or that simple directness which left no doubt of his settled purpose. He directed the envoys to inform their master that, after sailing over two thousand leagues of sea, to reach Mexico, he would think very little of a journey of seventy leagues by land; and the ambassadors, unwillingly charging themselves with this unwelcome message, took their leave.

It was not long, however, before Cortes realized that the natives were less friendly, provisions scarcer, and prices much increased; while the open roadstead, swept by sudden northers, threatened great damage and even destruction to his little fleet. The locality was also unhealthy and the men, worried by venomous insects

and attacked by malarial diseases, suffered from sickness, and within the first few weeks had lost over thirty of their number. Two vessels were sent northward to find a safer anchorage, and after ten days, a second embassy from Montezuma brought, with valuable presents, a repeated prohibition of any further approach to the national capital.

A settlement was formally made by the Spaniards and given the name of Villa Rica, some miles north of the present city of Vera Cruz, of which Cortes was promptly chosen captain-general and chief justice of the new colony. A visit by some strange Indians resulted in an invitation to visit Zempoalla, the capital of a neighboring province recently made tributary



SPANISH MUSKETEER IN 1520

to Montezuma, and grown restive under his tyranny and exactions. Cortes received them kindly, and having been assured by the pilots sent northward to find a better haven, that a safer anchorage was located some twelve miles north of Vera Cruz, the new settlement was removed to that point; the army marching by land, and the fleet easily removing the few civic properties of the rude settlement.

Here the cacique of Zempoalla made a formal visit, and Cortes having previously assured him of his protection against the vengeance of Montezuma, progress was quickly made in the formation of a close alliance between the Totonacs and the indomitable invaders. Suddenly, there appeared five envoys from the capital, who came to Zempoalla to demand the usual tribute, and in addition a levy of twenty youths and maidens, to be sacrificed to his idols as a penalty for having received the Spaniards without his permission. Cortes induced the Totonacs to seize and imprison the ambassadors; but released two of their number during the night and sent them to Montezuma, assuring him of his continued esteem, although he had so unkindly refused to receive his embassy; and that the other Aztec chiefs were safe and would follow them in a few days. After their departure, instructions were sent out to the sub-chiefs of the Totonacs that under no pretext were they to pay any further tribute to Montezuma; and learning through this experience that the emperor was feared and not loved, Cortes planned to add a large body of native auxiliaries and carriers to his own veteran forces.

A THIRD message from Montezuma, borne by a stately retinue with costly gifts, thanked Cortes for the safety and liberation of his nobles; but expressed regret that he should have countenanced his rebellious vassals, whom he would hereafter fitly chastise in due season. Cortes received his envoys with due ceremony and hospitality, and sent word by them to Montezuma that he was coming to meet him, at Tenochtitlan, where all differences could be peaceably adjusted.

With all his diplomacy, and his great need of powerful allies, Cortes could not endure the daily horrors of that idolatry which at Zempoalla, as in nearly all the cities of Mexico, devoted human beings to the horrible living torments of the Stone of Sacrifice. Stretched naked upon a sacrificial stone, which appears in most cases to have been somewhat convex upon its surface, a yoke across the neck held the victim utterly helpless; while the attendants confined his arms and legs,

straining the spine over the central ridge of the altar; and the chief priest, with a sharp flake of obsidian, laid open the heaving chest and tore out the heart of the sufferer. Curiously enough, a similar method of human sacrifice was practiced by the early Norsemen, as late as the tenth century, except that the victim's back was broken across the ridge of the sacrificial stone, before the knife of the priest finished the horrible ceremony. Not only captives taken in war, but criminals and slaves, and in times of great public calamity, the children of great nobles, and even princes and kings, were sacrificed thus to Thor and Freya, by the Norse and Icelandic peoples, as late as A. D. 1000; and even some centuries later among the Wends, Esthonians and other half-savages of Western Russia. Many a "doom-ring" and "doom-stone" are still shown by Norse antiquarians, where in not remote centuries, the sacrificial knife finished the torture of fractured spine and deeply-cut runes, of dedication to the gods, in the presence of silent and worshipping idolators.

But at Zempoalla, Cortes interrupted a ceremony of this kind, freeing those victims still left alive, throwing the idols down the lofty sides of the pyramidal teocallis, and after thoroughly cleansing and purifying the same, erecting upon it new shrines and a great stone cross, with a figure of the Madonna, in place of the overthrown God of War and Goddess of Death. The Indians, seeing that their gods were powerless to avenge the desecration of their temples, accepted the deities of the invader, and willingly aided Cortes in his advance into the country of Montezuma.

Having dispatched a small, swift-sailing vessel to Spain, bearing an account of their discoveries, with all the gold, silver and curiosities thus far collected, to Charles V, of Spain and Germany, Cortes stripped his fleet of everything valuable and destroyed the hulls. He picked out four hundred infantry, sixteen cavaliers and seven pieces of artillery, leaving seven guns for the defense of the settlement and the single light vessel reserved from the general destruction of his fleet. One thousand Indian porters, thirteen hundred Totonac warriors, and forty chiefs and sub-chiefs relieved his men of great labors,



collected food and firing from friendly villages, guided them by the best and shortest routes, and guarded them against surprise and ambushes.

At the close of the second day, they reached Xalapa, better known to us as Jalapa; and three days later emerged upon the great tableland, seven thousand feet above sea-level, and for four or five days rested at Zocothlan, a great Indian town, whose cacique claimed to govern twenty thousand vassals of Montezuma.

whence he was advised to proceed to Cholula, the sacred city of Mexico, where he was assured of a fitting reception; but his Totonac allies warned him of treachery, and wished him to go to Tlaxcala, which had hitherto maintained its independence of Montezuma. This fierce and indomitable people at first attacked Cortes with their frontier guard, later with a still stronger force and finally with their whole army; but Cortes having defeated them with great loss and captured two of their bravest



CORTES DEFEATS THE TLAXCALANS AT OTUMBO

Cortes tried to overawe this noble with his descriptions of the power and state of Charles V, but the cacique, in no way impressed, told him that Montezuma was emperor over thirty vassals, each of whom could bring into the field one hundred thousand men; and that his prisoners, taken in war and sacrificed to his gods, numbered twenty thousand annually. His capital, great and splendid beyond description, lay embosomed in a broad lake, accessible only by causeways, whose bridges once removed, shut off any invader from the city.

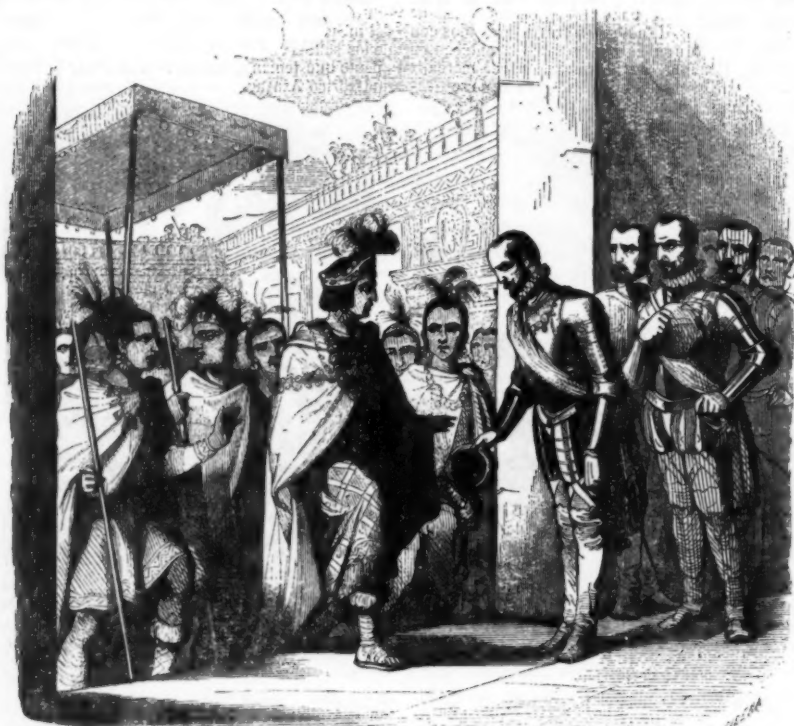
Evidently, Cortes was not a welcome guest, but he was properly entertained and remained four or five days at this place,

chieftains, freed both and sent them to Tlaxcala with renewed offers of friendship and alliance against the common enemy. Finally, after some futile attempts at a night attack, and other enterprises, Xicotencatl, the brave leader of the Tlaxcalans, came in with offers of tribute and submission, and pledged his aid to Cortes, which was gladly accepted, and cemented by the marriage of several of the daughters of the chiefs to Spanish cavaliers; many of whose descendants from these nuptials in after years became prominent in the best society of Mexico.

To Cholula, only six leagues from Tlaxcala, and twenty southeast of Mexico, Cortes marched, accompanied by six

thousand Tlaxcalan warriors, who encamped just outside the hostile city, in which so many of their warriors, taken in battle, had been offered up a living sacrifice on the altars of the lofty teocallis, whose ample summit rose one hundred and seventy-seven feet above its enormous base. Other temples there were, on which

pretended to believe them, but declared that he must take such measures as would punish at once the enemies of Montezuma and his own. On the day assigned for his departure and the intended attack, he requested the Cholulan chiefs to pay him a last visit and to furnish him with a number of porters to assist in carrying



MEETING OF CORTES AND THE EMPEROR MONTEZUMA

each year six thousand human beings are said to have perished under the knives of the Aztec hierarchy. Here, at the instance of Montezuma, the Cholulans planned to attack and destroy the invaders, it being declared by the priests that the Holy City would certainly witness the downfall of his enemies. Marina discovered the plot, and Cortes securing the ambassadors of Montezuma, charged them with this new treachery. They in turn denied that Montezuma had given any such orders to the Cholulan chiefs; and Cortes

his supplies. When all those invited had entered the court of the temple assigned the Spaniards, Cortes apprised them of his discovery of their treachery and his intention to inflict such a punishment that the whole country should ring with its recital.

Vainly they laid the blame upon Montezuma; but the Spaniards showed no mercy and slew them to the last man. Then the Tlaxcalans fell upon the Holy City and for some hours the sword spared no man in all Cholula save those reserved as

slaves. The pillage of the city and its temples was enormous, and a great number of prisoners doomed to sacrifice were liberated and added to the allies of the invaders.

The whole country was intimidated, and in many cases only too glad that the power of Montezuma, based on fear and force, seemed about to be broken. Tribute and offers of allegiance came in from many towns, and Montezuma himself sent another embassy with splendid gifts and a denial that he had in any way incited the people of Cholula to attack the Spaniards.

At this point the Zempoallans requested permission to return home, and Cortes, although sorry to lose allies of such courage and fidelity, sent them back to the coast with many gifts and letters to Escalante, commanding at Villa Rica, commending them and their people to his generosity and kindly consideration.

Montezuma could no longer refuse to admit Cortes into Tenochtitlan, unless he was already to defy and shut out an invader whose prestige outside the city was apparently greater than his own. He therefore sent him a formal invitation to visit the capital, and on the 8th of November met him in kingly hospitality and welcome at the head of the causeway by which the army entered, and assigned them as quarters the palace built for his father some fifty years before. Here, in a structure whose size and strength made it a veritable fortress, Cortes bestowed his army and plotted to overthrow the empire of Montezuma.

How he succeeded, through many wiles and treacheries, but with a courage and resource that will for all time rank him with the greatest conquerors, is best told in the pages of Prescott, and many minor chroniclers. Suffice it to say that Tenochtitlan fell, but not before she had become a very charnel-house of dead humanity and masses of battered wall and smoking ruins. The rich Mexican land was divided between her conquerors and favorites of the Spanish crown, and the trade and commerce of the country handed over to that great monopoly the "Real Audiencia de Las Indias," which even more rigidly than the kings of Spain controlled the govern-

ment, the business, the courts and the industries of all of New Spain, and much of the mother country.

So powerful that for some generations only one port in Spain could send vessels to the New World; that it could and did forbid the culture of the vine and olive in South and Central America; that it established extortionate freights and prices, which kept millions in poverty and discomfort, and utterly ignored any claims on the part of the colonists to official employment or economical consideration, is perhaps best disclosed by a declaration made in a Spanish legislative assemblage about the year 1814, "that as long as one man lived in Spain he has a right to the obedience of every American."

The miner had to give one-fifth of his gold and silver to the King; there were monopolies of salt, tobacco, quicksilver and other articles, and the tax gatherer let nothing escape which the monopolist had overlooked. There was a capitation or poll tax, duties on imports, a percentage on all sales of land, another on all sales of daily necessities, and import and export duties at the borders of each government, and sometimes at the gates of each city.

**W**HAT the civil government failed to devour, the ecclesiastical power largely absorbed, through its appeals to the fears and hopes of a people, who believed that liberality to the church could atone for the license and crimes of a lifetime of sin and cruelty.

In addition to these oppressive and pauperizing exactions, bandits terrorized and plundered in all the governments, and the "Indios Bravos," or in other words the Comanches, Lipans, Kiowas and Apaches of the northern sections massacred, plundered and destroyed haciendas and villages far to the southward of the present boundaries of Texas; while on the coasts the buccaneer and hostile cruiser were seldom confronted with Spanish regulars or warships of adequate force to protect the people thus doubly plundered.

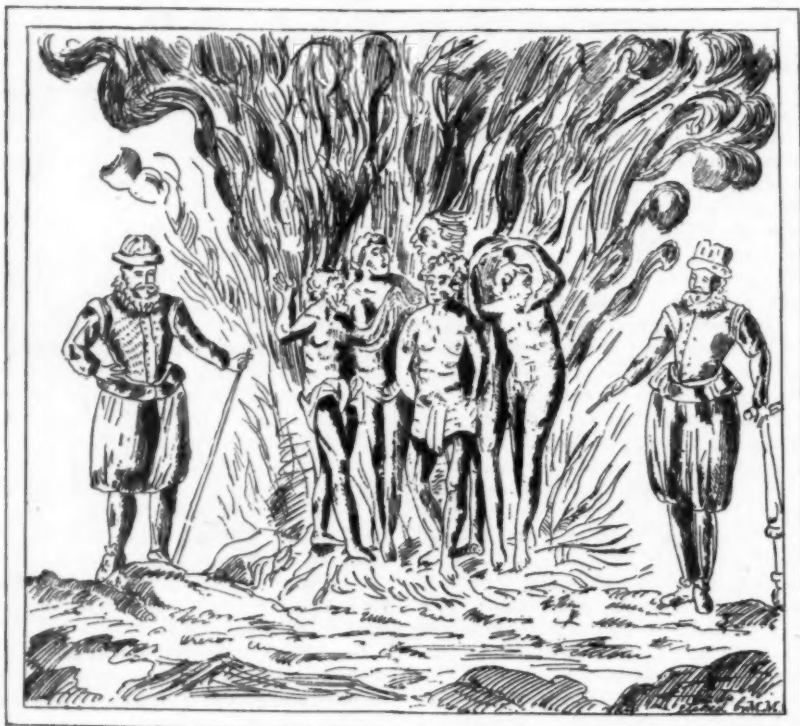
Certainly no people in all history have supinely endured greater oppression and deprivation of all that makes life enjoyable and a people self-reliant and enterprising, than the people of Mexico as a

whole, and her domesticated Indians in particular; for, indeed, at one time the proselytizing fervor of the Mexican church threatened to utterly destroy the remnant which the sword had spared.

For while the bigoted religious fervor of their Spanish conquerors added to the horrors of war, and the degradation and exacting labors of a hopeless slavery, their

sex, race or degree of civilization and intellect, depending chiefly on the sword to crush all organized opposition, and the spies and familiars of the holy office to search out all secret heretics and deliver them over to imprisonment, torture and stake.

Samuel de Champlain, himself so loyal a Catholic that the founder of Quebec has been proposed as a candidate for canoniza-



"AUTO DA FE" OF INDIANS, MEXICO CITY, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

From drawing by Samuel de Champlain, 1519-1602

successors fifty years later loosed upon the hapless natives the terrible tortures and fiery doom of the Inquisition. Much has been said about the humanity and self-devotion of the Spanish priesthood in civilizing and ameliorating the destructive system of forced labor under Cortes and his successors, but the Spanish ecclesiastics, with very rare exceptions, were bitter and merciless persecutors of all unbelievers, regardless of all consideration for age or

tion, visited Mexico in 1600 and embodied in his published "Travels" the accompanying statements and illustrations:

As to the other Indians who are under the dominion of the King of Spain, if he did not take some order about them, they would be as barbarous in their belief as the others. At the commencement of his conquests, (really about 1570), he had established the Inquisition among them, and made slaves of or caused them to die cruelly in such great numbers that the sole recital would cause

pity. This evil treatment was the reason that the poor Indians for very apprehension fled to the mountains in desperation, and as many Spaniards as they caught they ate them; and on that account the said Spaniards were constrained to take away the Inquisition and allow them personal liberty, granting them a more mild and tolerable rule of life, to bring them to the knowledge of God and the belief of the holy church; for if they had continued to chastise them according to the rigor of the Inquisition, they would have caused them all to die by fire.

The system that is now used is that in every *estancia*, which are like our villages, there is a priest who regularly instructs them, the said priest having a list of the names and surnames of all the Indians who inhabit the village under his charge.

There is also an Indian who is also as the fiscal of the village, and he has another and similar list, and on the Sunday when the priest wishes to say mass, all the said Indians are obliged to present themselves to hear it; and before the priest begins his mass he takes his list and calls them all by their names and surnames, and should any of them be absent he is marked upon the list, and the mass being said, the priest charges the Indian who acts as fiscal to inquire privately where the defaulters are and to bring them to the church, in which, being brought before the priest, he asks them the reason why they did not come to the divine service, for which they allege some excuse, if they can find any; and if the excuses are not found to be true or reasonable, the said priest orders the fiscal to give the said defaulters thirty or forty blows with a stick outside the church and before all the people.

This is the system which is maintained to keep them in religion, in which they remain partly from fear of being beaten. It is nevertheless true that if they have some just reason which prevents them from coming to the mass, they are excused.

All these Indians are of a very melancholy humor, but have, nevertheless, a very quick intelligence and understand in a very short time whatever may be shown to them, and do not become irritated whatever action or abuse may be done or said to them. I have figured in this page and the next what may well represent that which I have discoursed above.

It was, therefore, chiefly the fear of losing the slave labor, which alone enabled the viceroys of Mexico, Lima, Cartagena, and other "governments" of New Spain to accumulate great fortunes, which freed the ignorant Indian from the fiery death which continued to claim so many victims among people of higher intelligence, and was meted out to the infortunate heretic, whom shipwreck, business or the chance

of war gave into the hands of the holy office. Great were the gatherings and universal the interest when an "auto da fe" replaced for a day or two the milder attractions of a cocking-main or bull-fight, and from 1570 to 1826, with the exception of the few years of French occupation, Spain was dominated by this merciless Moloch of Bourbon Catholicity, and so was New Spain until in 1810 Hidalgo, the cura of Dolores, laid the foundations of the Mexican Republic.

Deprived even of the agrarian and community rights to home and lands which they had enjoyed under their native rulers; distributed like horses or mules between the mining magnates and the owners of the great haciendas, beaten, robbed and slain with impunity, and holding even their wives and daughters at the will or caprice of their taskmasters, it is no wonder that the Indian and half-breed of today still holds the "Gachupino," or native Spaniard, in bitter and undying hatred. And yet it is chiefly due to the equally undying hatred of the Spaniard for the great republic, whose independence and example encouraged the early liberators to rise against them; which first recognized the feeble Latin-American republics among the nations, and gave myriads of her adventurous sons to their armies and infantile navies; which drove the French from Mexico in 1866, and Weyler and his cut-throats from Cuba in 1898, that the Spanish element of today, greedy, arrogant and masterful as of old, still manages to mould public sentiment in Latin-America into a blind, unreasonable and ungrateful hatred of Americans.

For nearly four hundred years the abuses, the bigotry and the ignorance and poverty which were born of the events and conditions herein described, have made Mexico and the Mexicans what they are today—a land and a people possessed of great resources, but given over to anarchy, brigandage and the unreasoning ambition of men who for the most part are governed by the lowest incentives that impel men to fight to the death for pleasure, wealth and power.

A succeeding article will treat of the Mexican War, in connection with the history of Mexico as a republic.



# The Empire

of the

by Peter MacQueen  
F. R. G. S.

## Children of the Sun

OF all the countries of South America, Peru is the most interesting and historical. It was the central point of Spanish power on the Southern continent for three hundred years. When Balboa on the hills of Darien in 1513 first saw the blue Pacific, he had in his company a young Spanish soldier named Francisco Pizarro. By 1535 Balboa had long been dead, executed by a jealous rival at Panama. But the youthful Pizarro had crossed the Isthmus of Panama several times, revisited Spain, recruited several expeditions at Panama for the exploration of South America; discovered the country that is now called Ecuador; sent soldiers to the ancient city of Quito on the equator; penetrated the remote fastnesses of the Andes; conquered and killed Atahualpa, king of the ancient Inca empire; established a government at the historic capital of Cuzco, and founded the new Spanish capital of Peru, called it Lima, a corruption of the word "Rimac," which is the name of the river that flows thereby, and established Lima as the city of the Viceroy, sometimes called the city of the Kings. It is said that the Spanish took away during the first twenty-five years of their occupation no less than a hundred million dollars worth of loot and gold. The Incas hid as much more, which has never been found.

The hunt for this lost gold has led to the discovery of wonderful relics and ruins, which reveal something of the history of the Andean plateau before the arrival of

the Spaniards. There are many evidences throughout Peru of a prehistoric race that possessed a high degree of civilization during three distinct and widely separated periods of ancient time. Ruins of temples, houses and entire cities have been unearthed, mute witnesses to intelligence and thrift in remote ages. Pottery, gold and silver vessels, ornaments of rare carving and workmanship found in burial mounds, show that culture and enlightenment must have widely obtained, while cotton twine, woven cloth and cobs of maize unearthed denote the skill that characterized manufacture and practical husbandry. Some students of ancient Peru believe that there was emigration from China to Peru thousands of years ago. They have unearthed ruins of temples bearing some resemblance to Buddhist temples in Mongolia, while even today some of the coast natives look like Chinese and are able to understand the Chinese tongue without having associated with Chinese immigrants. Other antiquarians advance a theory that the very earliest inhabitants of Peru were a blonde people, a colony from Plato's mythical continent, Atlantis, which sank into the sea before man had a written history.

However this may be, the mighty nation of the Incas, now the degenerated Indians of Peru and Bolivia, came originally from the regions near the head of the Amazon. Their history is very dramatic and extraordinary. About the year 1000 A.D., there were several tribes of Indians inhabiting



the high plateau around Cuzco, the old Inca capital, and from one of those tribes arose a great leader named Manco Capac, who claimed descent from the Sun God. The word "Inca" means "lord," and Manco Capac was the first Inca chief, his direct descendants being called "Incas" and ruling the vast domain of the empire he established. The Spaniards found them at the height of their dominion and progress.

Today Peru is profiting from the great things these Incas and their subject people did with the crudest sort of tools. They drilled with drills made of copper and gold, having a method of tempering the metal until it was as hard as steel, a method that is unknown to our generation, and numbered with the lost arts. This substance was called champi. They built miles of military roads, reservoirs, canals, and irrigating ditches. Whole mountainsides were terraced up and land made over the terraces, work that alone must have consumed years of labor. The terraces were then cultivated, so that fruits, vegetables and grains were raised all the way from the desert level of the Pacific coast up the mountain tablelands to the very summit of the Cordilleras. There was no leisure class in those halcyon days of socialism; every person was obliged to work and the products of industry were divided between the government, the priests and the people. If there happened to be a scarcity in one section of the kingdom, it was made up by drawing on government storehouses in some richer section.

The wealth of the land was enormous. Numerous rich gold, silver and copper mines were constantly worked, though in a manner very crude compared with our modern scientific methods. The famous Cerro de Pasco, which lies in the heart of the Andes, fourteen thousand feet above sea level, was one of these mines, which is still in operation and yielding richly. There were great stone quarries, too, among the lofty peaks. Temples to the Sun God, and palaces of the Inca emperor, as well as city walls, were built of massive stones cut so that each fitted evenly upon the next, like those of Solomon's temple, while the inside walls were treasure houses of gold and silver ornaments and decorations of

precious stones. It is even said that the Inca and his family ate from gold plates. But they had the good sense to value gold for ornaments rather than as wealth. The Incas were essentially an agricultural nation.

Atahualpa was the last Inca emperor. He ruled over more than two million hard-working people, and his domain extended beyond Peru over what are now northern Chile, Bolivia, northwestern Argentina and Ecuador. All the Indian tribes in those regions had been conquered by his ancestors, for the Incas were as splendid fighters as they were able executives. During the early part of Atahualpa's reign there was constant war with Huascar, another son of Huayna Capac, who had received a part of his father's kingdom and now wanted to obtain all the rest. Atahualpa was victorious, but spared the life of his brother, merely holding him prisoner. The kingdom now stretched undivided twenty-two hundred miles north and south, and from the Pacific coast to the eastern foot of the Andes. But having subdued all the desirable land about them, the people felt so secure in their empire that, like many another nation in the history of the world, they relaxed in precaution and gave themselves up to the enjoyments of life. Then came the downfall.

IN 1532 word was brought to Atahualpa that a company of two hundred strangers, having white faces on which hair grew, and riding on strange animals, had landed at Tumbez on the Gulf of Guayaquil. This was the beginning of the Spanish invasion under the famous adventurer, Pizarro, who sought some of the treasures of which he had heard in Panama. But Atahualpa sent a friendly message to the strange company, asking the privilege of visiting the Spanish camp outside of Cajamarca. Pizarro granted the request, apparently in all graciousness. But he only used the occasion to make the Inca emperor a prisoner through a cunning plan of shocking treachery. Pizarro next demanded that the Inca become a subject of Spain and join the Catholic Church. This the emperor haughtily refused to do; whereupon Valverde, a priest who accompanied Pizarro, called out: "Fall on, Castilians.



MARKET SCENE AT SICUANI, PERU

I absolve you!" And there followed one of the world's greatest tragedies. The Spaniards slaughtered Atahualpa's small bodyguard, which, of course, had no show whatever against the Spanish coats of mail. Atahualpa was shut up in a large room and held as a hostage. One day he sent for Pizarro and said, "I will fill this room with gold as high as I can reach if you will let me go free."

Pizarro promptly agreed. The gold was brought by Atahualpa's faithful subjects, a mighty mass of treasure amounting, it is said, to about twenty-three million dollars worth of modern money. But the wicked Pizarro did not keep his word with Atahualpa. He sent one-fifth of the vast sum to Spain to set himself on fine terms with his own government. The rest he divided among his men, each man being thus made rich for life. He was one of the greatest thieves in all history. He now

demanded more treasure from his captive, who refused it. Then Pizarro charged Atahualpa with the murder of Huascar, who really had been killed by Spaniards, and executed the king in the public square of Cuzco. This deed unnerved the Inca nation, so that the Spaniards, by acting quickly and ruthlessly, had no great difficulty in conquering nearly every inch of Inca territory and setting up a rule after their own taste. Only the brave Araucanians in Chile defied them successfully. Thus the great Inca empire fell, almost in a day. Its only living legacy today we behold in the stoic, solemn Aymara and Quichua Indians, beneath whose impassive countenances there slumbers a fire that sometime will flare up through education into the civilization for which these long-oppressed people were born.

Pizarro had far from a quiet time ruling his conquered lands. His captains and

lieutenants were supremely jealous of each other, as well as bloodthirsty and faithless like their leader. As fast as any section of country was apportioned off to one of them, the others began schemes for getting possession of it. So there was constant warfare. Moreover, the successive governors appointed by the king of Spain to rule at Lima, the established seat of the

Spain held her rich lands under the Southern Cross for spoliation. The mines were worked only to provide tribute for the home government and to swell the coffers of the viceroys; the minor officials had to wring money constantly, ever more and more money, out of their meager supply; religious gloom, horrors of the Inquisition, evangelizing the Indians at the point of the



EL MISTI WITH HARVARD OBSERVATORY IN THE FOREGROUND

Spanish government, failed to send home as much gold as the king thought he ought to receive. That led to the sending of the Marquis of Canete with the title of Viceroy, to control Peru. Pizarro meantime had been assassinated in the midst of his looted treasures.

Now the real colonization of Peru and the surrounding territories began in earnest. The previous adventurers had turned most of their attention to conquering the Indians and wrangling over the booty, but under the vicereignty, cities and towns of Spanish and of Spanish mestizos sprang up; mines were opened; beautiful churches and monasteries were built by Indian labor; minor colonies were rooted at various points all around the South American littoral. But always

sword, unspeakable tyranny, hardly paralleled in history, gripped these Spanish lands; industry and commerce were crippled by the rule that business of any kind with Europe or North America must be transacted through Lima, so that even food supplies had to be shipped all the way around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast before being finally received at Buenos Aires or Montevideo. No wonder the people made slow progress toward freedom!

Yet at last the hour arrived for the downfall of this cruel tyranny. In 1806 the storm of revolution broke out all over South America. In rapid succession the Spanish officials were overthrown in Argentina, New Granada or Colombia, Chile, Venezuela—only Peru remaining loyal

to the crown. Actual republics were not yet declared, but the power of the viceroyalty was forever broken. Then in 1820 appeared that intrepid and brilliant leader, General Simon Bolivar of Caracas in Venezuela, who dreamed of a United South America as sister republic to the United States beyond the Caribbean, and who freely expended most of a noble patrimony without ever accepting a penny of public money in his devoted service to the cause. Bolivar's fine dream of a united southern republic did not even promise to come true ere he died in 1830. But he freed Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and organized each into a constitutional republic with principles of government that have persisted admirably in spite of many dissensions which resulted naturally from the entirely untrained and mostly uneducated condition of the citizens.

There are persons who claim that Bolivar desired only personal gain and glory. I think that claim is sufficiently discredited by the magnanimous way in

which he expended his patrimony, very much like our own George Washington, who was also attacked and misunderstood by his fellow-countrymen. Like Washington, Bolivar settled himself quietly down on his estates as soon as the war of independence was over, and there doubtless he would have remained if the demands and needs of his countrymen had not summoned him again to the front. He was asked to undertake the presidency of each of the new republics, and he accepted the task, but because he was unable to be everywhere at once, sent able deputies to administer in some of the provinces. The spicy temper of these Latin people would not brook that arrangement, and one after another they rebelled. Peru found a pretext for war, and by uniting with Bolivia drove out the man they considered a common foe, and defeated her liberator. Then a series of revolts and other evidences of internal strife followed, so that Peru did not reach a condition of stable government until the presidency of Ramon



A RAILROAD SCENE NEAR AREQUIPA, PERU

Castilla that began in 1845. Since that day Peru has been thriving, and the poor Indians who always have got the worst of things no matter who governed, are gradually emerging out of the torpor that has submerged them so long. The steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and other lines bring us in comfort to Peru. The sight of gray sand and gleaming far-off mountains roused our imagination as we drew near the land of Pizarro.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy" is a phrase that is familiar to every schoolboy as the proud warcry of the conqueror of Marengo. "Beyond the Andes lies Peru" will be the watchword of the commercial Napoleons of the future.

THE Panama Canal will benefit Peru very greatly, as it will bring her products nearer to the markets of the world than those of any other South American country. Already Peru has taken steps in preparation for the opening of the Canal. An extensive breakwater is being constructed at Callao, the port of Lima, as well as new wharves and warehouses. Machinery for handling the exports and imports is being installed.

One of the important exports of the future will undoubtedly be crude petroleum oil. Almost the first thing I saw as we came up to the coast of Peru was a long line of derricks at the oil wells north of Payta. The Peruvian oil-fields are quite extensive and are accompanied by fine deposits of coal, anthracite of good quality, which will be used in the home market ere long to compete with the present forty-dollar-a-ton coal sold in Bolivia and Peru from North American mines. The oil is owned by English capitalists, who export much of it to California to be refined into benzine and gasoline, using the fuel oils in Peru. The fields supply more than is demanded for home consumption, though all the railways and mines use only this kind of fuel. Since the California petroleum will not make gasoline or benzine, I could not help thinking how convenient it is for that state to obtain free of duty a supply by cheap water freight from Peru.

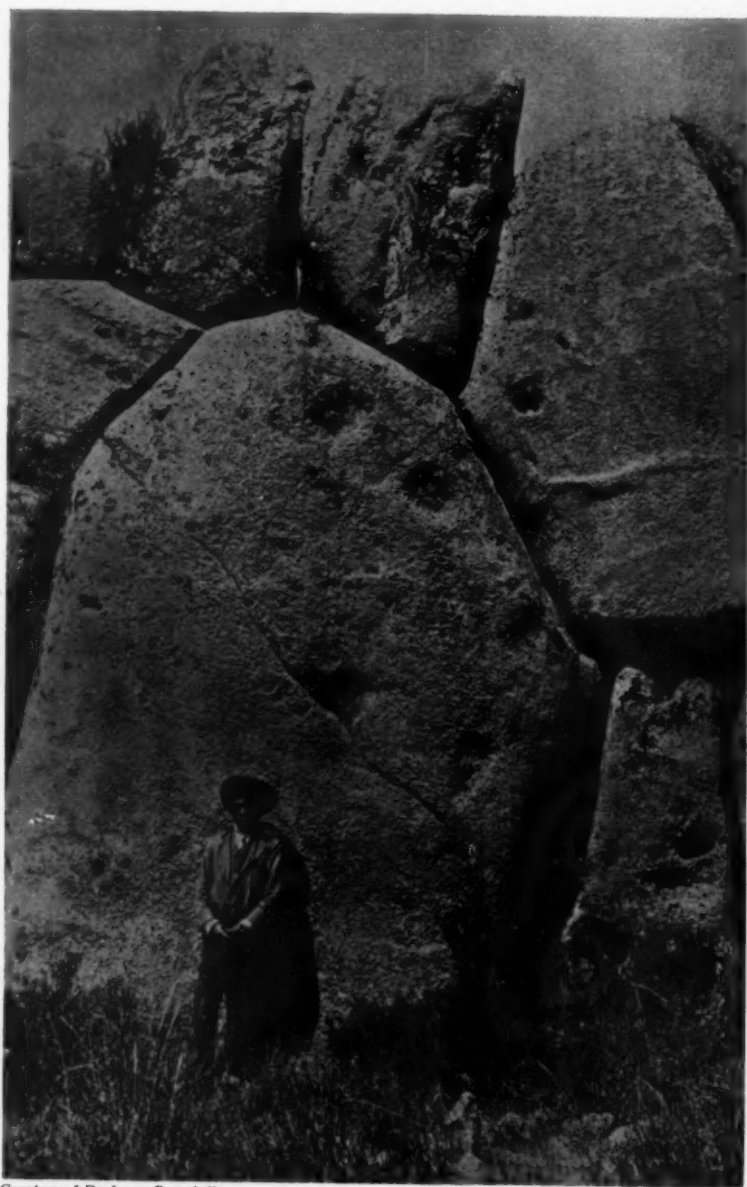
The mines on the Central Railway of Peru, at Cerro de Pasco, Casapalca, and

elsewhere, are a very rich asset in the wealth of the republic. In fact, the railway depends on these mines, and some of the big farms between Lima and Oroya, for its revenue.

I have spoken of the mines in a former article. Here I would mention the sheep-raising at the great height of fourteen thousand feet. The Atocsayco Hacienda, thirty miles north of Oroya, was started by Duncan, Fox & Co., in 1905. These men thought that there were possibilities of sheep-raising on the high lands of Peru. They have now a hundred thousand acres, or nearly one hundred and sixty square miles. There are a hundred and fifty miles of wire fences, so that the sheep do not require to be corralled at night. The climate is so mild that even during the winter the sheep require no shelter, not even from the snowstorms, as they are seldom severe and the snow never lies on the ground more than four or five hours. The pastures, though scanty as compared with those in lower altitudes, are surprisingly good to one acquainted only with the sparse grass of the pampas. The ranch is hilly and well watered. The pastures are carefully burned over every year to destroy the coarse grass which no animal will eat. No fodder is cultivated; it cannot be grown at this altitude, so that the sheep are entirely dependent on grazing. There are twenty Scotch shepherds employed by this company on a three-years' contract. And these men are experimenting with foreign grasses.

There are at present thirty-six thousand sheep on the Atocsayco lands. Some of the finest stock from England and Scotland have been interbred with the native sheep of the Andes, especially the Romney Marsh. This sheep is very good both for its wool and its meat. The average yield of wool per sheep is about five pounds a year, and it brings a high price. It is all exported because the mill-owners of Lima cannot afford to use it in their fabrics. The principal losses of sheep at Atocsayco are from diseases, foxes, thieves, and condors, ranking in importance in the order named. The absence of flies at this great altitude keeps the sheep healthy, so that losses are not heavy. The foxes are being rapidly exterminated; thieves are





*Courtesy of Professor Campbell*

SHOWING DETAILS OF FORT CONSTRUCTION AT CUZCO, PERU



prosecuted with great severity, and the condor is not so dangerous as the old geographies represented him. He will seldom attack a sheep unless it is sick.

There are several big haciendas and many small farms through the high valleys of Peru, and down toward the Montana in the Amazon valley. The success in breeding and rearing fine sheep and cattle on these high pasturelands leads one to believe that Peru will export wool and meat through the Panama Canal ere many years.

The Montana, a vast region sloping away toward the Amazon on the eastern side of the Andes, is more suitable for tropical fruits and trees than for cattle raising. This wide, torrid belt is the world's hothouse. Here Mother Earth will produce and give sustenance to man long after the temperate zone is a frozen or barren waste. But at present the land is covered by a dense jungle, which yields to the axe and the torch most unwillingly. Nature is so prolific that the sound of the axe scarcely dies away before a new growth has spread the ground with a carpet of living green. In the upper valleys of the Amazon not more than one acre is cleared out of every million acres. The land is well watered. There are many rivers as large as the Tennessee and the Ohio that are not even marked in any atlas. Ex-President Billinghurst told me it was his ambition to continue the railway from Huancayo to Iquitos to meet the steamboats from Europe. In fact, he wished me to take an expedition from Lima to Iquitos last summer, and this I would have done but for important engagements in Brazil and the Argentine. If President Billinghurst had not been deposed, I should have taken this trip next summer.

TO cover the outlook of the Amazon valley for the future would go beyond the limits of this article. Its agricultural possibilities are beyond the ken of man. Providence seems to be keeping it for the service of coming generations. It is protected at present from any extensive human invasion by swarms of mosquitos, poisonous insects, venomous snakes and the slimy mire of boundless swamps. If anyone doubts this method of protection,

let him undertake for six months to wander through its territories—sleep on the sand bars or in the crotch of a tree, out of reach of wild animals, snakes and lizards; wade through bottomless boglands; hew a path through jungles, dark and slimy, where the brightest rays of the sun have not once penetrated for a thousand years. If, after hundreds of miles through the upper valleys of Amazonia, the doubter is still a doubter, let him get into a dugout and travel over nearly three thousand miles of river and tributary streams, as



THE BURIAL PLACE OF PIZARRO

explorers have traveled them, where the only sound that reaches the ear is the cry of the wild bird, the snarl of the puma, or the chatter of the monkey. On the last day, after months of such travel along the winding course of these tropical rivers, the doubter will say, "Oh, take me back to God's country, where there are solid rocks and bare sands, away from the shadows where the boa coils and the eyes of the jaguar shine in the shivering ferns; from the death that lurks in the hacked-out *trocha*; from the dark waters, as they whimper through the reeds and the ooze; from the Amazonian Indian with his poisoned spear and poisoned food and his passionate love of dead *blancos*. It is not good to die in the wilderness with no one to see, no one to know, and have your

bleached bones feed the root of rank jungle growths."

Witness the suffering of the Seljien expedition, whose members were killed by the head hunters of the Amazon, and whose half-boiled bones were found a few months ago by an exploring party, among whose members was my old friend, Mr. Farnsworth, the lecturer, of Boston, or witness the experiences of Roosevelt and Fiala.

Leaving the hot belt of the Amazon, and before we come to the high valleys already

Ecuador, Colombia and Brazil on the other. A whole empire is in litigation in the region called Amazonia, which means the upper valleys of the Amazon. President Billingshurst told me it was the desire of all the statesmen of Peru to have Englishmen, Germans and Americans migrate into that country. Every advantage would be given by the government to these three nationalities especially. There are whole communities in our northern States living a life of drudgery. Six months of the



A CYCLOPEAN WALL IN CUZCO, PERU

mentioned, we are on the slopes of the Andes at an elevation about equal to that of Mt. Washington. The soil is rich, the climate is absolutely perfect, not a mosquito or other insect pest, a bracing air saturated with ozone. The feeling of fatigue leaves one and life has a brighter outlook. Flowers bloom every day in the year, while acres of geraniums line the roadsides and roses grow like ragweeds.

Peru is four times as big as France. A large part of it is this Montana, the boundaries of which have not yet been settled, between Peru on the one side and Bolivia,

year are given over to high pressure work that an existence may be had for the remainder of the year. Why should this be when there are untold millions of acres offering every natural advantage down here in Peru? It is true that the first settlers in these beautiful valleys would be debarred from the delights of grand opera, the elevating influence of a political campaign, and the moral uplift of moving pictures and tango dancing. But what of that if Nature opens a career and offers comfort and a ripe old age and freedom from 365 kinds of weather, besides the

jealousy born when our next-door neighbor gets a new touring car?

One may ask, if these Peruvian paradises are so fascinating, why are they not densely populated? The answer is easy. It is six weeks from Para by the windings of the Amazon, and one must travel four thousand miles from the Atlantic Ocean to reach the happy lands. Uncomfortable river boats and frequent changes are the only means of reaching these valleys from the east. And if you are going to take a piano, a mattress, or a set of Haviland china, to say nothing of pigs and ducks, it might occupy you a considerable part of the century to arrive at your destination. If the traveler comes from the west, he must have a very perfect heart in order to cross by way of the railway, since it reaches sixteen thousand feet; then there is a stretch of three hundred miles to travel on mule-back over rugged ranges and along narrow trails where the vertical wall drops a thousand feet or rises twice that distance toward the clouds. From the rocks one would travel through a pathless forest or follow a blazed trail. From the summit of the passes he would look down on rolling hills clothed in green and bathed

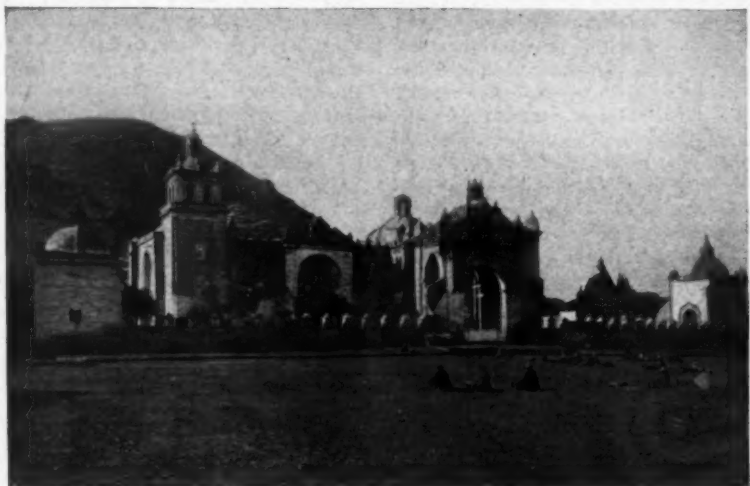
in sunshine that has lasted for ten thousand years, and will last until man has disappeared from the shores of Lake Erie for centuries.

You may ask what will grow in these valleys. The most correct answer is the shortest, namely, everything. Blackberries on stalks fifteen feet high; strawberries that ripen twice a year; four crops of alfalfa in a year; the finest of cotton growing on trees; the branches of the coffee trees bending with red berries; grapes, peaches, pears, on mountainsides. And yet these lands today are not worth fifty cents an acre. In fact, you can buy land in some of these valleys for four cents an acre.

Take Peru as a whole, and it is one of the most remarkable agricultural countries on the globe. Like Bolivia, it possesses every variety of climate and can raise every variety of produce within its limits, which include lands like the deserts of Arabia, the warm valleys of the Antilles, the tropical forests of Africa, the vine-clad slopes of Italy, the temperate plains of central Europe, the lofty mountain slopes of the Alps and the icy peaks and ridges of Norway. Combined with this is mineral wealth unequalled elsewhere. Such an



A PERUVIAN STREET SCENE



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PERUVIAN CHURCHES

extraordinary combination can exist only within the region of the trade winds, where a chain of mountains of great height causes the necessary atmospheric phenomena; here in the high Andean plateau alone do we find those required conditions.

Turning now to the higher altitudes of the Andes, and the plateaus lying between the parallel ranges, many of them higher than the top of Pike's Peak, we find surprising conditions, not only in present methods, but in the remains of a people who did full credit to their avocation long before the new world was known to Europe. The tilling of the soil is done in the crudest way, not only in Peru, but throughout the whole of South America. Outside of the wheat fields of the Argentine, the methods would not do credit to the Egyptians in the days of Rameses. In fact, the bull-plow, as it is used in Peru today, dates back to the kings of the first dynasty of Egypt. The plow, the Peruvian spade, and the grub hoe, which latter is simply a crooked stick with an iron shoe, are the three implements of agriculture in Peru today. No implement is found to crush the hard lumps of ground in the plowed fields. This is done by the women and

children with a short club like a ball bat. Corn is planted by using a sharp stick to make a hole in the ground. Then the kernel is dropped in the hole and covered by a push of the bare foot on the softened earth. Rain is not a necessity in these valleys; the natives have made admirable irrigating ditches that convey an abundance of water to every portion of the cultivated fields. The water moistens the roots of the corn from day to day, or turned into the ditches that follow the cane fields it becomes a potent factor in the luxuriant growth of the sugar-cane. The best sugar-cane in the world is grown in Peru, but ninety per cent of it is used, I am told, to make rum. I heard of a widow in Lima who makes forty thousand dollars a year in the traffic of sugar for rum. She is young and beautiful, but as she had declared her intention never to marry again, I did not call upon her.

Let us now turn our attention to the terraces remaining from the ancient civilization of the Children of the Sun. In the most secluded valleys and up to the snow-line I found evidences of large cities. Around them the remains of terraces built of stone amount to hundreds of miles. The

steps of these terraces are from ten to fifty feet wide and extend up the mountainsides five hundred to a thousand feet, and run along the valleys for miles. Near the ruins of Pisac, both sides of the valley are terraced. On one side they remain in a fair state of preservation and are used by the natives today. In less than two miles along the side of the mountain there are more than a hundred miles of stone walls, ranging from eight to twelve feet high, one above the other like successive steps in a huge flight of stairs.

On these steps corn, barley, alfalfa and potatoes are raised today. The tillers are direct descendants of the Incas, and the methods they use are nearly the same as those of long ago. The spade and the hoe are the only tools they use. Wherever there is a level valley, it is used for grazing. Wherever the old Inca terraces remain,

loose with the spade, they catch it with their hands and turn it over, stepping on it to keep it from rolling down the side of the mountain. The ground is tilled up to an angle of forty-five degrees. This is the absolute home of the potato, which was first discovered here by the Spaniards. It takes seven months for a potato to mature, because the average temperature is forty degrees the whole year. Of all growing things at this altitude, the only plant that seemed to me to be satisfied with its condition was the pansy with its rainbow petals. All other growths seem to be shivering with the cold.

There is a shrub in high Peru which does not bring the blessing of the potato—I mean the coca tree, whence comes cocaine. The leaf is chewed by young and old. Some doctors say it is very bad for the people of Peru. The infantile death-rate



THE CLOISTER OF THE FAMOUS COPOCABANA CHURCH

they are utilized. In many places they are fast disappearing, as no care is taken of them, and the ground is again assuming the shape of natural mountain slopes. The labor needed to loosen the ground on the terraces is very slight. It is done by women and children. They stand on the lower hillside and as the ground is cut

is high. And they say few old persons are to be found. Other doctors aver that the coca leaf is very good for the peasants. I am inclined to take a view between the two opinions. I met a man in Cuzco who was running a grocery store, and Professor Giessecke told me they had very good proofs in that town that he was a hundred



and fifty years old. He sold me chocolate and also coca leaves. I chewed the leaves to try to cure an ulcer in my stomach, and they helped me more than all the medicines of civilization that I had tried.

Look now at the possibilities of the

lemons, figs, bananas, yuccas, pineapples, ripen in amazing profusion. This is a small example of what the desert of Peru will yield to a genius who can pour water onto the burnt-up sand. The eastern slope of the Andes in Peru is the richest spot on



*Courtesy of Professor Campbell*

INDIANS CARRYING RUBBER IN THE PUTAMAYO REGION, UPPER AMAZON VALLEY

desert strip which lies between the Pacific Coast and the foothills of the Andes. Here is a strip of land as bare as your hand about a hundred miles wide, and the possibilities in it would surprise one. A number of rivers break from the melting snows of the Andes and flow across this desert. Wherever water touches the sand, rank vegetation springs up as if by magic. I saw a still better illustration on my trip. The railroad from Mollendo to Lake Titicaca crosses ninety miles of burning sand. Before this railroad could be built, a pipe line had to be constructed to bring water from the mountains to the workmen. At the few stations where water tanks have been erected, the waste water percolating through the sand has worked a miracle. Not more than half an acre has received the blessed benediction, but on this small plot there grows a vegetation rank as the jungles of the Amazon valley. Oranges,

earth; the western slope is as dead as Sahara, but there is lying dormant in it the germ of a life that, when touched with water, will feed millions of earth's citizens yet to be.

It now remains to mention three or four of the leading cities of Peru today. And first, of course, is Lima, the superb city which is its capital. Lying inland seven miles from Callao, and on the river Rimac whence it gets its name, Lima is really one of the great cities of the world. The old palaces dating back to the days of Pizarro and the early conquerors, the great cathedral on the splendid square, the well-paved narrow streets that make a welcome shade, the Spanish houses with their large patios filled with flowers, all give us a picture of an ideal Spanish-American life. I suppose that Lima is the most Spanish city in South America. Here are the most beautiful women of the Spanish race,



speaking a language as soft and resonant as that used by the gentle senoras of Seville. Here is a proud, brave race of men, worthy descendants of the conquistadores, men who have been defeated but never conquered. And here in Lima is a climate of perpetual spring. There are, indeed, occasional fogs in the winter time, but the yellow gold of the Andean sunshine soon transmogrifies the misty valleys and mountain chains into temples and air castles of living light. I was at Choisica, a popular

great papers of South America. I was very hospitably entertained by one of the editors, Senor Romulo E. Garcia, one of the most celebrated journalists of South America. I am especially indebted to Senor Garcia and to his friend Senor Larco Herrera, for delightful and fascinating introductions to some of the leading literary men of Peru. Among these men were Senor Jorge Garcia Trigoyen, the governor of Piura, also Senor De Quintanilla, director of the National Museum of



A RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION IN PERU

suburb on the Central Railway outside of Lima, and saw a sunset worthy of the tints of Titian. The sky was flushed like the pink in the flesh of a little child, the red clouds burned among the hills and the colors were like broken bits of china in a child's toy house. In the bright light that comes before the darkness, the mountains were like human faces scored by the chisel of the cunning years; and the whole landscape showed a beauty fairer and more changeful than the dawn upon the hills of Switzerland.

In Lima I met a splendid corps of newspaper men. The *Lima Prensa* is one of the

History, and Senor Polo, the eminent historian, who has in his possession the largest collection of the Jesuit memoirs of the Conquest in existence. The Museum of History has mummies from Inca times and implements of warfare and peace from the ancient days, as well as objects of art and articles of vertu from prehistoric nations. Some of the art work is not unlike the old Etruscan vases. The moral life depicted in the most ancient of the Inca and pre-Inca times shows a decadence equal to that of ancient Rome at its worst.

Among the journalists of our own race in

Peru, Mr. John Vavasour Noel of New Jersey, editor of *Peru of Today* and the *West Coast Leader* is the most influential. Mr. Noel and his brilliant assistant, Mr. Griffis, are widely known along the west coast of South America. You find the *West Coast Leader* in the clubs at La Paz, in the embassies of Santiago, and in the salons of Buenos Aires. Here are American journalists reporting the varied activities of Americans, English, Germans and French in an English printed newspaper, giving unbiased and clever comments on all the various societies and commercial



INCA VASES

interests, and doing it with the *finesse* of polished diplomats. When you see an Englishman or a German publishing a paper in South America, you find him usually biased, but these Americans on the *West Coast Leader* have a broad and generous view on every side of every question. There are large number of English and Americans in Lima, and I was present at the celebration of Empire Day among the English. Of course all the Americans attended as well. It reminded me of a holiday in old England or New England.

My interview with President Billinghurst I gave in an article in the *NATIONAL MAGAZINE* last year. I was impressed by him as being a strong, vigorous, aggressive, progressive, honest man. I hope Peru may always have as good a president. I have not mentioned the cities of Puno, the Peruvian port on Lake Titicaca, and

Juliaca, a prominent upland city at the junction of the railway which goes in one direction to Cuzco, sending another line to Puno. But those cities are much the same as the other Latin-American communities I have described. They are centers of farming activity or of railway and steamboat connection.

The ride from Juliaca to Cuzco is one of the most fascinating in the world. There is no splendor in the Alps that can compare to the gigantic majesty of the Andes, rising tier above tier in stainless whiteness to the eternal blue. We come down the valley of the Vilcañota river to Secuani. All the way on my three days' journey I saw the terraces already described. Cuzco is a city of unutterable memories, yet it looks like a place where nothing has ever happened. It was the scene of the most shocking tragedy that ever occurred in the whole history of the discovery of the Western Hemisphere—the cruel murder of Atahualpa, the last of the Inca kings. The rains of the Andes have washed out the stains of blood, but all the centuries will not wash out the horrible memories of Pizarro and the Spaniards. Here we saw the foundation of the Temple of the Sun, and part of the walls of the Inca palace and the fort of Sacsahuaman. We rode out to Ollantaytambo and the ruins of Pisac. I had not time to travel across the hills to Michu Pichu, discovered by Professor Hiram Bingham in 1912. The world is familiar with these wonderful discoveries of Bingham and his brilliant descriptions of them.

The mayor of Cuzco, Senor Torres Angulo, received me very cordially, and expressed his hope that this old Spanish-Inca city might be visited by many Americans in the future. He expects to have it cleaned and sanitated by Dutch and American engineers.

One of the most interesting of all the cities of Peru is Arequipa, above which stands the beautiful cone of El Misti, where Harvard has its famed observatory in the southern hemisphere. Even in this quaint, far-off city I found delightful Americans. Among them were Mr. L. S. Blaisdell, general manager of the Southern Railways of Peru. Mr. Blaisdell and Mr. J. H. Feehan of Lima are the first managers

who have made the railways of Peru pay well. From a deficit of half a million a year, they converted the receipts of the railways into a surplus of over a million. On these Peruvian railways one receives better treatment than on any other railways in South America. Moreover, the Peruvian railways run through the most historic and picturesque portions of South America. They will carry hundreds of thousands of passengers from Europe and the United States when the Panama Canal is opened for traffic. I regard the Peruvian trip as better than anything in the Alps or the Rockies.

Professor Leon Campbell of the Harvard Observatory has a most interesting situation. He has a twenty-four-inch telescope arranged with lenses, with which he photographs the constellations of the southern hemisphere. The negatives are sent to Harvard at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has the best collection of such negatives owned anywhere in the world. Mr. Campbell is a famous photographer of Peruvian scenery, and it was to his kindness and courtesy as well as to that of Mr. Blaisdell that I was indebted for some of the best pictures with which I have supplied the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

One of the most interesting Peruvians that I met was Mr. Max T. Vargas, the photographer at Arequipa. He spoke English and gave me an account of his remarkable work. He has made a specialty of picturing the ruins of the Incaic dynas-

ties in Bolivia and Peru. He has made some very wonderful pictures of the present-day descendants of that ancient race. Among his clientele are also some of the most aristocratic of the Spanish-American women of Arequipa and Lima. I am told by men who know, that these women are the best wives and mothers in South America, and some of them, as I saw them at the great cathedral, reminded me of the madonnas that Murillo painted in Andalusia two centuries ago.

Thus we see the Peruvians a proud, imperial race, living amid the grandest scenery of the western hemisphere, and holding high ideals of what is best in education and the unbought grace of life. On the great country estates there is much of the fine tradition and chivalrous sentiment that came from the best people of Castile and Aragon. The Indians of the high plateaux are a unique reminder of a civilization that bourgeoned centuries before the face of the white man had blossomed like a flower in the western forests. The immemorial records of a civilization that vanished in the midst of man's earliest recollections are faintly suggested in splendid ruins among sublime scenes. The name and fame of the brilliant men who built the walls and temples of Cuzco are lost, and all we know of the wonder and the charm of that forgotten culture in the Andes is found in the pathetic ruins of cities that are half as old as recorded time.

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A man, aye, e'en the best, grows soon accustomed  
To cruelties he first abhorred. And custom  
Grows law to him at last, and he becomes  
Through habit, bad, scarce recognizable.  
But as for woman, evermore she abideth  
Of one mind, whatsoe'er her mind may be,  
And we may count on her for good or ill.

—Goethe.

# Tim Delaney Goes a-Courting

by  
Winthrop Packard

*A humorous story whose happy  
ending is due to the pranks  
of a harlequin cow*

*Author of "Wild Pastures"  
"Woodland Paths"  
"Florida Trails"*

**W**HAT makes the baste so un-  
easy?" asked McGuire, as the  
big red cow pulled sidewise  
on her halter and almost over-  
turned the farm cart.

"It's more than I know," replied Dooley,  
"unless it is that she needs salt. Tim  
Delaneys wouldn't know enough to salt  
their cattle anyway. Whurroo!"

Dooley said the last word with his head  
against the flank of the farm horse and his  
heels in the air. The red cow had suddenly  
set back, jerking the cart with her.

"Bedad," said McGuire grimly, "if she  
keeps this up, she'll get salt enough. I'll  
put her in the corn beef barrel. It's bad  
enough for the Delaneys to owe me forty  
dollars for a year, but to pay it with this  
thing. Howley saints!"

McGuire pirouetted on tiptoe until the  
free leg twined affectionately about Dooley's  
neck, bringing them both to the cart  
bottom. The red one had tried a particularly  
effective side-winder.

"Ye ought to be in the circus, McGuire,"  
said Dooley with some asperity.

"The cow ought to be—" But McGuire  
did not finish, for another of those back  
jerks sent both men headlong to the  
ground either side of the horse, which was  
at a standstill.

"Will you look at her now!" said McGuire  
in some astonishment, not un-  
merited, for the red cow was sitting down  
on her haunches behind the cart, licking  
at a wisp of hay with an astonishingly long  
tongue.

"Egad! She thinks we're a lunch cart,"  
said Dooley admiringly.

"Dooley," said McGuire, with a click  
of the jaw, "do you get in and take thim  
reins. When I say the word you lambaste  
the old horse and we'll see if we can get  
this red devil to the barn or not."

McGuire inserted a hickory cart-stake  
beneath the red cow and gave a mighty  
heave and a yell to Dooley, who belabored  
the horse. The result was sudden and  
astonishing. The cow rose in the air as if  
from a springboard, the horse plunged  
forward, and with McGuire running after,  
yelling and brandishing the stake, they  
went up the road at a gallop. At the first  
curve they skidded into the roadside bushes  
and ripped through a big hornets' nest.

So great was the speed and so blinding  
the dust kicked up from the road that only  
a few of the hornets found what had dis-  
turbed them, but these were enough to  
send horse, cart, cow and men to the barn  
in a great burst of speed. There the two  
men danced and rubbed their wounds.

"Dooley," said McGuire, "who in  
Hivin's name taught you to drive? If I  
couldn't keep a horse of that size out of a  
hornets' nest, I'd take lessons. Quit  
shutting your eye at me, I tell you."

"I can't," said Dooley, "it's thim wasps.  
The cow, man, where is she now?"

The two stared with three eyes in amaze-  
ment. The cow was not to be seen. She  
had slipped her hitch and gone. "Come  
with me, Dooley," shouted McGuire,  
running out of the barn. "She'll wreck

the farm if she stays loose. It's corn beef she'll be this day if I get my hands on her again."

The kitchen of the McGuire place, an old-time farmhouse, was connected with the barn by a row of enclosed sheds, built so that the farmer might pass through without exposure. In the kitchen rosy-cheeked Maggie, daughter of the house, was putting up brandied cherries for market. One big panful was ready to be put in jars, another was in process, and over it leaned Maggie. Over her leaned Tim Delaney.

"Maggie, avic!" he said.

"What do you want, Tim?" she asked innocently. Tim's arms were about her and she might have known.

"Cherries," said Tim, with his face dangerously close.

"Sure the place is covered with them; why don't you help yourself?" said Maggie sweetly. Tim did. There was a little gurgling scream, such as befitted the occasion, and Maggie slipped from his arms. Then she gave a little cry of dismay.

"Tim Delaney," she said, "you've tipped over all the brandy into those cherries."

"Indeed," Tim said, "these will be too good to sell. We'll have to keep them for a wedding."

**B**UT before either of them could move there was a great commotion in the shed-way leading to the barn, the connecting door flew open, and so extraordinary a creature burst into the room that Maggie gave a third scream, one of genuine terror, and fled through the open kitchen door into the yard. Tim followed.

In the yard they met McGuire and Dooley. At sight of Delaney, McGuire, already hot in body and mind, fairly exploded.

"What are ye doing on my place," he shouted, "ye Omadhaun? Didn't I tell ye never to speak to my girl again? Sure the divvle is in ye. Get out of here."

"The divvle is not in me," responded Tim, with dignity, "the divvle is in your kitchen, John McGuire, and you'd better look to home. I saw him there just now, with horns and a tail and a baseball mask on his face."

"Then your father has come after you," snorted McGuire, "it's bad enough to have you around here, let alone your relations. Clear out!"

"Tim!" cried Maggie.

"Maggie!" cried Tim, and she flew into his arms.

Sounds of riot issued from the kitchen and McGuire threw up his hands. "The saints save us!" he cried, "she's in there. Come, Dooley."

The red cow, indeed, was in there. She had come by the way of the sheds, where she had stuck her head so far into an old basket, after a turnip, that she had not been able to withdraw it. Little that troubled her, however; she had simply pushed it a little farther so that her muzzle came through the frail bottom. No wonder Tim described her as the devil with a baseball mask. Now she had eaten the panful of too well brandied cherries and hung the pan by its handle on one horn. The sunrise of her busy day had come. The noise which brought McGuire and Dooley into the kitchen had been caused by her backing into the pantry among pots, pans and dishes where—her favorite attitude seemingly—she sat down.

"Dooley," said McGuire, as they stepped in, "only that I know it is that Delaney red cow I'd be afraid of it. Look there, now!"

Delaney looked, none too soon, for the red cow suddenly rose from her haunches as she had in the dusty road and launched herself at the pair. She missed Dooley only because he had wit enough to snatch open the cellar door and roll down stairs with the McGuire ironing board. McGuire fled for the front of the house by way of another door. The impact of the red cow's charge on the frail partition shook down the kitchen clock and impaled it on the one free horn, where its inner works clanged and ding-donged for some time.

It was the finishing touch. With a blaat the red cow fled through the outer door, the basket muzzle on her head, the tin pan dangling from one horn, the clock on the other, and the brandied cherries warming her imagination. So far she had been simply mischievous and headstrong. Now she was beginning to see things.

She galloped up the road and around a





*Maggie clutched Tim hysterically. "O, Tim," she cried, "I never saw such a cow. What do you suppose has got into her?"*

curve where were Tim and Maggie, trudging resolutely toward town with their arms around one another.

"Tim, dear," said Maggie, "will you be a good man to me?"

Tim kissed her fervently. "Maggie, I will that," he said, "I have the license in my pocket."

Maggie stopped and faced him. "Tim Delaney," she said, half in admiration, half in indignation, "but you are the swift one!"

"But, Maggie, darling," pleaded Tim, "father let him have the red cow this morning to pay that forty dollars that all the trouble was about. I knew my only

chance was to get you away before things began to happen. It's queer about that cow. There's two of them."

"God bless us!" said Maggie prayerfully.

"They're twins and marked just alike. One of them is over on the other road at pasture now, and there was never so gentle a cow raised. This one—but you saw her."

Maggie saw her again just at that moment, prancing up the road toward them, rattling the pan, bearing aloft the impaled clock, and breathing fire and defiance of all living things through the basket muzzle. She clutched Tim in terror.

"Oh, Tim," she cried, "she's after us now! What shall we do?"

Several roadside oaks with low-growing branches offered a refuge. Tim helped Maggie into one of these, climbing after just in time to escape a furious charge from the red one. Maggie clutched Tim hysterically. "O Tim," she cried, "I never saw such a cow. What do you suppose has got into her?"

"Maggie," said Tim solemnly, "the devil she has always in her, and I wish this tree was higher, for now she has in her that brandy we spilled on the cherries. I could smell it on her." Then a new look of dismay came into his eyes. "Look out, your Honor, look out!" he cried.

Round the turn in the road came idling the old white horse and low phaeton of Judge Burke, county magnate, the reins dangling idly, the judge enjoying to the full the June sun.

**T**IM'S warning came too late, for the red one was now in that stage of exaltation when all things mundane but join the whirl of dancing visions. She charged the horse and phaeton as she had charged the lovers.

The horse whirled, spilled the judge out on the soft roadside turf at the foot of the tree, and fled back around the curve with the red one in full gallop after.

"Up, your Honor! Up quick!" cried Tim, slipping down the tree and hustling the judge into the lower limbs, none too soon, for again he, climbing after, just escaped the charge of the red one galloping back. Maggie, in shame and confusion, clinging to her precarious perch with one hand, to Tim with the other, laid her head

on his shoulder and cried. The Judge had a kind heart as well as dignity, and he had daughters of his own.

"Now, my child," he said gently, if somewhat breathlessly, "don't you mind. Tim is a good boy and you are a good girl. I've known you both and your families for a long time. Don't you cry. You're in good company"—there was a twinkle in the Judge's eye—"and I think you are going to have more of it."

As he spoke voices were heard around the curve.

There had been silence in the McGuire kitchen for some time when Dooley put his head cautiously into it by way of the cellar door.

"McGuire," he said, "are you dead?"

McGuire's head and the muzzle of an old army musket protruded from the opposite doorway at the same time.

"Dooley," he answered, "I am not dead, but there will be one Delaney red cow dead as soon as I get a bead on her with this. Have you her?"

"I have not," answered Dooley drily. "Any man that wants to take that cow down cellar with him may. I don't."

The two emerged and looked about.

"Dooley," said McGuire solemnly, "she's gone again and we've got to get her. She'll wreck the town and I'll have to pay the bill. It's little I thought I'd be fool enough to let him Delaneys put such trouble as this on me. Come on now."

They found no trace of the cow on the farm and went on up the road, taking the wrong fork, of course. McGuire held the loaded musket at a ready. Dooley followed, dubiously watching the musket. Up the road a half mile they came to the corner of the Delaney pasture and here McGuire's eyes bulged and he dropped on his knees among the roadside bushes and began to crawl toward the fence.

"Whis! man," he said, "whis! I have her."

Dooley crawled behind McGuire and together they stood behind a post and looked upon the red cow standing a few rods away, peacefully chewing. Nothing could look more placid and contented, but McGuire was not to be deceived. He cocked the ancient musket, pointed it carefully and pulled the trigger.

A moment after the voice of Dooley rose in smothered tones from the ditch.

"Get off me stomach, McGuire," it said, "do you take me for a couch?"

McGuire arose, rubbed his powder-blackened face somewhat ruefully and asked, "Did I kill her?"

"I think so," replied Dooley, rising painfully, "you killed me. You have a

"You're a lion tamer," shouted McGuire in admiration. "It reminds me of the time I went to the Hippodrome. I'm thinking you might lead her home."

Dooley experimented a little, carefully, but the red cow was as gentle as a lamb. "Sure I'll lead her home," he said, "do you go ahead and let down those bars and I'll follow with the lovely beast."

McGuire led, glancing often over his shoulder, but the red cow was radiant with good will and followed Dooley as if she were his pet. In the road she showed mild symptoms of self-will in that she did not wish to turn directly toward the McGuire place, but headed toward the cross cut which led to the other road.

"Don't you mind, McGuire," said Dooley at this, "we'll take her round that way. We'd best keep her in good humor."

Never was so great a transformation, never a cow so placid. She snuggled her head against Dooley's arm and they went on, McGuire keeping well ahead, Dooley watchful, but very proud of his conquest.

Thus they rounded the corner into the other road where McGuire, his gaze falling on a row of low-limbed oak trees, stopped short in amazement. And well he might, for in the

hour that had passed the red one had been busy. Nothing had escaped her, and in the roadside trees were two stray farmers, two stylishly dressed middle-aged women, bird gazers, and a trout fisherman in knickerbockers, beside the original refugees.

The Judge's humorous intimation to Maggie that she would soon have more good company was thus verified. The red cow had kept them all there, too. In the intervals of chasing the venturesome ones back into the trees she scoured the neighborhood for more game, dashing in pursuit of visitors which, along with any passing



"Whist! man," he said, "whist! I have her"

great gun, McGuire; it shoots both ways. Well, will you look at that now?"

The red cow stood gazing at them, still chewing her cud. "Aim at the cow next time," said Dooley. "You can shoot me any time. Load it up and try again."

But McGuire had no ammunition, and he was deaf to sarcasm. He stared, open-mouthed, at the cow. "Sure, she is calm as moonlight," he said wonderingly. "Look out now, Dooley!"

But Dooley climbed the fence and approached her shyly. She mooed softly and licked the hand he held toward her.

realities, she treed. The climax of her exultation was past, indeed, and she was beginning to be a bit stogy, but she was still at it.

The people thus treed, once safe, appreciated the humor of the situation and new victims were greeted with hilarious advice, then helped to safety.

"Well, I never saw the likes of that," said McGuire in answer to their hilarity.

"What are you all picking up there?"

"Hops," shouted the fisherman, "and you'd better make one or two."

"Come up, father, or you will be killed," cried Maggie.

"The red cow is onto you. Look out!" shouted Tim.

McGuire jumped for the trees at this, then he looked over his shoulder for Dooley. He was just rounding the curve with the red cow licking his hand. McGuire stopped.

There was no danger there, but here in the tree was a matter which called for parental discipline.

"Tim Delaney," he said severely, "take your arm from round my girl."

**S**TANDING on one level limb, leaning against another, Tim made no move to release his protecting and supporting arm from Maggie's waist. Instead she, blushing, snuggled a little closer.

"Maggie McGuire," cried her father in a rage, "get down out of that tree. What do you mean, roosting up there like a bantam hen?"

Here he stopped, for the Judge, of whom he stood in much awe, spoke severely.

"You'll not speak in that way to a nice girl like your daughter Maggie, John McGuire. Tim Delaney has a right to keep her safe with his arm around her waist, for she is betrothed to him, and I am a witness to it, and so are all these good people here. Take shame to yourself for driving them to run away with your foolish feuds with your neighbors. I'm a Justice of the Peace, and if you don't behave, I'll marry them right here and now."

A chorus of approval sounded from the trees, a chorus that changed to shouts of warning, for there was a crashing in the bushes and the red one lumbered forth.

Her gait was uncertain and her eyelids hung heavy. The meridian of her hilarity

was past and a load of slumber was rapidly weighing her down to the path that leads to oblivion.

McGuire noticed nothing of this. He saw Dooley standing by one red cow. He saw another plunging toward him and he glanced about in dismay, as if looking for more, as he wildly clutched the tree.

"The saints preserve us!" he ejaculated, "the woods are full of them."

But he was scarcely three feet up the tree before the big foot of the Judge barred his passage.

"John McGuire," he said, "do you consent to this marriage?"

McGuire squirmed. The red cow's breath was hot on his ankle.

"Your Honor," he gasped, "the red baste is eating me alive. She has me feet now. If you'll only let me up the tree I'll consent to anything."

"Do you hear that, good people?" cried the Judge gaily. "The evil spirit has gone out of John McGuire, and by the same token I believe it has gone out of the red cow. Look at her."

At the foot of the tree the red cow knelt, lay down, stretched out upon the turf with a sigh and in a moment snored. The bedtime of her busy day had come, but it had been a busy day!

Cautiously the people descended, the Judge genially content at the prospect of a reconciliation between two of his neighbors who had long been bitter enemies, Tim and Maggie blushing happy, the others heartily glad of their release. The men readily volunteered to help McGuire rouse the now lethargic red cow and lead her home and then Dooley followed with her double.

The two, one soggy, the other serene, were safely installed in the McGuire barn, the whole crowd attending, and then McGuire cleared his throat and spoke.

"Neighbors," he said, "I'm ashamed of this beast of a red cow, and—I'm a bit ashamed of meself, too, but how could you love your enemies when they pay their debts with things like that? Anyway, Tim is to be my son-in-law. I'm not the man to go back on a bargain. They'll live here with me; I can't let Maggie go entirely. Come into the house, all of you, and we'll have a bit of a celebration."

# Doomed by the Stars

by Joanna  
Nicholas  
Kyle

*A drama of Panama,  
wherein is depicted  
the rise and  
fall of Balboa,  
discoverer of the Pacific*

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## SCENE (TIME, 1513)

Vasco Nunez Balboa, formerly an absconded debtor from Spain, has risen by his ability to the position of Alcalde Mayor of the little colony of Darien. He is about thirty-five years of age, tall, well-made and handsome, frank and fearless, with great affability of manner. The little colony, once so fractious that it drove away the royal governor, becomes orderly and peaceful under the wise, firm control of its chosen leader. The scene is laid at Darien, Isthmus of Panama, which presents a picturesque appearance with its little log huts, the inhabitants dressed in cotton clothing rather the worse for wear, and the mountains in the background.

## CHARACTERS

VASCO NUNEZ BALBOA, Alcalde mayor of the Spanish colony at Darien

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, favorite officer of Balboa  
GARABITO, officer of Balboa, who betrays him

VALDIVIA

RODERIGO ENRIQUEZ } Officers

DON PEDRARIAS DAVILA, royal governor sent to Darien

TUBANAMA, Indian chief, father of Careta

QUEVEDO, bishop of Darien, friend of Balboa

MICER CODRO, the astrologer, who foretells Balboa's tragic doom.

DONNA ISABEL, daughter of the governor

CARETA, Indian maid married to Balboa by the Indian ceremonial not really binding on the Spaniard

Officers, soldiers, Indian captives, attendants, etc.

## ACT I SCENE 1

*Darien. House of Balboa. Evening. (Enter Balboa, Valdivia and other officers.)*

BALBOA—My friends, I have summoned you to this council to help me decide what is to be done. I have received private advice from my colleague, Zamudio, now in Spain, that we are likely to be called severely to account for the recent disturbances in Darien. The Bachelor Enciso has carried his grievances to the foot of the throne itself, and he has so skillfully pleaded his own cause that he has succeeded in rousing the indignation of the king. Enciso is an able lawyer, and it was indeed a prudent safeguard that our wise and worthy Zamudio did sail home in the same vessel with him, to present our side of the case to our royal master. The presumption of that fellow Enciso, to think he could seize the supreme command in this settlement! But we did wrest the gubernatorial chair from under him before he had time to well take his seat!

ALL (*laughing*)—We did that!

ENRIQUEZ—No such tyrannical, pragmatical individual could rule over us. No trafficking with the natives for private gain, forsooth? Oh, no! that would diminish the chances for accumulating his own particular hoard. It might have been better to keep him here safe in prison than to let him go whining his complaints to the king.

BALBOA—Nay, Enriquez, it was best for us to set him at liberty. But how we did catch him in his own toils of the law! We did question his *legal* authority to act as he did. We summoned him to trial, quickly found him guilty, and placed him under such mild restraint until his friends did obtain permission for him to return to Spain. Our clemency in this matter should be commended. But, on the contrary, we are to be arraigned; and I, as chief culprit, am condemned in costs and damages. Also, that I may expect to be immediately summoned to repair to Spain



to answer in person the criminal charges advanced against me on account of the harsh treatment and probable death of the Cavalier Nicuesa. The king has heard how the mob refused to allow his duly appointed Governor to land here.

OFFICER—He would have proved worse than the Bachelor. He did resemble the stork chosen by the unfortunate frogs to rule over them.

BALBOA—Thou art right, Roderigo, but the means adopted for his expulsion were brutal and bestial. Justice indeed seemeth to have grown wild, being transplanted to the wilderness of this new world. Men resort to fierce and violent means to gain their ends, alike unchristian and unmerciful. You bear me witness that I did all in my power to restrain the populace?

ALL—We'll stand by you, General!

BALBOA—Thank you, my friends, and you will act but justly in so doing. The mob would have had his blood had I not persuaded them to let him depart. As it was, I could only obtain the worst ship in the port for his accommodation. I would it had been more seaworthy, for no news has henceforth been received from the unfortunate Nicuesa. I would we could devise some signal exploit to efface by its brilliance the darkness of our apparently lawless conduct. I am styled at court the Usurper of Golden Castile—so has the spite of Enciso directed the wrath of the king toward me personally. They look upon us as a wealthy and prosperous settlement, so greatly are they deluded. *Golden Castile!* would that it were less golden, or that we might convert some of its gold into bread. The Usurper is in as sorry a plight as Midas himself. Our little community is practically facing starvation. Weakened by prolonged privation, they become an easy prey to sickness; and no relief comes, no news yet of the caravel we did dispatch to Hispaniola with a statement of our distresses. I have indited another epistle to the worthy governor, setting forth our grievous necessities, also detailing the apparent riches of this province of Darien. It seemed fitting to me that a present should accompany our appeal, and I do set an example from my own private purse.

(*The officers crowd around their general.*)

ALL—So will we all contribute to the greeting!

BALBOA—Enough! enough! Thank you, my friends. Valdivia, wilt thou be the bearer of this missive and its accompanying gift?

VALDIVIA—If my friendship can be best proved by this service, noble Alcalde, command me!

BALBOA—Gallantly spoken, Valdivia, I do appreciate thy zeal. In especial I charge you dwell upon the fruitfulness of this region. For had it not been for the severe tempest of rain, lightning and thunder, our crops would have yielded abundance. And no news yet from Pizarro, whom we sent upon a forag-

ing expedition to the wealthy province of Coyba. Heaven grant that he fell not in with hostile natives and our old enemy, the Chieftain Ponca, who, ever watchful and malignant, has cost the lives of so many of our brave men with their poisoned arrows. Those who wish to flatter me say I have a peculiar facility for winning the confidence and friendship of the Indians. But Pizarro is no pacifier. But hark, what shouts are those?

(*Cries are heard without*)—Pizarro! Pizarro! Viva Pizarro!

(*Enter Pizarro, with captive Indians, soldiers, etc.*)

BALBOA (*advancing*)—Welcome, comrade! What news?

PIZARRO—The best of news! Food in plenty for the colony! We had not proceeded far upon our journey when we came across two of our own countrymen, clad in painted skins, and living wild as any savage in the woods. They told us that to escape some punishment, just or unjust, of the Governor Nicuesa, they had fled from the settlement of Nombre de Dios, a year or more ago, and had taken refuge with the Indian chief Tubanama, who had treated them with much hospitable kindness. They did assure us that we would find great booty and engaged to lead us direct to the dwelling of the chief in Coyba. Gad! it was a profitable visit that I made to Tubanama. He swore he had no treasure and no provisions, but we preferred to investigate for ourselves. Why, the very hall where hung the bodies of his ancestors dried by the fire to preserve them from decay—the walls of this apartment, I say, fairly glittered with gold, bracelets and armlets and other ornaments. Their cotton robes, too, were interwoven with pearls and other jewels. Bring the spoils hither!

(*At a signal from their captain, soldiers advance and pour upon the table a heap of shining golden trinkets.*)

PIZARRO—The store of provisions, too, was enormous. We brought away as much as we could carry, bearing in mind the distress of the community at Darien. Tubanama is a wealthy chieftain indeed, and, in short, great General, I went, I saw for myself, and I took him captive.

BALBOA—Excellent! said, O second Caesar! Let the fifth part of the spoil be set aside for the royal treasury, and let our men divide the rest. It will put heart into some of them whom privation has made despondent. And now let me see thy distinguished captive.

TUBANAMA (*approaching with gestures of despair*)—What have I done to thee that thou shouldst treat me thus cruelly? None of thy people ever came to my land that they were not fed and sheltered and treated with loving kindness. When thy captain came to my dwelling, did I meet him with a javelin in my hand? Did I not set meat and drink before him and welcome him as a brother?

BALBOA—It is an ungrateful return for thy hospitality, chieftain; but starving men

act more like wild beasts than human beings. Our little village is on the verge of starvation and we were compelled to send out foraging expeditions.

TUBANAMA—Set me free, with my family and people, and we will not only supply thee with provisions, but we will remain thy friends. We will reveal to thee the riches of the land.

BALBOA (*aside*)—By my faith, a lovely girl! (*Advances to her side.*) What sayest thou, maiden, to this proposal? Wilt stay with me?

CARETA (*in a low voice*)—It shall be as my father wishes.

BALBOA—Agreed, noble chief! I wed thy daughter, and moreover, I will aid thee against thy enemies. Forthwith we form a



Courtesy of  
Harper's Magazine

Behold my daughter! I give her to thee as a pledge of friendship. Take her for thy wife and be assured of the fidelity of her family and her people

BALBOA—What pledge canst thou offer of this promised friendship?

TUBANAMA—Dost thou doubt my faith? Behold my daughter! I give her to thee as a pledge of friendship. Take her for thy wife and be assured of the fidelity of her family and her people.

(Balboa gives a start, glances quickly at the Indian girl as she stands, trembling and dejected, before him. She looks up suddenly at her father's words and her face is young and very beautiful.)

solemn compact. (*He takes the hand of Careta, while the chains are removed from the old chief and his people.*)

TUBANAMA—(*approaching majestically and drawing from the folds of his cotton robe some sparkling ornaments*)—Receive this present as a wedding gift!

BALBOA—Thanks for thy generosity, and accept this from me.

(Attendant comes forward with a looking glass, which fills the Indian chief with delight. He looks at himself repeatedly with various

gestures. Beads and hawks' bells are given to Careta, which she receives with pleasure. Meanwhile the Spaniards, who had been dividing the gold, are discovered to be in violent dispute over the size and value of the different ornaments as they are laid on the scales to weigh them.)

TUBANAMA (approaching the table with a look of disdain, suddenly strikes the scales with his fist and scatters the gold)—Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the peaceful land of others, expose yourselves to sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains! Beyond these lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summits. All the streams that flow down the southern side of those mountains into the sea abound in gold. The kings that reign upon its borders drink out of golden vessels. Gold is as plentiful and common among these people of the south as iron is among you Spaniards.

BALBOA (aside)—A southern sea, perhaps a new ocean! (Aloud) Hold, high-minded chief, turn not away! It is but the zeal of my followers to bear back the most riches to our sovereign king. Tell me about this region and this southern sea. By what paths do you find it?

TUBANAMA—The task is difficult and dangerous. You must pass through the territories of many powerful chiefs, who will come out against you with hosts of warriors. The mountains are infested by wandering tribes of cruel cannibals. Besides, there is one great chief, whose land is more rich in gold than any other province. He will come forth with a mighty force. You will require at least a thousand men armed like those who follow you. This have I learned from captives taken in battle, and one of our own nation was once held prisoner by the great chief.

BALBOA—And thou wilt furnish me with guides to this wealthy region?

TUBANAMA—Truly will I, in conformity with our compact of amity.

BALBOA—I will talk with thee further on this matter, but meanwhile—The hour waxes late. Comrades, it is fitting that we give our new allies some entertainment. Let them go on board our ships and show them every part. Display our war horses with their armor and rich caparisons. (Aside to Pizarro) Especially impress them with the thunder of our artillery. If too much daunted by this warlike spectacle, cause musicians to perform a harmonious concert. Let nothing be omitted to impress them with the powers of their new allies. Valdivia, I would confer with thee at more length concerning thy mission to Hispaniola.

(Exeunt all, except Balboa, Valdivia and the Indian girl.)

Act I, Scene 2. Balboa seats himself at the table and begins to seal certain papers. The Indian girl at a remote corner of the room remains attentively watchful of his motions.

BALBOA—I have been almost like one stunned since the arrival of those dispatches from Zamudio; they seemed to annihilate at one blow all the ambitious hopes I had formed. To be summoned home to Spain at this hour will ruin me.

VALDIVIA—But as yet the information is private and informal; no order has arrived from the king, and you are still master of your own actions and in control of the colony. Why, General, you are the idol of this people, for it was your genius that guided them hither and they will obey your least command—be it spoken low—in defiance of the royal mandate itself. The little community once so factious has become peaceful and orderly under your strong yet wise control.

BALBOA—Thy too partial affection will ever have it thus, Valdivia. Granted, I do hold the love of the people. Now listen! The achievement I have craved to blot out all memory of past misconduct lies before me and fresh resolution fires my breast. I shall go in search of this great southern sea. The colony is composed of daring, reckless adventurers, whom I can easily engage in any perilous or extravagant exploit.

VALDIVIA—Noble Alcalde, the inspiration of your zeal will rouse the spirit of any laggard among them all. It is your magnetic influence that binds men to you either for peace or war.

BALBOA—A truce to thy flattery, Valdivia. The Indian chief has said that a thousand soldiers will be required for the enterprise. Methinks it would be well to apply to Don Diego Columbus, governor of San Domingo, informing him of the intelligence we have received of a great sea and opulent realms beyond the mountains and entreat him to use his influence with the king that the necessary forces be sent at once for the prosecution of so grand a discovery. Yet, if I wait for their arrival, my day of grace shall be past. I will choose two hundred men of the most resolute and vigorous, whose spirits are roused by the mere mention of danger—

VALDIVIA—Your bloodhounds are worth a hundred men themselves. In truth, they have proved themselves terrific allies in Indian warfare.

BALBOA—Thou art right, Valdivia. My favorite, Leonico, has been my constant companion and bodyguard for years. When I have lent him to others, I have received for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man.

VALDIVIA—The Indians have conceived such a terror of the animal that the very sight of his dull yellow hide is sufficient to put a host of them to flight.

BALBOA (musingly)—A thousand soldiers necessary! It is a desperate thing to undertake this task with a handful of men, but the circumstances are desperate. Fame, fortune, life itself depend upon success and the prompt execution of the enterprise. To linger is to be lost!

VALDIVIA (*smiling*)—Tubanama and his tribe you have completely won to your interests by the late treaty of alliance. Their services will be important from their knowledge of the wilderness and of savage life.

BALBOA—Yes, the father of my Indian beauty can render inestimable service. Have you marked how she watches our every motion? Her face is full of intelligence unwonted in these natives and she is singularly beautiful. Leave us, my good Valdivia, I would rest awhile and make the acquaintance of my lovely bride.

(*Exit Valdivia.*)

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

*Night. Balboa alone with Indian girl.*

BALBOA—Come hither, maiden, I would learn from thine own lips a more flattering consent that acquiescence in thine father's wishes. Thou sayest thou art willing to give up thy family and home to be my bride, and thus cement our friendship. But tell me, dost thou like me for myself?

(*Indian girl comes forward, glancing timidly yet with evident admiration at the handsome Spaniard. She seats herself at his feet and he lays his hand caressingly upon her head. She takes his hand and raises it respectfully to her lips.*)

BALBOA—Look up, sweet maid, and let me see thy dark and trusting eyes. Thy great beauty should lend thee greater confidence. There's many a lady of the court of Spain, with half thy charms, would count herself a queen. Shrink not so humbly at my very feet. 'Tis I that am thy slave, a willing captive. I cannot say how much I'd do for thee.

(*A disturbance is heard at the door. Enter Micer Codro, the astrologer, followed quickly by a soldier, who is trying to restrain him.*)

BALBOA—How now, presumptuous? Said I not I would not be disturbed?

SOLDIER—So please your worship, this fellow was so insistent, in fact he did elude me, and pushed his way hither. (*Draws a pistol and aims at the Astrologer.*)

BALBOA—Put up thy weapon! Harm him not, Francisco. Thou art ever too hot-headed and impetuous in my service. What wouldst thou, old man? Why fix thy piercing eyes upon me with a look so weird?

ASTROLOGER—Vasco Nunez, I have a message for thee.

BALBOA—Go to, sirrah! thou art over familiar! Recollect thyself and my high office. Know thy place.

ASTROLOGER—I do know my place. As the emissary of high heaven I heed not earth's vain titles. Vasco Nunez, soldier of fortune, thou wert not always so high as now thou seemest. I bring a warning to thee from the stars.

BALBOA (*aside*)—He's mad. 'T were well to humor him.

(*Aloud*) What message hast thou for me, friend? But let me tell thee, first, I put less

faith in the stars than in the God who made them.

ASTROLOGER (*drawing near in a mysterious manner*)—I'd speak with thee alone, Vasco Nunez! Come forth into the night! But for the light of stars, 'tis dark, dark as thy coming fate.

(*Balboa, laying his hand upon the dagger at his belt as the astrologer draws near, they pass out into the night. Indian girl steals after them.*)

ASTROLOGER—Dost thou see yon star close to the horizon?

BALBOA—Aye. 'Tis a large and goodly one. What then?

ASTROLOGER—There is the star that rules thy destiny. Now look where I shall point and mark it well. Three years from now, when that star stands where now thou seest me point, I tell thee, Vasco Nunez, thou shalt die.

BALBOA—Ha! so I may. 'Tis a fierce and turbulent community over which I rule, and there have been discontents of late. A sudden stab—

ASTROLOGER—Deceive not thyself that I meant sudden death. A darker fate awaits thee. Ask me not to tell my vision.

BALBOA—Sickness, perchance? This fatal fever to which so many of my countrymen have succumbed. Yet look upon me! I am in vigorous health, while others yield to sickness. Even when the famine pressed us I was exempt from the pangs of hunger. Old man, I'll tell to thee a secret. Ambition is to a noble soul both food and drink and full sustaining. I, too have had a vision, which I'll tell to thee. I see before me rank, power and riches, and my good sword shall win them. Come, read me a more cheerful horoscope and I will make thee rich also.

ASTROLOGER—Scoff not, proud man! Thy scoffing seals thy doom. Mockest thou at my vision? Couldst thou but pierce its blackness thou wouldst not mock. Treachery! Dishonor! Ah, 'tis a scaffold! Yet is there one way by which thou mayest escape. Watch thou yon star and when it nears the fatal point, avoid all danger, distrust all, apparent friends. If thou canst pass the fatal apex of thy destiny, all will be well. I will not deceive thee. Vasco Nunez de Balboa, thou shalt be great indeed! Three years from now I'll speak with thee again. Fare thee well!

BALBOA (*alone*)—"Vasco Nunez de Balboa, thou shalt be great!" It is the echo of an inward voice which whispers ceaselessly, "thou shalt be great." My name shall sound along the centuries. Where'er the story of this new, strange world is told, the name Balboa shall be high exalted. And yet, yon star! Methinks it sheds an ominous light. Santa Maria de Antigua, if thou do prosper and protect me still, I will so load thy shrine with heathen spoils that all Seville shall wonder at its riches. This unknown Southern sea with all its rodden regions, I shall go seek. This much is certain!

CURTAIN.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

*Early morning. Balboa and his band of Spaniards emerging from the thick forests. In the background the magnificent mountain scenery of Panama. Spectacular scene.*

BALBOA—My friends, heaven has hitherto prospered our expedition. The great chief Tubanama, father of my Indian beauty, received us with open arms and furnished us with guides to help traverse this wilderness and to assist in carrying our ammunition. He also sent some warriors with us to fight against any warlike tribes that might attack us. We did encounter some of these hostile natives, armed with bows and arrows, spears and maces, who set upon us with furious yells. But the first discharge of our guns filled them with dismay. When they saw their comrades fall dead and bleeding beside them without receiving any apparent blow, they took to headlong flight and we did hotly pursue them with our bloodhounds.

ENRIQUEZ—Truly, they did look upon us as demons who vomited forth thunder and lightning.

BALBOA—Perceiving their supernatural terror, we soon refrained from needless slaughter, for to escape from the sight of our awful presence the captives we seized ransomed themselves with large presents of gold and pearls.

ENRIQUEZ—We have, indeed, secured immense booty, the fifth part of which laid aside for the royal treasury will be a surprise and gratification to any potentate. General, you will be highly exalted in the favor of our royal master independent of the discovery of this great ocean, the marvelous tales of which are almost beyond conception.

BALBOA—Yet all the natives we have met or made captive have confirmed the account of this grand spectacle. My soul is athirst for this gratification, nor can it be satisfied till it has attained its goal. Much have I sacrificed to gain this end. Some of our good comrades have fallen sick from fatigue and the tropical heat and have been obliged to turn back. But the hardiest among us have struggled on, though impeded by the weight of our armor and weapons. Through almost incredible difficulties we have climbed almost to the summit of these mountains.

*(They halt and an Indian guide approaches respectfully, pointing.)*

THE GUIDE—From the top of yon bald eminence the big sea water is visible!

BALBOA—Halt! this is my prize! Rest you all here and let no man stir a single step. I first shall look upon this southern sea.

*(Ascends the mound and pauses as one thunderstruck, then sinks upon his knees.)*

BALBOA—Oh, Power Eternal, let my grateful thanks arise to Thee like an oblation from this rugged altar. The mighty barrier of mountain heights which so long shut out this majestic prospect has been surmounted. It is as though a new world were unfolded.

Below me extends a vast chaos of rock and forest, green savannahs and wandering streams; but far beyond, the glittering waters of the promised ocean!

*(He rises slowly and beckons to his men.)*

BALBOA—Behold, my friends, that glorious sight which we have so much desired! Let us give thanks to God that He has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to Him that He will guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered and in which no Christian has ever entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me; and by the favor of God, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to these Indies, you will render the greatest service to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord, and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered and converted to our holy Catholic faith.

*(The Spaniards crowd around their leader and embrace him.)*

ALL—We will follow you to death itself.

*(Balboa takes in his hand a banner on which are painted the Virgin and Child and under them the arms of Castile. Throwing his buckler over his shoulder, he draws his sword and exclaims:—)* Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Spain, in whose name and for the royal crown of Castile I take possession of these seas, these islands and coasts of the south; and if other prince or captain, Christian or infidel, shall pretend any right to these lands and sea, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of these Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indies, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures and until the final judgment of all mankind. Bear ye witness to the fact that I have taken possession.

ALL—We will defend the claim to the uttermost as becomes true and loyal subjects, vassals to the Castilian sovereigns.

*(A rude cross constructed out of a tall tree is erected upon the spot. A priest begins to chant Te Deum, in which the whole band of Spaniards joins.)*

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

*Darien. House of the Governor. Don Pedrarias and the Bishop of Darien. Glittering train of cavaliers, in strong contrast with the homely garb of Balboa's men.*

BISHOP—Why will your excellency persist in persecuting so brave a man?

PEDRARIAS—I persecute him? Nay 'tis too strong a term. He is too meek and submissive to merit persecution. Why, from the description given us by the Bachelor Enciso we expected to behold a blustering warrior, ruling the colony like a military despot. The crew were positively afraid to disembark on that memorable morning when



we sailed into the harbor of Darien; when behold! we found a rural population quietly engaged in agriculture and our Mars himself clad in homespun garb of cotton shirt and trousers with hempen sandals upon his feet helping with his own warlike hands some Indians to thatch the roof of his humble domicile, and when my messenger did, with all due respect, announce our arrival, what was his dutiful answer? Ha, ha, ha! "Tell Don Pedrarias he is welcome, I congratulate him upon his safe arrival, and that I and all that are here with me are ready to obey his orders." Why we looked for some show of resistance at least.

**BISHOP**—It was well that your excellency was not behind the scenes on that morning. The little community was in an uproar on hearing that they were to have any ruler except Balboa. They were preparing to sally forth, sword in hand and expel the intruder, and it was a strong test of his matchless influence that he was able to restrain them.

**PEDRARIAS**—In truth, I thought some of the old soldiers did not look upon us with any great favor when they acted as escort to the rude hut that served as a reception hall. And then the banquet to which we were summoned forthwith—roots and fruit and that abominable maize bread, all to be washed down with the sparkling waters from the brook. Gad! but my cavaliers have not yet recovered from the effects of that chilling beverage.

**BISHOP**—Yet your excellency will admit, Balboa presided in the humble wigwam with all the courtesy and hospitality of a prince. It is not the feast itself, but the giver that imparts dignity to any function.

**PEDRARIAS**—Granted, your reverence, granted. We would do all justice possible to this usurper of Golden Castile—golden only in imagination. Most of us are already sick and disgusted with the country. But Balboa is by birth a Hidalgo, and as such he cannot help his manners, they were born with him.

**BISHOP**—With all your wit, your excellency cannot make the man ridiculous, nor can you undermine his popularity. You sent him on that fruitless expedition to the famous golden temple of Dobayba in hopes that its failure would cover the prosecutor with disgrace. Do not deny it, you know it is the truth. Well, the canoes had not proceeded very far up the Black River before they were set upon by savages amid a veritable shower of arrows. One half of our men were killed or drowned. Nunez, himself wounded, had great difficulty in escaping to the shore, where through toils and horrors incredible they struggled through morasses and across rugged mountains and at last succeeded in reaching Darien. Luis Carillo, whom your excellency appointed associate in the enterprise, lost his life. What did the people say? "Vasco Nunez in his former exploits had absolute command and they were always

successful, but this time he was embarrassed by an associate. Had the enterprise been confided to him alone the General would have returned victorious."

**PEDRARIAS**—General? Where did he get that title?

**BISHOP**—It was conferred upon him by Miguel de Pasamonte, the royal treasurer of Hispaniola.

**PEDRARIAS**—He has no power to sign any such commission.

**BISHOP**—He thinks he has and has acted in full confidence of the ultimate approval of the king. Indeed it is whispered that his Majesty hath clothed him with some such authority as a sort of check upon the ever growing sway of Don Diego Columbus, the Governor of San Domingo. To reward Balboa for the rich present of gold sent in to the royal coffers, the treasurer saw fit to appoint him lieutenant-general of the colony of Darien.

**PEDRARIAS**—Also in requital of a present in gold to himself, perchance.

**BISHOP** (*ignoring the insinuation*)—Besides, all your investigations, open and underhand, into the particulars of the past disturbances in Darien have only redounded to the credit of Vasco Nunez.

**PEDRARIAS**—In what way, your reverence?

**BISHOP**—In the first place you proclaimed a judicial inquiry into the conduct of Balboa and his officers which served only to illustrate the merits and elevate the reputation of the man whom it seems to be your interest and intent to ruin. His grand discoveries as well as the nature and extent of his services brought prominently forward. It was he who checked the mob from further outrage towards the person of the unfortunate cavalier Nicuesa. He did control its violence by the magnetism of a strong nature over numbers of weaker ones, and he has attached them to himself because he did wisely control them. He did organize order out of chaos; the people fairly worship him. You must acknowledge that the little settlement to five hundred Europeans and some fifteen hundred Indians was prosperous and happy under his paternal forethought and becoming independent of supplies from the mother country.

**PEDRARIAS** (*mockingly*)—Oh, most perfect accord and Arcadian simplicity!

**BISHOP**—Nevertheless, you were for sending him in chains to Spain to be tried for the death of Nicuesa and other imputed offences had I not revealed to you the probable result of such action. His arrival home would have been signalized by triumph rather than disgrace. His grand discoveries, already blazoned to the world, would atone for all past faults of usurpation. He would have been received with enthusiasm by the nation and favor by the king, and sent back here clothed with new dignity and power. I am advised that he sent a magnificent present in gold to supplement the announcement of his last discovery of a probable new ocean. Also,

"Henceforward General Balboa stands second in command to myself in the colony and first in your affections. Come, let me see you join hands"



selecting the largest pearls from those obtained from the natives, he sent them to her majesty the Queen.

PEDRARIAS (*sitting down in a thoughtful attitude*)—Such a graceful tribute would not be ignored by our sovereigns.

BISHOP—In truth, you speak advisedly. But to proceed. The pestilence that visited Darien last year, following the excessive humidity and heat, and swept off so many of your gay cavaliers and laid your excellency on a bed of sickness, put a stop to all regular proceedings; but you have since tried to keep Balboa under a cloud of imputation which should gradually impair his popularity. I would speak earnestly and remonstrate with you upon your course of conduct, for it is becoming odious in the sight of the community. Why persist in driving a man to become your deadliest enemy when you might grapple him to your side as your firmest friend? You have several daughters. Give him one of them in marriage. You will then have for a son-in-law a man of merit as well as popularity, a Hidalgo by birth and a favorite with the king. As you advance in years, make him your lieutenant, and while you repose from the cares of government, the affairs of the colony will be carried on with a spirit and zeal that will redound to the advancement of your family and the splendor of your administration.

PEDRARIAS (*haughtily*)—I thank your reverence for this eloquent advice. I will consider it at leisure.

BISHOP—Moreover, have you noted that all the expeditions that you have sent out have been notoriously unsuccessful and they have excited the hostility of the Indian tribes in this vicinity. Emboldened by success, they actually beleaguered the village itself, and they bear as banners the bloody shirts of the Spaniards they have slain in former battles. The inhabitants are in such alarm that they keep a watchful eye upon the plains, the mountains and the very branches of the trees. Imagination, also, is affected by their fears. The long waving grass of the savannahs are moving bands of Indians; at sea the white-capped breakers are converted into fleets of canoes filled with savages. Now Vasco Nunez knew how to conciliate the Indians as well as terrorize them. They became his staunch friends and allies. (*Pedrarias makes a gesture of impatience.*)

BISHOP—Bear with me a moment longer, your excellency. I would speak with you upon this matter that is rumored abroad—this interruption of the royal correspondence. It is both presumptuous and disloyal to dispute the commands of the king or defeat his grateful intentions by interfering with the rewards conscientiously given by him to a meritorious subject.

PEDRARIAS (*in alarm*)—What means your reverence?

BISHOP—It is whispered that you have received and withhold a letter from the king addressed to Nunez. This is an outrage

upon the rights of the subject and an act of disobedience to the sovereign which I shall take occasion to denounce even from the pulpit. (*He rises as if about to go.*)

PEDRARIAS (*conciliatingly*)—Gently, your reverence! I did not purpose to withhold the letter except for a convenient season. Your reasoning has been so weighty and just that it seems to me there can be no better time than the present to make General Balboa acquainted with the contents of the royal epistle. Here, Andreas! (*Enter a messenger.*) Go with all speed and invite General Balboa to a conference with us. (*Pedrarias occupies himself with various documents nervously. The Bishop continues to stand in grave displeasure. Enter Balboa. Pedrarias advancing to meet him with the utmost respect.*)

PEDRARIAS—It gives me the greatest pleasure, General, to convey to you the acknowledgement and thanks of our gracious sovereign for the transcendent service you have rendered in discovering a new ocean and in subjugating so many new provinces to the crown of Spain. He speaks of you as a worthy successor to Columbus; and as an expression of his high sense of your merit; he does constitute you Governor of Coyba and of Panama, and Generalissimo of the South Sea and all the islands you shall therein discover, provision for such discovery to be made forthwith.

BALBOA (*for a moment overcome, his face expresses almost boyish exultation*)—My royal master is too good to me!

(*The Bishop approaches and presses his hand with fervor. Balboa receives from the governor the royal letter, opens and reads it.*)

PEDRARIAS (*aside*)—How I do hate the man. (*Aloud to an attendant.*) Request the Donna Isabel to come hither! (*Pedrarias again approaching Balboa.*)

Accept my most fervent congratulations! In my own communication from the royal hand I am instructed to consult with you upon all important subjects. It appeals to me that our relationship might be made closer and yet more personal, for I have long appreciated your worth. A family alliance would strengthen our powers for mutual support. I have a daughter, General. I should be overjoyed to see her affianced to a man of your merit and pretensions.

(*Balboa starts and turns pale. Enter Isabel.*)

PEDRARIAS—Daughter, we have sent for you to announce that we have contracted a noble alliance for you. General Balboa, Governor of Coyba and of Panama, Generalissimo of the South Sea

(*Balboa comes forward reluctantly and speaks with hesitation.*)

Your excellency, this is too great an honor. I am but a blunt soldier and all unworthy.

ISABEL (*with coquetry*)—My father, this is extremely sudden.

PEDRARIAS—Not sudden, daughter. When one man recognizes another's exceptional worth, it is as the lightning flash, and stamps

its value on the true coin. Henceforward General Balboa stands second in command to myself in the colony and first in our affections. Come, let me see you join hands!

*(Balboa takes the hand of Isabel. Both are silent with downcast eyes.)*

BISHOP—Having consummated this perfect reconciliation of all misunderstandings, I shall leave for Spain with a light heart. On my return hither I shall be ready to celebrate your nuptials at such time as you may desire. My blessing on you both!

CURTAIN.

### ACT III. SCENE 1.

*Darien. House of Balboa. Enter Balboa, followed by Careta. She clasps her hands, then wrings them.*

CARETA—Vasco Nunez, speak to me, my love! Why dost thou shun me thus? Why walk apart, and always with that trouble on thy brow?

BALBOA—Nothing, Careta. I have told thee repeatedly it is nothing, only the new cares recently devolved upon me by the king's sudden favor. Come sing to me with thy sweet, soothing voice; for see, it is a calm and beauteous night. Behold the glory of the stars, and yonder, dost thou mark, the star that rules my destiny shines brightest of all?

CARETA—Oh, Nunez, dread that lustre! Answer me, is it not near to the point that man of mystery did indicate, and then—

BALBOA—What if it is, sweet one? I've marked it well. Behold the folly of all those who trust in soothsayers, and above all in such a man of wisdom as this Micer Codro. According to his prophecy I should even now be in imminent peril of my life. Yet, here I am, sane, and in perfect health, with the authority to construct two brigantines and with twice two hundred men at my command, ready to embark to explore the Southern Sea.

CARETA—Oh, Nunez, heed the warning; for that man does haunt and pierce me with his searching eyes. He bade thee shun all danger, distrust apparent friends. Oh, fly with me into the wilderness and to my father's lodge, there to abide until this fateful year shall run its term.

BALBOA *(laughing)*—Why, what advice is this, Careta dearest, for an Indian girl to give her warrior brave? Thou wouldest make a very coward of me.

CARETA—Not when a magic charm is cast around thee. Resist not thou the fixed decrees of fate! Oh, where there is an open foe to deal with Careta were the first to bid thee fight; but treachery, Nunez, must be foiled by stealth. I do not trust this wily governor, this Don Pedrarias. He seeks thy ruin. I know his cunning and his wicked wiles as only the Indian knows by subtle training.

BALBOA *(still laughing)*—Seeks my ruin? Why he has recently whelmed me with honors, and before the people; and given me money from the royal treasury to aid me in my heart's long cherished object. True, I did at one

time suspect that he nourished against me some jealous spite, but the king's exaltation of myself to a position of honor and command seems to have filled him with disinterested rejoicing. I did misjudge the warmth with which he conducted the investigation into the disturbances in Darien. He treats me now with every mark of distinction, even affection regard. Why only last week he gave me the highest proof that man can give of friendship. *(He checks himself suddenly.)*

CARETA—Proof, what proof? Nunez, thou dost not answer. Thou turnest pale. Then will I speak the truth. 'Twas only yesterday when thou wert resting from the noontide heat, thy head upon my knee, that thou didst start up suddenly and exclaim, "Pedrarias, enough! I cannot wed thy daughter." And when I, startled and agitated, broke thy slumber, thou didst repeat in accents that my very soul has loved to dwell upon, "Careta, dearest, come to my arms! It was a fearful dream." Nunez, this was no dream? I charge thee, speak!

*(Balboa turns from her and buries his face in his hands.)*

CARETA—Ay! hide thy burning cheeks for very shame! Thou dardest not look into my eyes with thine. Oh, man, what art thou that dost hold me thus by thy soul's magic spell, that in this hour, I love thee still? And wilt thou cast me off for this—this stranger?

BALBOA—Never, Careta. In my heart of hearts thy image reigns supreme; but yet it may be that I shall be forced to yield to the necessities of fate and give a slow consent unto this offered marriage. To reject the Governor's most flattering proposal—it would be self-destruction and the blasting of all my cherished schemes. Dost thou not see it? The annihilation of my dearest hopes.

CARETA—And thou wilt wed this pale-faced timid girl, this doll with golden hair? Nay, but thou canst not; thou art already married, I thy wife.

BALBOA—In truth thou art, wife of my very soul. But listen, Careta, the Indian ceremonial is not so binding on the Christian as—as— Thou dost not understand.

CARETA—Only too well. This is the God, then, that you white men worship, the God that thou hast taught me to adore, who makes two codes of laws, one for the Christian—and that is binding; the other one wherewith to lure and then deceive the trusting Indian. And was it, then, for this I have forsaken all that I loved and followed thee alone? My home, my people cry aloud to me, return and stay no longer with the Spaniard! Cruel man, have I not seen numbers of Indians after a battle given to thy bloodhounds?—my race, my people, though not of my tribe. Hast not my soul cried out against the outrage? Have not their spirits come to me and urged me to avenge their slaughter, stab thee in thy sleep, till I have half arisen to do their bidding? And yet, strange, terrible, divine and cruel being, more than I fear—

I love, I yearn for thee. But I will cast aside this mortal bondage, I will defy this weak and blinding passion, I will avenge my people and myself. I will meet out the justice thou deservest. The dread prediction shall be soon accomplished. Thou, even thou, shalt perish on the scaffold, and ere the life has left thy quivering corpse, thou shalt be torn by Spaniards, worse than bloodhounds. And I will gloat mine eyes upon the deed. Thou hast scorned my love, now shalt thou feel my hate!

(Exit Careta.)

BALBOA (alone)—Heavens, what a woman! Woman? it is a fiend. But she is mad, mad with a jealous pain. She'll never do the half of what she threatens. Her hatred is but proof of her deep love, the mighty shadow of excessive brightness. And such a love for me, so all unworthy to waken in a human being's breast! What is ambition weighed against such a gift? Better to seek her father's lodge and there live out my term of life in peace and joy. But useless is the wish that thrills my breast. Man may not struggle 'gainst approaching greatness. My glorious hour of triumph draweth near and holds me in its thrall—the grasp of Fate.

#### ACT III. SCENE 2.

*Acla. Six months later. House of Pedrarias and Isabel.*

PEDRARIAS—Our worthy prelate Quevedo, the good Bishop of Darien, would make an able advocate. 'Tis strange how skillfully he did reconcile me to your General Balboa and so exposed his good qualities that, now, looking upon him as thy husband, Isabel, I quite delight to honor him. What sayest thou, girl, as the day of thy wedding approaches? What dost thou think of thy father's choice?

ISABEL—Oh, my father, what shall I say? Balboa is as gallant a soldier as any maid could desire, and his birth, they tell me, is by no means ignoble. I am filled with pride and joy.

PEDRARIAS—And moreover, it is evident that he will soon become a favorite with the king and my own advancement is made sure. To own the truth, Isabel, notwithstanding the high esteem in which I formerly held your affianced—during the past six months I have been lost in wonder and admiration at the consummate skill, the daring and ardor of the man. First, we established a line of posts across the mountains between Darien and the South Sea, then I did empower him to build up this little town of Acla, once a mere fortress, and to constitute it his headquarters for the transportation of supplies. The timber for his ships being cut on the Atlantic seaboard had to be carried across the mountains, by Indian paths, through almost impervious forests across torrents, by the side of precipices. Then followed the rigging for the vessels, he anchors and other equipment, and lastly, he munitions. The many appalling difficulties of the task have been surmounted

by his indomitable courage, perseverance and management. What thinkest thou, where shall we find such another?

ISABEL—I think the deed will be unparalleled in history, this piecemeal transportation across the mountains of Panama of the first European ships that shall plough the waves of the unknown sea. None but Spaniards could have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and no commander but Vasco Nunez could have conducted it to a successful issue. I glory in my countrymen and in my future husband!

PEDRARIAS—Yet am I impatient of this strange delay. For the past month no news has come from the fleet. Methinks, all things being now in readiness, Balboa should long ere this have completed his preparations and embarked.

(Enter a messenger.)

So please your excellency, there is an Indian maiden craves an audience in such pitiful terms, I could not refuse her; she hath some wrong to redress it seemeth.

PEDRARIAS—Admit her! We would deal out justice with an impartial hand.

(Enter Careta.)

What is thy grievance, maiden?

CARETA—They tell me I am mad when I come hither, but all I seek is justice, and of you who hold the scepter of the law. I ask you to annul this marriage contract. Nunez de Balboa cannot wed your daughter; I am his wife.

PEDRARIAS—What sayest thou?

ISABEL—Thou his wife!

CARETA—Aye, lady, by the Indian ceremonial, binding on all true men—though I have recently learned there is another which you Christians hold as the only lawful marriage. Let the God you worship judge! Oh, lady, plead for me. You cannot love him as I do, I who have followed his steps these past three years; and it seems but yesterday that his celestial form dazzled these eyes with brightness—beautiful as a god.

PEDRARIAS—What is your name and where did you first meet?

CARETA—Careta is my name; Tubanama's daughter. They took my father captive, led him in chains unto their chieftain, I a captive, too, trembling and downcast. There my father pleaded his cause and showed how he had ever been to the white man a hospitable friend. He wished them well, he wished to be their friend and as a proof he said, "Behold my daughter! I give her to you as a pledge of friendship. Wed her and seal the alliance." Then I looked up and saw the hot blood flush his cheeks and brow. Our eyes met for an instant and we loved. And then he moved and came to where I stood and with that grace and winning gentleness which none but he possesses, he asked me if I were willing. And I, to hide my rapture and confusion, answered it must be as my father said. So we were wed. You cannot understand his nature—I know his moods. He can be fierce and proud and



even cruel, but the ungenerous or the crafty never. Oh, when he speaks to me his voice thrills with a sweetness that it can never know again for mortal woman. He is no man for courts and earthly titles!

ISABEL (*aside*)—He would grace any court, the throne itself.

CARETA—But he is *mine*, mine by a sacred vow, as holy as your church's sacrament.

I claim him as the mighty forests claim him where he has roamed so long—the wild, the free! By the side of the vast ocean we have stood together and listened to its deep mysterious call. And in the tempest when the lightning flash alone revealed our faces to each other, while the loud thunder spoke amid the mountains. He was the child of Nature, and to him nature revealed her ever-



Courtesy of  
Harper's Magazine

The timber for his ships being cut on the Atlantic seaboard had to be carried across the mountains, by Indian paths, through almost impervious forests across torrents, by the side of precipices. Then followed the rigging for the vessels, the anchors and other equipment, and lastly, the munitions. The many appalling difficulties of the task have been surmounted by his indomitable courage, perseverance and management

lasting secret. What do you know of him, his grand deep feeling, his noble thought? His very breath would stifle in the atmosphere of your cramped life, for he belongs to us. Oh, listen to my prayer and give him back. Annul this contract!

PEDRARIAS—It is annulled, Careta. Never fear, your wrongs shall be redressed and he shall answer for this insult to the ancient house of Davila. No more, and get you hence! I say, no more!

(Exit Careta with a startled look.)

Now do I understand his feigned reluctance, his affected modesty about accepting the honor of our alliance.

ISABEL—How beautiful she is! It is no wonder!

PEDRARIAS (walking up and down the apartment)—I could forgive some youthful indiscretion, but that he, while devoted to this paramour, should dare to lift his eyes to thee. But the insult shall be richly atoned.

ISABEL—Oh, my father, curb thy vindictive wrath. Thou art implacable.

PEDRARIAS—Where my honor, or that of my house is concerned, I am. Say not one good word for him. He is unworthy, cast him from thy thoughts.

ISABEL—I cannot. It was we made the advance to him, not he to us. Why should he suffer for what we did propose?

PEDRARIAS (regarding her narrowly)—Go, to, girl! do not argue with me. Seek thy chamber and learn thy duty to a father's will.

(Exit Isabel. She lingers as the door and listens anxiously. Enter a messenger.)

MESSANGER—Your excellency, Captain Garabito has just arrived in haste from General Balboa and craves an audience.

PEDRARIAS—Admit him instantly. (Enter Garabito.) You are welcome, Captain. What news from the fleet and our gallant commander? Why this delay in sailing?

GARABITO—The delay, your excellency, is due to the wet season, which did greatly set back the work in progress. The River Balsas rose and swept away some of our provisions. And now, having consumed a month's supplies to no purpose, we find ourselves unprovided for the voyage. Wherefore, our Commander did send me hither to ask forgiveness for this unintentional postponement and to pray that more supplies be sent him.

PEDRARIAS—They shall be sent immediately. General Balboa himself, is he in good health?

GARABITO—He is, your excellency, and in buoyant mood.

PEDRARIAS (taking up some papers and affecting to read. Then looks up.)—Well, what more have you to relate?

GARABITO—Your excellency, it is a difficult matter I have to communicate. Some say our commander's high spirits are due to his joy at his approaching nuptials, but we who know him closer, we—

PEDRARIAS—Speak out, sirrah, my time is limited.

GARABITO—In short, your excellency, Balboa is entirely under the influence of an Indian love that he picked up some three years ago.

PEDRARIAS—I have heard something of this matter already, and it has justly incensed me. What more hast thou to reveal?

GARABITO—As I said, your excellency, being under the infatuation of this girl—in fact, we had some words to her account, not so very long ago, and our commander used language towards myself which I can never excuse. Therefore, I say, he is but using your excellency's kindness as a stepping stone to his personal advancement, and he will never wed the lady Isabel.

PEDRARIAS—The foul fiend take thy tongue! Leave me to think this matter out for myself and to avenge it!

GARABITO—There is ample scope for vengeance. This is not all that my duty as a loyal subject dictates to me to report to you. The night before sending me hither our general gathered his favorite officers around him and did announce to them his intention to receive no more instructions from your excellency; but to set sail on his own account, and as I did gather, to set up an independent sovereignty somewhere in unknown lands. Most, in fact, all who listened, did applaud his purpose as a bold and brilliant enterprise, not perceiving that the man's head is turned by his late honors and he is about to commit high treason.

PEDRARIAS—Rightly said, Garabito; and while we sit here even the usurper may be putting his plan into operation. We must arrest him.

ISABEL (rushing into the room)—'Tis false! He is innocent! It is impossible that the frank, open spoken Balboa can be a dissembler. I do not believe it. There is some curious misapprehension here. My father, send for him, give him a chance to explain let not the jealousy you have ever felt for him, unconscious to yourself perchance, work an injustice. His presence will dispel these dark suspicions as does the sun the mists that gather round its disk ere the hour of rising.

PEDRARIAS—Thou art right, daughter, I shall write to him as a son, invite him to a private conference, and as a father remonstrate with this rashness ere it be blazed abroad. It is some wild scheme of an excited imagination. We would shield him from the consequences of such rashness. But, meanwhile, if there be serious intent on his part to plot rebellion, he is a dangerous man to be at large. What ho, there! bid Captain Pizarro to come hither. (Enter Pizarro.) Pizarro, take with you an armed force, hasten across the mountains to the Balsas River and from thence to the fleet; you will meet General Balboa, probably, on the way. Arrest him in the king's name! (Pizarro starts.) Here I will give you a warrant. Treat him with all due respect consistent with his safe keeping and bring him hither. Your own

promotion depends upon your promptness in this mission. (*Pizarro bows and retires.*)

ISABEL—Oh, father, hear me! Recall that order. Vasco Nunez has forgiven many an indignity that you have put upon him. But how can he forgive this insult?

PEDRARIAS—Silence, girl, this is no matter for a woman's weakness. It is a question of treason, rank rebellion to the crown of Castile. My own head were in jeopardy did I overlook it.

ISABEL—It is the end, the end of all my hopes. (*Paints.*)

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

*A country road near Acla. Enter Balboa, a few attendants unarmed, and the governor's messenger.*

BALBOA—Halt, comrades! Acla is but a short league from hence and the sun is mounting fast toward the zenith. Let us rest awhile from this tropic heat; and will someone beguile the hour with a tale or song, or perchance a merry jest?

(*Attendant to messenger.*)—That is ever the way with our commander, genial and full of good fellowship and looking out for the comfort of his men.

MESSSENGER—Indeed he hath a fascinating manner. I have heard much about him, but never saw him before now. Frank and fearless, he hath come all this distance unarmed to answer the governor's summons.

SOLDIER—There is not one of us would not die for him.

MESSSENGER (*aside*)—I can no longer play my part in this abominable plot. Hitherto I have maintained a cautious silence, but let them do with me what they will, I'll warn him. (*Steps forward.*)

General, I can no longer keep silence and see a man noble and unsuspicious like yourself trapped to his doom. Events have transpired at Darien of which you are ignorant.

BALBOA (*looking up hastily*)—What events, friend? I did hear somewhat of a proposed change in the administration, that a new governor was to succeed Don Pedrarias.

MESSSENGER—I meant not this rumor—it is unfounded; but something has transpired to incense the present governor. He fairly foamed at the mouth and threw out threats in the hearing of many concerning yourself.

BALBOA—Some jealous fit, no doubt. He is subject to these attacks of jealousy (*laughs*), but my good friend, the Bishop, has taught me how to allay them. Had his reverence not returned to Spain, the malady would not have gained such headway as to require my presence to administer to it.

MESSSENGER—The task that has been assigned me is too ignoble for my nature. It grieves me to the heart to see so gallant a soldier as yourself hurrying into a snare. The governor is indeed furious, but that he hath the power to dissemble his real feelings under an assumed amity let that perfidious letter which I brought you bear witness.

BALBOA (*takes out the governor's letter and reads it over carefully*)—Nay, man, talk not to me of hostility on the part of Don Pedrarias. Why, he addresses me as his well-beloved son, as I expect soon to be. As I have said, he did in the past indulge a groundless jealousy over the influence I held in the community. If he has given way anew to any such pangs, my appearance will dispel them as it has done before. Let us proceed.

(*Balboa arises; military music is heard in the distance. All listen.*)

MESSSENGER (*throwing himself on his knees*)—I shall be guilty of the murder of this brave man. They come to arrest you, General—fly!

BALBOA—What mummery is this? As I have been sent for to commune with his excellency, it is perchance some escort sent to do me honor. I see the leader of yon band approaching is my old comrade, Pizarro. I know him by his martial step. He ever was my favorite officer.

(*Enter Pizarro with an armed force. They silently surround Balboa and his little group of followers. Pizarro, from force of habit, salutes his old commander. His eyes fall before the frank inquiring glance of Balboa. In a faltering voice he says to his men*) Arrest him.

BALBOA (*grief and reproach in his tones*)—How, now, Pizarro, is this the way you have been accustomed to accost me?

(*Pizarro hands the warrant to his senior officer and turns aside his head.*)

OFFICER (*in a pompous voice*)—Vasco Nunez de Balboa, in the name of their majesties, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Spain, I attach thee for high treason.

BALBOA—Hold, villain, breathe that word but once more in connection with my name, and I'll stab thee to the heart. Give me the paper and still thy lips from this foul falsehood (*snatches the warrant, reads and looks up, amazement and perplexity upon his countenance*). I am charged with a treasonable conspiracy to throw off all allegiance to the crown and set up independent sway in the new realm which I am about to explore along the Southern Sea. This is some strange and monstrous misconception. Lead me to the governor! With two words I will purge his mind of such folly. The idea is too preposterous to admit of serious indulgence, and I will have little difficulty in laying this ridiculous spectre of suspicion. Pizarro, comrade, I forgive the insult, and do surrender myself thy prisoner for the nonce. Later, when I have cleared myself, we will hold a jovial bout together in memory of old times. Lead on, I follow you!

### ACT III. SCENE 4.

*Prison at Acla. Balboa heavily ironed. Chains clank as he moves. Enter Don Pedrarias. The morning of the execution.*

BALBOA—What wouldst thou here? Thou hast won from me my plans, my knowledge of the country, when in a too confiding mood

I became the dupe of artful scheming. Thou hast stolen the enterprise from me with thy flattery. What more hast thou to gain?

PEDRARIAS—Nothing, rash man. I come to say to thee that I have done all that my office sanctioned to palliate thy guilt. But the evidence was all too strong even for the prejudiced mind of thy best friend, and such rank treason merits well a traitor's death. Yet would I grant any last request that thou hast heart to make.

BALBOA—Take thy hypocrisy to other ears. I have no boon to ask of such as thou.

PEDRARIAS—Hitherto have I treated thee as a son, but since 'tis proved that thou didst meditate rebellion even against the scepter of Castile, I cast thee off and steel my heart against thee. Henceforth thou art mine enemy.

BALBOA—Think you, had I been conscious of guilt, that any inducement would have lured me to place myself in thy revengeful hands? For had I meditated rebellion, what did prevent me from carrying the purpose out? I had four ships already to weigh anchor, also three hundred men at my command and an open sea before me. In the name of Heaven what had I to do but spread sail and press forward into the great unknown. There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine beyond the remotest reach of thy control. But in the innocence of my heart I came here promptly at your request, unarmed and unattended, and my reward has been slander, indignity and chains.

PEDRARIAS—The very grave and weighty accusations, backed by an evidence that was full convincing, I was obliged to investigate even by the obligation of my official post. Yet I did hope that it would be but temporary rigor, your innocence would be proved, your zeal and loyalty made more conspicuous. It was your own officer and other followers devoted to your service who overheard and did reveal the plot.

BALBOA—Never did such a crime enter my mind. But let me tell your excellency here that I did not propose to be further let and hindered in my vast enterprise by any dotard that held the governor's chair. For I had meditate all too long upon this enterprise, too greatly labored to see it thus defeated. I did express to Garabito and to others my fixed determination to set sail, assert the authority of generalissimo, and trusting the favorable intentions of my most gracious sovereign, speed my course to augment his vast dominion and the sway of our most holy church, and this was tortured into a plot of treason. But, hark, what cries are those! Careta, what brings thee hither? Alas, this will unman me!

(Enter soldiers, executioner bearing the axe. Careta breaks through the guard and throws

herself at his feet, clasping his knees and looking up.)

CARETA—Nunez, forgive me.

BALBOA—Forgive thee, my poor girl, 'tis I who need forgiveness. I won thee from thy peaceful, woodland home and from a loving father, to bind thee to a lot disastrous as mine. (He looks up and around the room appealingly.) Will no one here protect this helpless maid when I am gone?

CARETA (rising to her feet)—Nunez, it needs not; I shall follow thee. Oh, it is a simple, easy thing to die. Life is the hard, the sad, the bitter trial. Careta cannot live when thou art gone.

(She folds her arms on her breast with dumb submission. Enter Micer Codro. Balboa starts as he encounters the fixed gaze of the astrologer.)

BALBOA—Once again, old man, with thy subtle machinations for evil, we stand face to face. Hast come to gloat over thy wise prediction?

ASTROLOGER—Vasco Nunez de Balboa, Governor of Coyba and Panama, Generalissimo of the Pearl Islands and of all other lands which thou shalt discover, and prouder titles yet for thee preparing in Spain which thou shalt never learn. The three years are accomplished. Where is thy vaunted greatness? Thou didst scorn my vision, cast aside my counsel. Behold the end. (He points to the scaffold.)

BALBOA (vehemently)—'Tis not the end! Do what they will with this weak, mortal body, they cannot touch the immortal fame I've won. Columbus sought these shores of Darien and tried in vain to find some passage through. He died in disappointment. Was it wonder? Nature herself was baffled. Lo! an adamant chain of hills parted the waters. But it was my deed to bridge these lofty heights and span the Isthmus. The light of prophecy falls on my brow! Ocean to ocean shall be brought hereafter. I was the herald of this mighty deed! Lo, it was I who did transport my ships piecemeal across the mountain on the shoulders of living men, toiling beneath their loads like ants in vast procession. The timbers cut along the Atlantic coast were carried up the slope, o'er rocks, o'er defiles, by forest paths and heights precipitous. Stupendous task for aught but iron men! The Indians fainted and gave up the ghost in that dread toil, but Spaniards never failed me. My ships lie anchored on that Southern sea. Another hand must guide them, other hands shall grasp the earthly laurels, but my name shall echo down the centuries to come. Let any dare to steal the glory from me! If all mankind were dumb or would not speak, the very stones shall shout aloud, Balboa! I go. O Power Eternal, work thy will!

(Dead march sounds.) Exeunt.

CURTAIN.

# Billy Burns' Trip to the Moon

by Seumas MacManus

Author of "Donegal Fairy Tales" and "The Shanachy"

*From Ireland to the moon and back again would seem like a great undertaking. Yet this is the remarkable feat that Billy Burns accomplished in a short space of time and by most unusual methods of locomotion*

IT was a quare adventure, sure enough, the wan that happened long ago to Billy Burns beyont in Mullinacrick. He's a purty oul' man now is Billy, but in them days he was a brave strappin' *bouchaill* on the edge of his welt. He had a little cabin of his own, perched on the side of the hill just about a hen's race above the say, and he had it furnished all complete, barrin' the wife. And at the rate he was goin', the worl' give in he'd soon have the wife there likewise. Billy was a lively sort of lad, when he was a youngster: He had a loose foot and a fellow for it; and wake, weddin', fair, or spree, from the upper end of the parish to the lower end of it, seldom missed him; and, as you may well suppose, night usually fell on him and he far from home.

Now, there was wan lovely, bright night, in the month of November, that Billy was getting back from the fair of Ardara, with more of the night behind him than afore him. And when he reached as far as "Fionn MacCool's Finger-Stone," a sizable bit of rock lyin' in the middle of the bogs, he seated himself on it, for to draw his breath. And the first thing he finds the Big Stone—it was always jaloused for to be an enchanted one—began for to move in undher him, and to thravel across the bog with Billy on it. Billy lifted his head and he looked round him,

and "Be this and be that," says he, "but this bates the wee wheel that ground the limestone!" The words weren't right out of his mouth when up comes a wonderful big aigle, and lights on the stone aside of Billy. And, "A fine night this, Billy Burns," says the aigle, says he. "It is, sir," says Billy, says he, takin' in the lad with the tail of his eye, and spaikin' him fair. "What do ye say to a bit of a jaunt, Billy?" says the aigle. "How do ye mane?" says Billy, says he, castin' an eye about to see where the convainience was. "If ye get on my back, I'll give ye a bit of divarson," says the aigle, says he, "and I'll show ye some joggraphy."

"It's mortal kind of ye," says Billy; and thinkin' it as well to humor the lad, he mounted his back, and the aigle spread his wings and away with him. "Where are we goin'?" says Billy, when they got up a bit, and he saw his mother's house, no bigger nor a match-box below.

"Name your pleasure," says the aigle.

"If it's the same to you," says Billy, "as I've always had a great curiosity entirely for to see the moon, I'd be pleased if ye'd head for that organ."

"Well and good," says the aigle, "the moon it'll be."

Up and up the lad worked his way till they both arrived there, and, more be the same token, the moon was purty new that



same night. "Get off o' me, Billy Burns," says the aigle, "and take a sait on the horn of the moon there a couple of minutes while I aise me back."

Billy tuk a good hould on the moon and pulled himself on to it.

"Now," says the aigle, says he, when he

Billy, he says, "What the divil are you doin' here?"

"Faith it's more nor meself can tell ye," says Billy.

"Then skidaddle out of that," says the little lad, "and don't overbalansh the moon, and tumble it into the say."

"Arrah, let me alone," says Billy, "what harm am I doin'?"

"Don't ye see you're darkenin' the wurrl'," says the lad, "with them spawgs of feet of yours? Get off out o' that, I tell ye."

And sure enough when Billy looked down he seen the lad was spaikin' true. But there was no help for it.

"Where am I goin' to get off till?" says Billy.

"It's no matter to me," says the buck, "only off with ye, to the divil out o' my road."

"But then," replied Billy, as politely as he knew how, "I'd only be gettin' right in your road, there."

"The curse of Crommil (Cromwell) on ye," says the lad. "I'll make short dispensation o' ye." And hittin' Billy a simmendable crack over the skull with the taypot, he knocked the poor creature clean off. And, head over heels, down Billy come trapezin', like a kilt crow. But when he was half-ways to the wurrl' what should happen along but a flock of wild geese flyin' for Australia, and into the middle of them me brave Billy butts, makin' a scatterment of them.

"Well, bad manners to the mother forgot to put breedin' on you, Billy Burns," says a big white gander of them, "or where the deuce are you comin' from anyhow?"

"Beg pardon for my bad manners," says Billy. "But I'm comin' from the moon."

"From the moon!" says the gander. "What in the name of patience were ye transactin' up there?"

"Och," says Billy, says he, "it's a long story, and, ye see the hurry I'm in, I haven't time for to tell ye."

"Musha, and ye *are* in a hurry," says



*"Off with ye, to the divil out of my road"*

got Billy safely off him, "ye may cool your heels and study your joggraphy—I'm off—Good-bye!" And away the lad starts down for the wurrl'd again, and he br'akin' his heart laughin' at the plight he was laivin' poor Billy in.

"Well, upon my socks, Billy Burns," says Billy, says he to himself, as he looked down after the lad—"upon my socks, Billy Burns," says he, "you're in a quare fix now, me lad—aren't ye, or not?"

But with that there opens a door in the side of the moon, and out comes a little lad with a taypot in his hand, and seein'

the gandher. "I noticed that as ye come down. But your story's so very wondherful I'd like for to hear the outs and ins of it."

This oul' gandher seemed to be the headsman among them. He says to Billy, "Take a grip of my leg, and I'll give ye a lift along while ye tell me the story."

A wild goose, I tell you, was no mad dog to Billy on that tour. He got hold of wan of the gandher's legs, and went sailin' along with him, reharsin' to him the whole thing just as it happened. And when Billy finished, "Thanky, Billy," says the gandher, "Ye can now let go."

But when Billy looked undher him, he seen that they had left Ireland about a hundred mile behind, and were far out over the ocean. So, instead of lettin' go, as the lad requested, he only gripped harder.

Says Billy, says he, "I'm mighty obliged for your hospitality to thravellers, but it isn't my intention to part with ye yet a while."

"What do ye mane?" says the fella.

"Don't ye see I can't let go now," says Billy, says he, "or I'd fall into the say and be drowned."

"I don't give a tinker's curse what happens to ye, Billy," says the gandher: "Ye'd be dead with hunger afore ye got to Australia, anyway. Let go," says he. "Ye have a long dhrop down, and if, every now and then, ye give a spring tors't the land, ye'll reach *terra farmer*, afore ye get to the bottom."

"I'm wan o' those lads," says Billy, "that knows when he's well enough, and the divil a bit o' me'll let go."

"Be me sowl, and ye will," says the gandher, "or else I'll know the *raison why*"—and with that he screws down the head of him, and with a snap he takes half a pound of mait out of poor Billy's hand.

And poor Billy with a "Melia murther!" out of him, let go—and the geese went off laughin' hearty at the plight they left the poor divil in.

As Billy fell he kept jumpin' tors't the land. But in spite of it all he dhropped in the middle of the ocean, and sunk like a stone. He came wan slam-bang against, as he thought, the bottom of the say; but it wasn't the bottom of the say at all, at all—

only a whale, and it was strag-lags on the back of this buck Billy found himself. The whale let a bellow out of it like a bull a-stickin', and, "Bad luck to ye, Billy Burns," says he, "and bad luck to the schoolmaster that spoilt ye. Isn't that a nice way," says he, "to force your addresses where they're neither requested nor desired?"

With the bump Billy got on the whale's back, the heart of him was jerked into the



"I'm wan of those lads," said Billy, "that knows when he's well enough, and the divil a bit o' me'll let go"

crown of his head. And when it come back again, and he found his speeches, says he, "I'm sure I ax your pardon, but it wasn't intentional on my part for to be rude."

"The Burns," says the whale, "were

never noted for rudeness, I give in that—if I bar your gran'-uncle, Jacky Burn that was sent to Botany Bay for sheep-stealin'!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says Billy, "no offence meant, but if it's all the same

and whither away the next,"—for Billy thought it as wise not to be wastin' too much truth on every sthravague of the world he come across.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says the whale, says he, opening the jaws of him and lettin' out a right hearty laugh at the idea. "And did you find out?"

"Yes," says Billy, says he, "I did."

"Well," says the whale, "would you mind makin' me sensible?"

Says Billy, says he: "I discovered the moon to be a tremendhous musharoon that takes fourteen days comin' to its size. There's a lad, livin' inside of it, who aits it down the nixt fortnight."

"Lommonty Jacob!" says the whale, says he, "isn't it mortal simple, after all, when wan comes to think of it?"

"Mortal simple, entirely," says Billy, says he. "And when you hear it, you wonder why you never thought of it afore."

"Have you a good houl't on me back?" says the whale.

"I have," says Billy.

"And an aisy sait?" says the whale.

"And an aisy sait, thank ye," says Billy. "Because," says the whale, says he, "you could have a ride inside if ye preferred it." And he turned the whites of his eyes round upon Billy.

"I'm obliged; no," says Billy, says he.

"It's mighty warm and comfortable inside, mind you," says the whale.

"I haven't a doubt of it," says Billy, says he; "but I always prefer the box sait!"

"Very well," says the whale, "just plaise yourself. Tell me now," says he, "what's the grandest sight of all the worl' you'd like to be taken to see. Name your pleasure, and in short time I'll have ye there."

"Well," says Billy, says he, "the sublimest sight I'd like to plant my two eyes upon this minute is my own wee cabin home in Mullinacrick."

"Blatheration!" says the whale.

"No blatheration at all about it," says Billy. "The cabin's a small one, I admit,



*And, with the shock, Billy was shot high in the air*

to you we'll not be goin' into anshint histories just now."

"Then," says the whale, "would it be impudence to ax where you were comin' from in such a hurry just now?"

"No impudence in the wide worl'," says Billy, says he, "I was just comin' down from the moon."

"From the moon!" says the whale. "Well, upon my socks that was a sthravague for dacint woman's son. What arran' had you up there?" says he.

"It was because of an argument we had in Micky Harraghy's, the shoemaker's, of a night last week," says Billy, "regardin' what was the moon made of, anyhow, and why did it grow wan fortnight

and that's it not over-white I can't deny; and I know, too, that a man might easy put his arm down the chimley an unbolt the back doore; but, nevertheless," says he, "and notwithstanding, that little cabin would look mighty sublime entirely to me this minute if I could lay my eyes on it."

"Do you really mane it?" says the whale.

"I do really mane it," says Billy, "and I'll never forget it to you if you put your tail the other way, and take your bearings for Mullinacrick."

"Well," says the whale, "I'm under a particular debt to your family, Billy, though maybe you don't know it, and I'd like to oblige ye."

"Thank ye," says Billy. "An' indeed, and, to tell the truth, I didn't know that my family ever did you a kindness."

"They did then," says the whale. "It was nine-and-twenty years last Patrickmas that your mother's brother, Andy, fell overboard out of Condry Molowney's smack, and a sweeter or a tenderer morsel than your uncle I didn't taste for seven years afore, nor for seven years after. I had been fastin' for four-and-twenty hours, and it was why I was doubly obligated to your Uncle Andy for his kindly thought," says he, "and could never forget

it to him, nor to one of the family, since."

"Arrah, don't mention it," says Billy, says he, "I'd make ye hearty welcome to all the uncles I have in the world and aunts into the bargain."

The whale now wheeled right about, and tuk Billy through the water at a mile a minute, in the direction of Mullinacrick. He was goin' at such terrific speed that, when he come nigh the shore, he hadn't time to slow up, but struck his nose, like a batterin'-ram agin' the white rocks, just where yous all know that they rise, a mile below Billy's. And, with the shock, Billy was shot high in the air, clean off the whale's back, and landed high and dry, atop of his own little cabin in Mullinacrick.

The shock was a pretty sore one, though, and he lay there for a full minute gaspin', and when he got up, lo and behold ye! it wasn't atop of the house at all he was, but in the middle of the bog, and just beside that rock that he had sat down on that same evening before the aigle come to him. And Billy scratched his bothered head for two minutes. And, "Be this and be that," says he, "but I'll give my brain-box for a football to the next man finds me sleep out in the bogs—for that was the terriblest and wonderfulest draim ever I had!"

## HER HANDS

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

NOT white nor soft her hands, nor tapering—  
 Uncared for, rough, with red, work-coarsened skin;  
 No gems they boast, but long by time worn thin  
 As pledge of wifehood, just one plain band ring  
 Their sole adornment through the years has been.  
 Such willing hands, alert for anything  
 Of service, for the daily tasks that bring  
 Nor thanks nor praise, the same dull round within  
 The house, of toil and grind the grim years send;  
 Such patient, tender hands, so swift to ease,  
 So strong to minister in hours that try  
 The tortured soul—Ah, it is hands like these,  
 Faithful and burden-bearing to the end,  
 We miss—God help us!—when they folded lie.

# The Case of Dan Foley

by Carl L. Mittell

*How a Generous ex-Convict Relieves Want and Misery  
That Charity Forbore to Aid*

IT must be admitted," Parker was saying, "that wealth and refinement inevitably produce a higher type of manhood. Lilies do not grow in dumps or refuse heaps, but are produced only through high care and cultivation. Look at the criminal class—the wretched specimens of manhood who have not even a decent excuse for living—is not poverty the keynote of their condition? It amounts to this, fellows: money, which is condemned in picturesque fashion by an occasional theorist who knows nothing of human nature, as 'the root of all evil' is, on the contrary, a great power for the good. It is primarily the means of educating, also of raising us above the mere animal existence which nature has endowed us. Those so-called luxuries, which none but the rabid socialists deny us, are an aid to a happier perspective of our fellow-men and a broader understanding of Life. It is remarkable how we are criticised when we put through a big deal or form a so-called trust which enables us to reduce the cost of production and eliminates treacherous competition. A great hue and cry is raised and in the face of it, we are able to reduce the price of commodities which are necessary alike to the rich and the poor and do not the poor get the greater benefit—their dollar meaning more to them than ours? This agitation against the high cost of living is all rot; our country is in the hands of able men and good men; our laws protect equally the rich and the poor. The power of wealth is the

power of brains directing wealth and the man who attains wealth attains it with character, responsibility and usefulness."

Parker's observations were greeted by expressions of approval all around. We were seated at the round table of the "Civic Club," sometimes called the "Millionaires' Club" by those who envied our membership in a club which was obviously for the betterment of mankind. I confess that as a rule our topics of conversation when we gathered informally were along more interesting lines—automobiles, sports, travel; nevertheless, Parker's digression, aided by some rare wine, filled us with a glow of satisfied contemplation of our usefulness and undoubted influence in uplifting mankind. We had gathered to welcome back our old friend and fellow-comrade, Jim Price, who had returned to the fold after an absence of several months.

No one knew much of Jim, except that he was an exceptionally good fellow who appeared to have ample means, as indeed his membership in our club testified. He seemed to occupy himself in knocking around the four corners of the earth, visiting all sorts of unusual places. He spent much of his time at a newsboys' club on the East Side, which he had fostered, and he seemed to like to prowl around hospitals and homes for the destitute and all that sort of thing. It was funny, though, when we asked him to help us out on the new college stadium, he wouldn't give a dollar!



Jim had listened attentively to Parker, but remained silent while we augmented Parker's observations. We all felt pretty good and Parker had made us feel that our part in the general scheme of social improvement was a pretty important one. Jim spoke at last in that kindly voice that always compelled respect and attention.

"Boys," he said, "the so-called perspective with which you are viewing the situation is no perspective at all—it is the well-intentioned though misdirected viewpoint of a bunch of good fellows, which is directed on the social conditions of life in the same manner as a mariner puts a searchlight on a passing shore. In the security of your club, surrounded by every convenience and luxury, you are discussing something that you don't know, don't understand and can't even grasp. I do not belittle wealth, nor its influence, but back of wealth and poverty alike is the human heart with its power for good or bad. The so-called criminal class is no class at all; crime finds a lurking place in the rich and poor alike, and though we segregate annually thousands of poor devils, the heart which beats under black and white stripes is often more true than the one under a dress coat. I am not a spokesman for footpads and cut-throats, but I want to divorce from your mind the idea that the possession of wealth brings with it high impulses; that criminals are always black at heart. Let us take the case of Dan Foley—you

don't know him, at least by name, but if you learn his number, you will find him somewhere within the grim walls of our state prison.

"However, you do know our prominent merchant and philanthropist, John Forbes, whose donations to charity are well known. You will remember, a few years ago, the robbery at Forbes' summer place and the mysterious murder of his caretaker.

"I first knew Dan Foley when he was put away for some minor offence. His case interested me; he was guilty beyond a doubt, but I learned his story and befriended him in small ways. He served his time and was forgotten, except in the records of the police. It was brought out some time later that Dan had been seen in the vicinity of Forbes' place on the night of the murder and suspicion pointed towards him as the culprit, but despite the efforts of the police, he could not be located. About this time I was seated in Forbes' office one day, when a woman, who had escaped the vigilance of his clerks, entered and addressing Forbes told her pitiable story. She was a tenant in one of his model tenements who had been threatened

with ejection by his agent. Her husband was dead and her three children were dependent for support on her meagre earnings. Her youngest child was a hopeless cripple. She owed for three months' rent, but sickness had taken her last dollar. She appealed to Forbes: she had learned of his well-known philanthropy; she would pay as she could—would he not let her stay? Forbes dismissed her, saying that he would see what could be done. She left him, thanking him gratefully. He picked up his telephone receiver and called his agent. 'Wallace,' he said in a cold voice, 'one of your tenants has called on me with the usual hard-luck story. I wish you would prevent this sort of thing; otherwise, I will get some one who can. Her

name is Dowling—collect from her at once, otherwise, throw her out.'

"I appealed to him. 'John, surely you are not going to turn out this poor woman?' 'Jim,' he said, 'I know these people; you don't. Philanthropy has to run on a business basis, like everything else. If she is in real distress there are hospitals and homes to care for her. I put up these model tenements to help those who can



*"You don't know him, at least by name, but if you learn his number, you will find him somewhere within the grim walls of our state prison"*

help themselves, and they would not yield me the measly two and a half per cent that I am satisfied with, if I allowed every hard-luck story to influence my judgment in running them.'

"So much for John Forbes, millionaire merchant and philanthropist." Price paused, but we remained silent, knowing that he had more to say. He continued:

"I determined to look up Mrs. Dowling—it was no great task to find her small



*"I'll play square and honest, Mr. Price; all I ask is a fair show; you won't tell them, will you?"*

apartment. I called; she was not at home, but in the dark hall I was asked to step in and warm up, the night being stormy and cold. I entered and came face to face with Dan Foley. I hardly knew him except for his big frame. His face was haggard and drawn. He extended his hand—I grasped it. 'Dan,' I said, 'they're looking for you.'

"I know it, Mr. Price, I meant to cut away, but changed my mind. I didn't do it, Mr. Price—so help me, God! but I helped in the robbery. I was outside, I needed money and couldn't get a job. I

didn't know there would be blood shed; you know that, don't you, Mr. Price?"

"He offered me a chair and I noted for the first time the scrupulous neatness and comfort of the small place.

"How came you here?" I asked, and then I saw the most pitiable object my eyes have ever rested on—a lad of five years or less—his face sweetly expressive and bright, but his little body sadly misshapen and his legs hopelessly crippled, who dragged himself painfully across the floor. Dan picked him up tenderly and stroking the blonde curls with his great hand, said:

"This little feller, he brought me. It was the day after the break. I was cutting away and had a clear track. Nobody thought much of me until some time later. I had a through ticket for the West and was about to take my train when I crossed the street and saw a crowd, this little feller in the middle of it. Something had happened, I don't know who or what hit him, everybody was so excited. I picked him up, he was such a little feller! He just opened his eyes sorter dreamy like and said, 'Daddy.' At the hospital they said he couldn't live, but he did. He seemed to like to have me sit by him and always called me daddy. I found out where he belonged and have been here since. I haven't got much of a job, but nobody knows me—I'm boarding here and we're getting along all right—all except the little feller. We paid up the back rent out of Forbes' silverware, but don't tell Mrs. Dowling that—it was all that I got out of it and it will be my last break. I'll play square and honest, Mr. Price, all I ask is a fair show; you won't tell them, will you?"

"It was my first introduction to the home of Mrs. Dowling and I saw much thereafter to awaken my keenest interest and sympathy. Between Mrs. Dowling and Dan the needs of the three youngsters were cared for, and I noted on my subsequent visits how splendidly Foley filled the role of 'Daddy' which he had elected for himself. And so things continued until the 'little feller' began to lose his faint grasp on health. I noticed that he was failing and sent the best of physicians to give him proper care, but his frail body

could not cope with the hopeless handicap. Dan was beside himself with grief and tenderness; the childish wants of the small patient aroused his every effort and attention. I received his note one day—it touched me deeply; it read:

to offer a reward for the apprehension of the criminal who had robbed him and had killed his caretaker. He cared little for the loss of either, but as a public-spirited citizen, he believed it was well to stimulate the ends of justice and therefore offered a



*"My name is Harmon. I'm a detective, more or less, and I can put you wise to the man you are looking for"*

"MR. PRICE: The little feller could not make the fight, won't you bring a few flowers? He always liked flowers and sunshine. I ain't a quitter, but he loved and trusted me so and it seems like nothing worth while is left for me.

DAN FOLEY.

"The rest of the story I learned from Forbes' secretary and from Mrs. Dowling, who showed me Dan's letter. It seems that about this time John Forbes decided

reward of \$2,500 for the arrest and conviction of the culprit.

"Shortly after he had a caller who introduced himself. 'My name is Harmon. I'm a detective, more or less, and I can put you wise to the man you're looking for.' Forbes was interested at once. 'Before we go further, Mr. Forbes,' the man continued, 'is that reward offer of yours on the level?' Forbes assured him

that it was. Harmon continued, 'Mr. Forbes, you're a business man and this is a business deal—if you make out your check as I tell you, I'll put you right on the feller you want.'

"Forbes was surprised, but consented readily; Harmon seemed to know what he was talking about and continued, 'Mr. Forbes, the feller you want was pointed out to me by Mrs. Mary Dowling, who lives in your flats—she gets the money, see? Make it out that way; she'll divvy with me; she's square. Write it out for Mrs. Mary Dowling.' Forbes did so. Harmon continued, 'Mail it and call a cop. I'll wait for him, but let me write a word to Mrs. Dowling so she'll get it straight.'

"The check was mailed and with it this note in a belabored handwriting:

"MRS. DOWLING: This check is all right and its yours. Take it and ask Mr. Price to cash it for you. You may not get it straight, but take it anyway. John Forbes owes me the money, but I don't need it as I am going away to Alaska where money don't count. Please take it, Mrs. Dowling, for the sake of the little feller who meant more to me than you shall ever know.

DAN FOLEY.

"The officer arrived. Harmon turned to Forbes and said quietly, 'Mr. Forbes, you've been square, so am I. My name is Dan Foley, not Harmon—I'm the feller you're looking for.'

"Foley's trial was short; he offered no defense; his confession was accepted by the court, and in recognition of his self-surrender he got away with a life sentence for a crime of which he was certainly innocent, or at the worst an unconscious accessory. So much, boys, for Dan Foley, criminal."

Price's story had ended; we were deeply impressed and for a time no word was spoken. Finally Parker, who was first to get his bearings, raised his glass and said:

"Boys, the health of Jim Price, good old Jim, whose heart is true and who has taught us a real lesson."

We rose, our glasses in the air, but Price again claimed our attention.

"Fellows," he said simply, "I thank you from my heart, but not to me, I beg. To Dan Foley and his kind—God help and pity them!" And in silence and with the reverence of a prayer we drank the toast.

## THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

HE paused and viewed the work his hands had done  
The floor all littered where he built his toy;  
The mother, watching, smiled, nor scolded him—  
She knew he *once* must be a little boy.

She shared his pleasure in the things he made—  
His autos, lion's cage, his wooden knife—  
She liked to see him think and work and grow  
Preparing thus for tasks of later life.

To me, a looker on, 'twas all so sweet;  
And seeing them, a peace stole in my heart,  
The while I struggled at my simple tasks  
And bore the grief and pain that were my part.

Does One so look on all our toil and care,  
Nor trifling deem them, as we struggle here?  
The larger life that we shall sometime know,  
I like to think will make their meaning clear.

—C. Virginia Smoot.

# Golden Jubilee of Pythian Knighthood

by Union B. Hunt

*Past Supreme Representative from Indiana*

**W**E approach the preparation of this article with much hesitancy, because it is impossible, within the comparatively brief space it will occupy, to do justice to the great Pythian Celebration that aroused fraternalists to renewed energy and enthusiasm throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

It lies not within our power to do justice and give proper credit to all the men and women who contributed of their ability, energy and time to make this one of the greatest Golden Jubilee Celebrations the world has known. In every state in the Union and every province of Canada, men seemed to forget for a time the ordinary business affairs of life and to devote themselves unselfishly and untiringly to the great cause of fraternity—to the work that makes for the betterment and happiness of all humankind, and if we fail to mention all who really should be mentioned or to give proper credit to those to whom credit is due, we trust they will take the will for the deed and consider themselves included in the general praise, because if we should make specific mention of all the splendid Knights and Ladies who helped to make this celebration such a great event in the fraternal world, it would require more space than lies between the covers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for it was a great and widespread celebration, extending into all places where the Pythian Banner had been unfurled, and a detailed account of it must neces-

sarily be as brief as possible. Before beginning that account, it is well to discuss the origin of Jubilee Celebrations and especially the significance of the term "GOLDEN JUBILEE."

The celebration of the year of "Jubilee" was known long before the Christian Era. The word "Jubilee" is derived from the Hebrew *Jobel*—the joyful shout or clangor of trumpets by which the year of Jubilee was announced. It was celebrated every fiftieth year, marking the half century. It was announced by the blowing of trumpets on the day of atonement, which accepted authorities say was in October, being about the tenth day of the first month of the Israelite's civil year and the seventh day of their ecclesiastical year. It was, in a measure, a year of rest, but it was also a year of doing good, of lifting the burden from the weary and making people happy. The land was to lie fallow and rest, but even this requirement carried with it the promise of greater fertility in years to come; but the greatest purpose of the year of Jubilee seemed to be to bring happiness to the hearts of the people. Mortgaged lands were to revert back to the original inheritors or their descendants. Israelites who had been sold for debt or had sold themselves because they were too poor to provide for their families, or upon whom the yoke of bondage had been placed for any cause, were given their freedom.

Speaking of the reason for the institution of the Jubilee, a noted writer of Hebrew history says:



It was to be a remedy for those evils which accompanied human society or human government; and had these laws been observed, they would have made the Jewish nation the most prosperous and perfect that ever existed. The Jubilee tended to abolish poverty; it prevented large and permanent accumulations of wealth; it gave unfortunate families an opportunity to begin over again with a fair start in life; it particularly favored the poor, without injustice to the rich. It tended to abolish slavery, and in fact did abolish it, and it greatly mitigated it while it existed. The effect of this law was to lift from the heart the terrible incubus of a life-long bondage—that sense of a hopeless doom, which knows no relief until death.

It was celebrated with great rejoicing. Tradition tells us that every Israelite blew nine blasts upon the trumpet, so that trumpets literally sounded throughout the land and the people gave themselves over to gladness.

The word "Golden" is always associated with brightness and gladness. We refer to the fabled primeval age of perfect happiness as the "golden age." We refer to that rule which requires us to practice the virtue of human kindness, to treat others as we would have them treat us, to do as we would be done by, as the "Golden Rule." All anniversaries that mark the end of a period of fifty years are referred to as "golden anniversaries." When a man and a woman have enjoyed wedded life together for half a century, the close of the fiftieth year is referred to as their "golden wedding anniversary." When fifty years of achievement by an individual or an organization is celebrated, such celebration is referred to as the "golden jubilee" of the event. When Queen Victoria, the good Queen of England, had reigned fifty years as Ruler of the Mother Country, a great celebration was given throughout the British possessions, and it was known as "Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee." This celebration was in honor of fifty years of the successful reign of a good woman over the destinies of a great nation, and attracted the attention, not only of British subjects, but of all people everywhere; and so the word "golden" has become inseparably connected with the word "Jubilee"; and we cannot give a better reason for its use in this connection than to quote from that splendid Pythian, Fred S. Attwood, Apostle of Optimism,

three times Grand Chancellor of Minnesota, whose physical vision is dim, but whose spiritual and mental vision is as bright as the noonday sunshine and who carries enough gladness in his heart to lighten the burden and brighten the pathway of all who come within the range of his influence. Brother Attwood says:

The word "golden" suggests sunshine, and the word "jubilee" suggests gladness, and the two combined epitomize one of the vital purposes of our Order, to bring sunshine and gladness to hearts in gloom.

And so this is the Jubilee Year of Pythianism. There never was one like it before, and barring celebrations of great national events, perhaps no other celebration has attracted so much attention as the Golden Jubilee of Pythian Knighthood, held in the Capital City of the United States and throughout this country and Canada, February 19, 20 and 21, 1914, and it is really continuing throughout the year, for Terre Haute, Indiana, is to have a great international meeting of the Uniform Rank and a great parade of subordinate lodges, July 19 to 22. Chicago is arranging for a wonderful demonstration September 5, 6 and 7. It is to include the initiation of the largest class known in the history of the Order, along with other interesting features, while the Supreme Lodge Officers, under the splendid leadership of Supreme Chancellor Carling, are pushing the work vigorously, and Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal, Fred E. Wheaton, is busy with his Bible Classes; but February 19 was the real birthday of the Order and the time for the official celebration of our "Golden Jubilee."

#### THE GREAT CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON

The success of this event was all that could be desired. It was not a celebration of victory in war, of pomp and pageantry or even of achievements in statesmanship; but marked the terminus of fifty years of endeavor in the cause of fraternity; fifty years of work for the uplift of humankind.

Washington, D. C., was chosen as the central point of celebration, because it was there, while the clouds of civil war hovered above the Nation's horizon, that the Order of Knights of Pythias was born and started on its career for peace and

universal brotherhood. It was fitting, indeed, that after fifty years of successful endeavor, its devotees should celebrate its birth and wonderful achievements within the city that gave it to the world.

The Jubilee Commission consisted of William F. Broening of Maryland; George W. Penniman of Massachusetts; Edward A. Horton of Ontario, Canada; Frank Sommerkamp of Georgia and J. W. Carter of the District of Columbia, which performed its work well and was ably assisted by the local committee of which Past Grand Chancellor Harry P. Willy was chairman.

worth much sacrifice to attend that meeting. Everywhere the spirit of good fellowship was manifest and men greeted each other with the warm clasp of Pythian friendship and expressions of hearty good will.

The afternoon of the 18th, and the forenoon of the 19th of February were devoted to social intercourse, and men from all sections of this country and Canada mingled together as fraternalists, interested in the common good, but the crowning events of the celebration began on the afternoon of Thursday, February 19.



GOLDEN JUBILEE MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Held in the magnificent ballroom of the New Willard Hotel, Washington, February 19, 1914. Secretary of State Bryan, Past Chancellor, addressing the meeting

No pen can do justice to this marvelous celebration; men from almost every state in the Union and nearly all the Canadian provinces met to commemorate the birth of an organization which stands for helpfulness and universal brotherhood, and to give new impetus to the splendid future that undoubtedly awaits this organization because of the principles to which it gives allegiance and the great humanitarian work it has done and is doing, as the years go by. They assembled there without hope of financial reward. None received more than their actual expenses and many of them gladly paid their own expenses that they might help in the great work; but it was indeed

The meeting was held in the magnificent ball room of the New Willard Hotel, which was decorated with plants and flowers and where the Star Spangled Banner, the Union Jack and the tri-colored banner of Pythianism mingled in great profusion. The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the Golden Jubilee Committee, Hon. William F. Broening, Supreme Representative from Maryland, and we cannot better tell the purpose of the meeting than to quote his brief but comprehensive speech, which is as follows:

At the last session of the Supreme Lodge, held in Denver, Colorado, in August, 1912, a resolution was adopted that some fitting celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of

this Order be held. The resolution provided that some celebration should be arranged in the city of Washington, the birthplace of this organization. The Supreme Chancellor was empowered to appoint a committee to be known as the Golden Jubilee Commission. This Commission was appointed, and after numerous meetings together with the Supreme Chancellor and other Supreme officers, it was determined that the celebration should be held in the city of Washington, to be known as a Special Golden Jubilee Convention to which the various Domains under the control of the Supreme Lodge should send delegates to be known as Golden Jubilee delegates. That at this Convention there should be responses from the various Domains, and that there should also be a resume of the accomplishments and achievements of the various auxiliary branches. The work of the Commission is at an end. We are here assembled to commemorate the half century of a great work in the field of human endeavor, on the part of an order founded upon Friendship, strengthened by the faith of Charity and Benevolence. The Commission is grateful for numerous suggestions offered by members throughout the Domains, for the co-operation on the part of the Supreme Officers and on the part of the Local Committee, and now the Commission turns over this Convention to one whom we all love, who is distinguished and known throughout the entire Supreme Domain as Uncle Tom Carling, the Supreme Chancellor from the Domain of Georgia.

Brother Broening's brief but earnest tribute to the Supreme Chancellor was appreciated by all, and we have been indeed fortunate to have as our chief executive, during the year of Jubilee, such a man as Brother Carling, who is not only a great fraternalist with a heart full of love for his fellows, but who is a great business man and a great organizer, and who has devoted his life to the cause.

When the Supreme Chancellor assumed charge of the meeting, he introduced the Supreme Prelate, the Reverend Joseph H. Spearing, who offered thanks to the Great Father of All and invoked divine assistance in the following simple and beautiful prayer:

Almighty God, Father of All, we come to Thee today and give to Thee our most humble and heartfelt thanks for all Thy blessings unto us and to all mankind. We praise Thee for our preservation and for all the blessings of this life. We thank Thee for having led us into the Order Knights of Pythias, for having prospered our Order during the last fifty years. We thank Thee for having permitted us to share in the good work of the Order of Knights of Pythias,

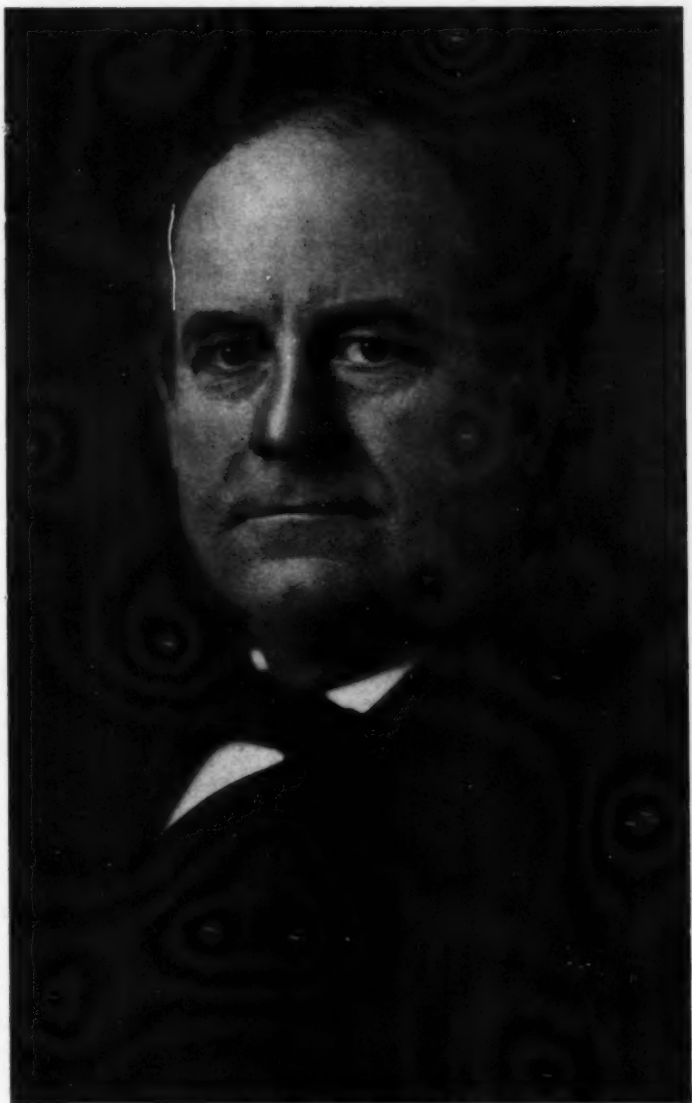
and we pray Thee for a continuance of Thy blessings to our Order for the next fifty years and until all mankind shall be Pythian at least in spirit, and we pray Thee to bless each of us individually and help us to give ourselves to Thy service by walking before Thee in humbleness and righteousness, in the name of Him to Whom we pray:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the audience joined in a fervent "Amen." The Supreme Chancellor then thanked the chairman of the committee and his associates for the good work they had accomplished, using the words of the Master in the parable of the talents, "Well done, good and faithful servant." He expressed pride in the achievements of the Order in fifty years, but admonished the members that they must not rest on laurels already won, but must do greater and nobler things in the future, if we would place it within the power of the Order to make the whole world better. The Supreme Chancellor closed his brief remarks by introducing Hon. Oliver P. Newman, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, who in an appropriate and pleasing address welcomed the visiting Knights to the birthplace of the Order. At the conclusion of this address, there occurred a remarkable scene; one that impressed itself upon the minds of those who witnessed it and will go through life with every Pythian who was so fortunate as to be present.

William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet, entered the hall, escorted by Supreme Vice-Chancellor Young and other prominent members of the Order, and the vast audience arose as one man in tribute to this splendid Pythian. Many in the audience may not have agreed with the political views of the great Commoner, but they recognized the real fraternalist and the real man, and from their hearts they honored him.

When the enthusiasm of the greeting to the Secretary of State had subsided, Supreme Chancellor Carling said:



HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Who made the principal address at the Golden Jubilee of the Knights of Pythias

Friends and Brothers: You will now be addressed on Fraternity by one of the best-known men in this country. I believe that a part at least of the energy he displays in promoting universal peace is due to the teachings of the Order of Knights of Pythias. He holds his membership in and is Past Chancellor of a lodge in Lincoln, Nebraska, and without further remarks, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Past Chancellor William Jennings Bryan.

This introduction was the signal for another outburst of applause and cheers,



JUSTUS H. RATHBONE, P.S.C.  
Founder of the Order

which ended only when the speaker raised his hand in an appeal for silence. The distinguished Nebraskan has aged some since the American public first came to know him, but he has lost none of his ability as an orator, none of his forcefulness, none of his power to say the things that touch the hearts of the people and stir them to enthusiasm in the cause he advocates, and this is especially true when he speaks for the cause of fraternity. We wish it had been possible for every Pythian to have heard this masterful

address; it certainly would have resulted in a great revival for Pythian principles, and even though we can quote but briefly from it, we cannot refrain from referring to some of its beautiful thoughts. While a member of a number of fraternities, the speaker said the Knights of Pythias was his first fraternity; that it was in this Order that he first had impressed upon him the duty of protecting his family by life insurance and that it was in the Knights of Pythias that he carried his first life insurance certificate. Discussing further the subject of fraternity, Mr. Bryan said:

There is one thing that you cannot fail to recognize in the fraternities, and that is that all the words that are employed in the Ritual are words that describe heart virtues. Nowhere do we find language that points to the destruction of the home; nowhere do we find recognition of rank. . . . A man does not have to have a certificate that he has passed through certain grades or been successful in certain examinations in order to be eligible to membership. You cannot find in any of these fraternities any requirement based on how much a man may be worth. You will find that the words employed in the Rituals are words that describe the virtues, the ethical things, the moral things of life and thus these fraternities are holding up here and everywhere an ideal to the citizen who measures up to the responsibilities of citizenship and recognizes the tie that binds him to his fellow-men.

We emphasize friendship, we emphasize charity, we emphasize brotherly love. We emphasize these things that come out of the heart and being out of the heart, links the heart and hand together. I regard the fraternities as one of the great influences at work in the world which will hasten the coming of universal brotherhood, and if there were no other reason, this to me would be sufficient reason for becoming a member of this fraternity, and as many others as I could find it convenient to join. . . . Whatever may be the main reason that takes one into the lodge room when he becomes a member, he will find other reasons, deeper, grander, more far-reaching than were presented to him by the one who invited him to join and when he comes to understand the character of the lessons that are taught in the lodge room, he understands that he is a part of a great movement that is cementing the world together in the bonds of friendship.

Fraternity is substituting a higher ideal for a lower one in dealing with human beings. The best and most difficult thing is to lift an individual out of himself. When he once understands that he cannot live alone, that he is linked to others with ties that he cannot break, then he becomes a real aid and help to humanity in general. I am glad,



therefore, to be a member of this fraternity and of many fraternities, and in spirit I am a member of every fraternity that attempts to teach the great lessons of friendship and brotherly love. When the Lord gave us that great commandment, the new commandment as it is sometimes called, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," he did not tell us to be unselfish. If a man does not love himself, his neighbor will not be benefited very much by him loving him as he does himself. I regard that commandment as an expression of the highest thought of selfishness; that suggestion of selfishness that teaches us that we cannot build ourselves up by tearing others down, but that we can build ourselves up by building up and improving the conditions that help us all. It teaches us that we are so linked together that one cannot exist for himself and ought not to; it teaches us that one finds the best defense of his own rights in recognition of rights of others. . . .

In the effort to extend your membership, do not forget to maintain the high character of that membership. They had in earlier days a race where the contestants ran with lighted candles and the prize was not to the swiftest, but to the one who reached the goal first, without putting out his light, and so let us remember that we carry the light and that that light must be guarded and that we must move forward only so rapidly as we can without endangering that light.

#### PRESENTATION OF JEWELS

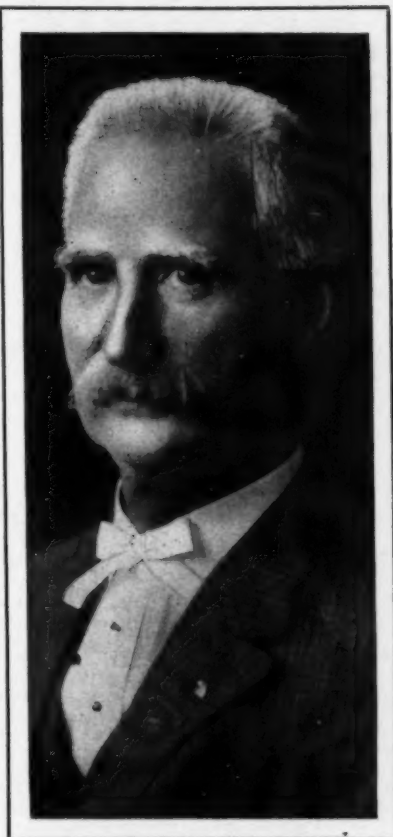
Immediately after Mr. Bryan left the hall, Judge D. C. Richardson of Virginia, one of the most gifted and best loved men in the Supreme Lodge, in a most eloquent address in which he spoke feelingly of the splendid achievements of the Order, of its work for the cause of humanity and patriotism, presented the Supreme Chancellor with a magnificent gold medallion, studded with diamonds, and bearing the emblem of the Order and the following inscription:

This Crowning Jewel presented to Thomas J. Carling, Supreme Chancellor, February 19, 1914. Fiftieth Anniversary Meeting, Knights of Pythias, at Washington, D. C., by the Grand Domains of the Supreme Domain.

In closing his presentation speech, Judge Richardson said:

Brother Carling, it is my pleasant privilege to present to you this memento of this happy occasion. It is an expression of the grateful hearts from every Grand Domain in the Supreme Domain. It is an expression not only of their appreciation of your labors and admiration for the successful manner in which you have steered the destinies of our

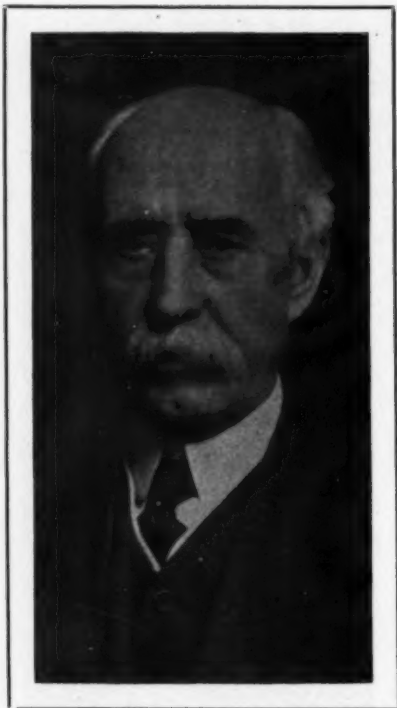
Order, but it is an expression of their devoted love for you individually. Its beautiful body, studded with gems, is intrinsically of little value, but I know, my Brother, that the sentiment behind it which prompted the gift, is more highly appreciated by you than all the golden gems that this world can give you. You will be called upon, my Brother, to leave behind you this evidence of appre-



HON. THOMAS J. CARLING  
Supreme Chancellor

ciation and love of your brethren, but when you shall be called upon to meet the King of Kings, the sorrow and trouble that you have wiped away will become gems in your crown that will sparkle and glow with greater lustre than any ordinary gems.

Accompanying the presentation of the medallion was an album, upon the first page of which was inscribed:



ABRAM DEVAU VANDERVEER

One of the original thirteen founders of the first lodge

Presented to Thomas J. Carling, Supreme Chancellor, on the Golden Anniversary of the institution of the Order of Knights of Pythias, at Washington, D. C., February 19, 1914, by the Grand Domains of the Supreme Domain, with the love, friendship and congratulations of the entire membership of each Grand Domain.

This Crowning Jewel is presented as a memento of this most auspicious occasion, and as a slight token of appreciation of his untiring work for the benefit of our Order universal.

By direction of all Grand Domains of the Supreme Domain.

Sincerely and fraternally,

HARRY WADE,  
Grand Keeper of Records and Seal  
of the Grand Domain of Indiana.

The presentation was a complete surprise to the Supreme Chancellor, but, after a moment, he was able to make fitting response.

Two other pleasing incidents, not on the program, occurred during the after-

noon and evening in the presentation of jewels to the Major General of the Uniform Rank and the President of the Insurance Department. Hon. John J. Brown of Illinois, on behalf of the Brigade Commanders of the Uniform Rank, presented General Stobbart with a beautiful jewel of gold and diamonds, upon which was the following inscription:

Presented to Major-General Arthur J. Stobbart, February 19, 1914, Fiftieth Anniversary Meeting, Knights of Pythias, Washington, D. C., by the Brigadier-Generals of the Supreme Domain.

This gift was accepted by Major General Stobbart in a graceful and pleasing speech.

Governor Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana presented to the President of the Insurance Department a gold medallion, studded with diamonds, on the face of which, in addition to the emblem of the Order, appeared the following inscription:

State of Indiana, 1864-1914.  
Fiftieth Anniversary, K. of P.

and on the back:

Presented to Union B. Hunt, President Insurance Department, Supreme Lodge, at the Golden Jubilee Meeting, Washington, D. C., February 19, 1914, by the Pythians of Indiana.

To the Governor's presentation speech, the President of the Insurance Department made a brief response.

After the presentation of the jewel to the Supreme Chancellor, Past Grand Chancellor Harry P. Willy, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee of the District of Columbia, gave to the visiting Knights an earnest, sincere and cordial welcome.

The Supreme Chancellor expressed his appreciation of the welcome extended by Brother Willy and then presented to the meeting Brother Abram D. VanDerveer, one of the two surviving members of Washington Lodge No. 1, the original lodge of the Order, Knights of Pythias.

Brother VanDerveer spoke briefly, congratulating the Order on its splendid growth, expressing his appreciation of the honor paid him and predicting greater things for the future. There is every hope that this prediction may be realized, because among other things which the Supreme Chancellor is recommending for this Order is a permanent relief fund to be

used to relieve victims of fire and storm and flood; sanitoriums to care for those who have been stricken with tuberculosis or other dread diseases; and these will, no doubt, be added to the achievements of this Order during the next decade.

At the conclusion of the remarks of Brother VanDerveer, Edward Dunn, Past Supreme Chancellor, was escorted to the platform and introduced as the only surviving member of the first Grand Lodge instituted in 1864 and reorganized in 1866. Brother Dunn said that he had not been a member of the Order for fifty years, but only for forty-nine years, ten months and eleven days, and that during all this time he had worked earnestly for the up-building of the Order and the things for which it stood. Brother Edward S. Kimball, also an original member of Washington Lodge No. 1, was introduced and thanked the Supreme Chancellor and members for the courtesy extended. Another faithful servant presented was Brother Langley of Franklin Lodge No. 2, who, with Brother Dunn, was the only surviving member of the first Supreme Lodge.

#### SPECIAL RITUALISTIC SERVICE

On Thursday evening, the meeting opened with a special golden jubilee ritualistic service, with the officers of the Supreme Lodge officiating. Blue, yellow and red being the emblematic colors of the respective ranks of the Order, blue, yellow and red lights were ignited during the progress of the ceremony. The Chancellor Commander or presiding officer first asked, "What colors are symbolized in the teachings of our Order?" And the Master-at-Arms answered, "Blue, yellow and red, and these, combined, form the tri-colored banner of Pythian Knighthood." The Chancellor Commander then asked the Vice-Chancellor, "Of what is the BLUE emblematic?" to which the Vice-Chancellor responded:

Of that great virtue, **FRIENDSHIP**, as exemplified in the lives of Damon and Pythias, which virtue is the very basis upon which the superstructure of our Order is erected.

Friendship is the outgrowth of companionship, and is the culmination of confidence born of an intimate association with each other. Kings may have their thrones, millionaires their gold, success win the plaudits of the multitude, and position carry the exer-

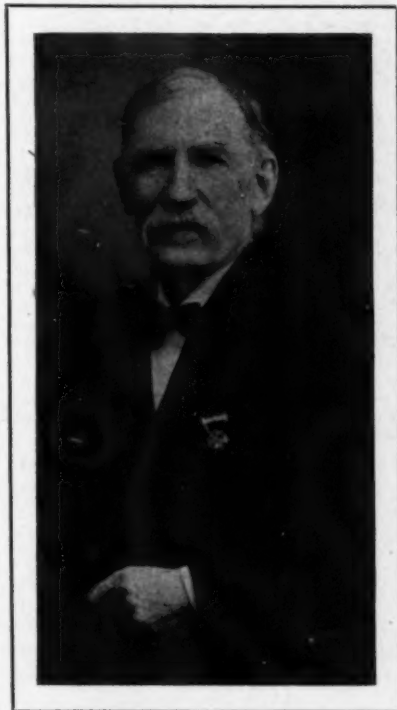
cise of great power—but all these are for naught, without Friendship.

Damon and Pythias were of the same school of philanthropic thought. They had knelt at the same altar, and each had given allegiance to the nobler principles of the Pythagorean Brotherhood—they were friends.

When the tyrant Dionysius decreed the sentence of death upon Damon, it was Pythias who begged the respite of a few hours, offering his body as pledge and his life as forfeit, so that his friend might see his loved ones ere he died. What an exemplification of true friendship and a practical demonstration of confidence. Damon's delay in returning failed to shake the trust of Pythias. Even as he stood upon the scaffold to be sacrificed for the seeming perfidy of Damon, he welcomed death, proclaiming the fidelity of his friend,

"Greater love hath no man than this,  
That he lay down his life for his friend."

Damon's return at the very last moment proved his honor, and vindicated the confidence of the true and valiant Pythias. This is the friendship that Pythian Knighthood teaches, and this the confidence it would



DR. EDWARD S. KIMBALL

One of the original thirteen founders of the first lodge

inspire in the hearts of those enrolled under its banner.

The Chancellor Commander then directed the Master-at-Arms, in renewal of our faith in this cardinal virtue, and of the dedication of our lives to the practice of its precept, to ignite the blue light and to see that the blue fire burned without our castle gates.

In the second rank, the Chancellor Commander asked, "What does the color of YELLOW symbolize to the members of this Order?" and the Prelate responded:

That noble virtue which is one of the pillars of strength to our fraternity, and the underlying principle of all human institutions—CHARITY.

Charity, the noblest tree in the garden of fraternity. Its roots are watered by the sorrow and suffering of the unfortunate; it is nurtured by the sympathetic love that makes the world akin, and its blossoms and fragrance bring sweetness and happiness to those who seek shelter beneath its spreading branches.

It is that Divine light which dissipates the gloom and darkness upon life's pathway. We find it in the mother's heart as she watches the babe as it leaves her breast, and starts upon life's journey; we see it at the bedside of the sick, as it lays its hand upon the fevered brow and soothes the aching heart; we meet it as it wanders through the hovels of the poor, extending its blessings to those in need and want; we find it standing at the prison gate, as it seeks those who have violated the laws of God and man, to counsel and aid in a proper reformation; we find it in the bowels of the earth, in the forest, upon the mountain top, in the shop and counting room, upon the green fields, in the valleys and upon the streets, the wide world over—wherever sorrow and misfortune has placed its blighting grasp, it brings comfort to the tortured soul and spreads its rays of hope and encouragement.

"Love ye one another" is a Divine command. He that hath Charity in his soul loveth his fellow-man.

The Master-at-Arms was then directed, in token of our belief in this noble virtue and emblematic of that broad charity that this Order teaches, and that should actuate us in our dealings with all mankind, to ignite the YELLOW light and to have the yellow fire burn upon the outer walls.

In the third rank, the Master of Exchequer was asked, "To us, as Knights of Pythias, what significance has the color of RED?" and his answer was:

It is emblematic of that generous attribute, BENEVOLENCE, which is the hand-maiden and

twin virtue of Charity, and is exemplified in the generosity and liberality with which the needs of our membership are relieved.

Having learned the lesson of Friendship—Pythian Friendship—as exemplified by Damon and Pythias, and so forcefully and beautifully taught and portrayed in our ritual, and that its hand-maiden is Charity—Pythian Charity—a living principle in our hearts—thus armed and equipped for life's duties and conflicts, these virtues result in Benevolence that bring "a glow to the cheek and a sparkle to the eye" as we go forth to do good; to make the world brighter and better; to bring sunshine to hearts in gloom, with pulsations quickened by the joy of helping and ministering; forgetting the good we do and awakening undying memories from those who have heard our kindly word, who have felt the succor of our kindly arm, we are refreshed by our kindly beneficence—so that our epitaph might well be:

"He lived to bless mankind."

In the practice of this virtue life is enriched; for the exercise of Benevolence does not impoverish, but the rebound brings with it added strength to him whose daily aim is to find some work to help, some act to strengthen those about him.

With Friendship for all, with Charity for all, let us, in carrying these virtues into our lives, so enrich those about us with our Benevolence that this Order and its principles, manifested in our lives, might well be made the law of life and all who love the good, the beautiful, the true.

The Master-at-Arms was then directed, in token of our belief in the principles of benevolence, which teaches us to minister to the material necessities of those in want, to ignite the RED light and see that the red fire burns without the castle walls.

Then the special ritualistic services were concluded by the following address of the Chancellor Commander:

In commemorating this anniversary of fifty years of fraternal work in the field of humane endeavor, we have given public expression to the teachings and principles of the Order, so that the world may know what Pythian Knighthood means, and what it stands for.

The lesson of Friendship reveals those noble qualities of Honor and Confidence which are the very rocks that constitute the foundation principle of our Order, securely laid in that most durable cement—Brotherly Love.

"Charity is the scope of all God's commands." It is an eternal debt, a Divine virtue, the practice of which should commend itself to all who would help man to nobler things and loftier aspirations. It is the living inspiration of all who truly believe in the "Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood

of God." It enables us to close our eyes to the frailties of human nature, and in the faults of others to see the good that tends to uplift and elevate.

Clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the needy is the Benevolence that naturally follows, where Friendship reigns and Charity is exemplified. In its practice we should be limited only to the needs of the unfortunate and as our means may permit.

These, then, constitute the foundation, groundwork and superstructure of our fraternity, and may these principles of FRIENDSHIP, CHARITY and BENEVOLENCE throw around us their enchanted trinity. Let us go forth from these Golden Jubilee exercises, renewed in our faith, with the fires of fraternity burning within our souls, illuminating our pathway and guiding us to that celestial lodge beyond the skies—to enter into a glorious Eternity.

The same special ritualistic service was observed throughout the Supreme Domain.

At the conclusion of the ritualistic services, Past Supreme Chancellor Walter B. Ritchie of Lima, Ohio, author of the Pythian Ritual and one of the most scholarly and eloquent men in the Order, was introduced and delivered a masterful address on "The Pythian Lesson of Friendship." We quote but briefly from this address, as follows:

Oh, the richness of a kind word! Oh, the untold wealth of a kind act! Oh, the health, the strength, the uplift of a hand grasp with a heart behind it, and the look from the honest eye, deep as Titbottom's well, and so pure that looking in, when the sun hangs high, we can see the stars.

Friendship, not only when the sun shines bright, but when the clouds hang low, when sickness and death come to a home, let us remember that Pythian duty is there to comfort, to console, and if possible, to point through the gloom of sorrow's night to the stars that shine beyond—and as from each star there radiates some light to brighten and to bless, we should be stars of sympathy and cheer, that a glow may be brought to the cheek, a sparkle to the eye, and hope to the heart of those in gloom.

Oh, the grandeur of it all, the good of it all, the helpfulness of it all! Think of the comfort, the cheer, the hope that has come from it all.

Nearly two million dollars yearly expended for relief by lodges plus the individual benevolences. Twenty thousand homes brightened, mortgages paid, comfort assured by the Insurance Department of our Order.

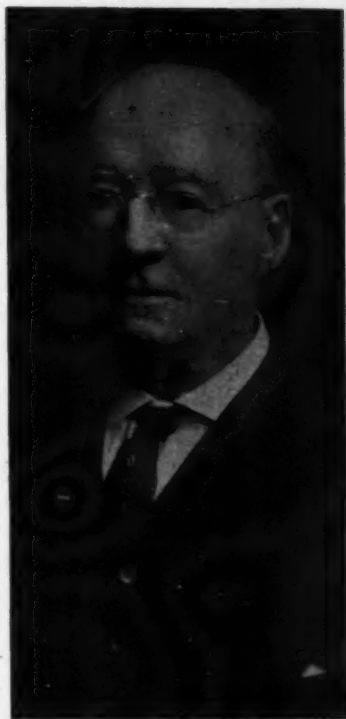
Nearly thirty-seven millions of dollars paid to widows and orphans since its establishment.

Think of it, each year within our Castle

halls, more than fifty thousand of the best men in the community learn this lesson of Friendship of which I speak tonight. Taught by and in the presence of more than a half million Knights whose lives are made the sweeter and the richer by the rendition and recital of it all.

This lesson teaches us that the man who is self-absorbed loses the best of life.

The man who lives for self alone has no helping hand and is traveling a road that



DR. EDWARD DUNN

Past Supreme Chancellor and the oldest living member of Knights of Pythias

narrows and narrows to the end, and at last his footprints alone mark the way.

The man who lives for others has not only his own strength, but all that comes by absorption.

The world is full of sunshine. It does not solely shine on any one of us.

The world is full of music. We alone do not make it.

Good abounds, yet no one has a monopoly. Love reigns, but not singly and alone.

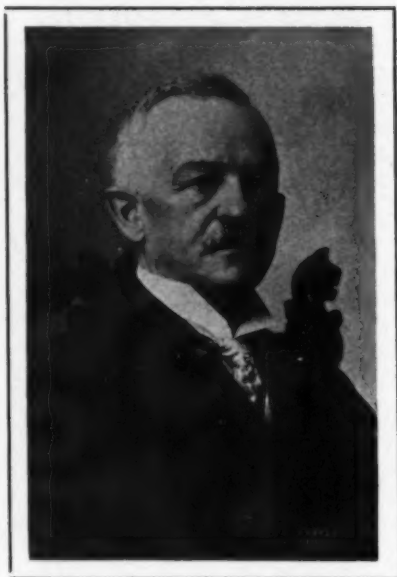


The king of selfishness rules only himself, and spends his time quarreling with other kings likewise unendowed.

The good of life, the flowers of life, the happiness of life comes to those who feast upon the rebound of kind acts graciously bestowed.

The kingdom of love is everywhere, and every subject wears a crown. They carry mantles of Charity, and cruel words and deeds are left to those who love only themselves.

All this and more is taught in the Ritual of the Order in word and phrase and rhythm, that appeals to the highest intelligence, and yet in language so simple and plain that all may fully understand.



WALTER B. RITCHIE, LIMA, OHIO

We have now fully come into our own with fifty years of drill, fifty years of experience, fitted to do the things and answer the cry that in the last decade is fast becoming the call universal: the call to aid, to help, to serve. The call to brighten, to cheer, to make glad the hearts and homes of the great army of unfortunates in city and town and country.

In the years to come we can be, we must be, the greatest organized force for good in the struggle for a better humanity and a higher, nobler manhood.

On this Golden Jubilee, greetings, my brethren, here and everywhere, our lives made rich in the splendid friendships brought to us through this Order. Memory's locker filled with the fragrant flowers—the thought of those who sleep.

Let us at this time renew our vows and fill the coming years with more of the Pythian spirit, kindness, gentleness, charity, good deeds and love of home, so that when for us the western hills obscure life's sun, and our tired day has sunk into the arms of restful night, and

"Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world,"

the recording angel on the great Book of Life may write these words: "He lived to bless mankind."

And when the Day Eternal dawns, may the cry of the Peri be ours:

"Joy, joy forever—my task is done—  
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won."

#### CANADIAN REPRESENTATION

At the conclusion of Brother Ritchie's address, Past Supreme Master-at-Arms Edward A. Horton spoke briefly but forcefully on behalf of the Pythians of Canada, and assured the Supreme Chancellor and the members present that in the Canadian domains there were more than twenty thousand Pythian Knights celebrating just as we were celebrating in Washington. Indeed, one of the pleasing features of the great meeting in Washington was the presence of so many Canadian Pythians, demonstrating that while the people of the two countries differ as to commercial reciprocity, they all believe in seeking to encourage fraternal reciprocity. The Order is rapidly gaining in strength in Canada, and the membership in that country consists of as good men as can be found in North America.

Many members of the Canadian Cabinet, of the several Provincial Cabinets of the Dominion, and of the various legislative bodies of that country, as well as many honored members of the judiciary, are members of our Fraternity. In recognition of the splendid work of our brothers of the North, the Supreme Lodge will meet in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in August of this year, and many of the Pythians of this country will understand for the first time what real Canadian hospitality is, and the writer can testify that there is no more hospitable people to be found anywhere than the good people of that country. As citizens, they are loyal to the constituted authority in which they live, and those of them who are affiliated with our Order are as loyal to the Pythian cause

as it is possible for any of its adherents to be.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Pythian Knighthood was as universally observed in Canada as in the United States, and the fires of fraternal enthusiasm were aglow on Pythian altars in every part of the Canadian Dominion. The Canadian delegation at Washington was large and made up of representative men. Edward A. Horton, Past Supreme Master-at-Arms and a member of the Golden Jubilee Committee, reached Washington several days before the opening of the celebration and rendered to his colleagues on that committee valuable assistance, preparing for the great event. Among others present were Supreme Master-at-Arms Frank A. Godsoe of the Maritime Provinces; the Grand Chancellor of Quebec and his official staff; Grand Chancellor of Ontario and his official staff; two Supreme Representatives from Saskatchewan, and the Grand Chancellor and two Supreme Representatives from British Columbia.

#### THE RATHBONE BIBLE

Supreme Chancellor Carling called attention to the presence of the Rathbone Bible, the original Book of Law, and asked the Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal to exhibit it to those present. In doing so, Brother Wheaton said:

Just a word concerning what we are pleased to term, pleased to revere as the most sacred relic today in possession of this Order—the gift of a mother's love to her boy. Upon this Bible the original members of Washington Lodge were obligated on Friday, February 19, 1864, at Washington, D. C. It was presented to the Supreme Lodge of the World, Knights of Pythias, August 26, 1876, by the founder of our Order, Justus H. Rathbone, and signed by himself. This Bible was a gift to Brother Rathbone from his mother on his fifth birthday, October 29, 1844. During the past sixteen months over seven thousand men in the Supreme Domain have taken their initial vow in this Order on the sacred Rathbone Bible. Prior to the coming convention of the Supreme Lodge, the total membership of what is called the "Jubilee Class" will exceed ten thousand. Just so long as the Pythian heart shall love, just so long as we try to emulate the principles of Pythian Knighthood, just so long will we love this sacred volume, the Pythian Rock of Ages.

Friday morning, after calling the Con-

vention to order and listening to some reports, Supreme Chancellor Carling turned the meeting over to Past Supreme Chancellor W. W. Blackwell, who presided during the day's exercises. Brother Blackwell expressed his appreciation of the honor and spoke with reverence and love of the



HON. UNION B. HUNT, P.G.C.  
President of the Insurance Department

Order with which he has so long been connected, and to which he has rendered such excellent service.

#### MILITARY DEPARTMENT

Shortly after assuming the chair, Brother Blackwell introduced Major General Arthur J. Stobbart, who spoke of the Military Department of the Order, giving an interesting and comprehensive history of its organization and its achievements. General Stobbart spoke of the value of publicity, asserting that in this day and age, with a myriad of organizations which are assuming to be the peer of the others, all legitimate opportunities for calling outside attention to the Order should be embraced and that the best place to turn to legitimate advertising was the Uniform Rank, or Military Department.

"The men of the Uniform Rank," said General Stobbart, "are doing just a little more and spending just a little more than the average for the good of the Order. It is partly traceable to individual training, because the fundamentals of this Department are loyalty to the Order and the subordinate lodge, emphasized by the willingness of this department to lend its presence at the last sad rites at memorial services and other public exercises."

As to the tenets of the Order, "Honor, Justice and Loyalty," the general said:



MRS. IDA M. JOHNSON  
Supreme Chief, Pythian Sisters

May we reconsecrate ourselves to the Pythian cause, firmly resolving that our efforts in that behalf may be directed from within for the purpose of inculcating a better training for the individual, a firmer determination to utilize all the agencies of Pythian endeavor and a keener appreciation of the value of allegiance to the Army of the Lily, recognizing as we must that there is no friendship without honor, no hope for humanity without justice, and no permanency in friendship or nations without loyalty.

#### PYTHIAN SISTERS

Mrs. Ida M. Johnson of Central City, Colorado, Supreme Chief of the Pythian

Sisters, followed General Stobbart, speaking for the department of which she is the head, and made a magnificent address. After paying a high tribute to the Order of Knights of Pythias and its principles, and giving a history of the organization of the Pythian Sisters, Mrs. Johnson said:

We have been organized not much more than twenty-five years, and our growth has been marvelous. . . .

We are banded together to promote the moral, mental, social and physical elevation of our members and carry out, so far as may be possible, the teachings of the Golden Rule, and to exemplify in our daily lives the beautiful precepts of the lowly Nazarene, the greatest fraternal teacher the world has ever known. Practicing the pure lesson of friendship, believing in gathering together the people of all ranks, to break bread, and to carry out in every way His one mission of promoting true comradeship and establishing human brotherhood of love. All through our ritual there is the great thought of altruism as opposed to egoism. There is not a wasted word in the message contained therein, and every poem is a lesson of life. By concerted action we are building homes for Pythian Sisters and their dependent ones and aiding our brothers in building theirs. In Maine there has been a joint movement perfected and incorporated under the laws of the state, one of the directors of which is a Pythian Sister. This is to be a home for members of our common Order. We are furnishing rooms in hospitals and caring for "shut-ins." One subordinate temple has for years been paying \$250 annually for hospital care of a dear, but unfortunate child. In every channel of altruistic work our influence for good is felt. Perhaps greater than all this is our sentimental doing and giving. We watch by the bedside of the sick and dying and pay the last sad tribute to the dead, and more than all this we smooth the brow of the sorrowing, bring gladness into the homes of sadness and scatter deeds of sunshine wherever possible, giving our roses to the living. We cannot estimate the greatest good, for even a kind word or a smile may rescue a life from sin.

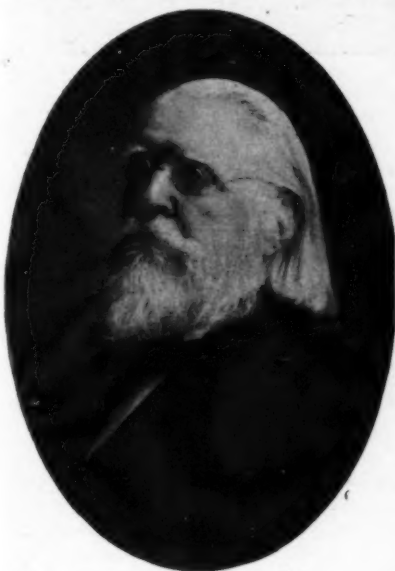
We are doing the little things each day in the noblest way, thus building character and beautifying lives. It is not our intent to build monuments of marble and granite, but to use our offering for some great beneficent purpose which will be a permanent aid in the uplift of humanity.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Johnson's interesting address, she was presented with a bouquet by the Pythian Sisters and also with an armful of beautiful roses by the officers and members of the Supreme Lodge.

## INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Immediately after calling the meeting to order on Friday evening, Past Supreme Chancellor Blackwell introduced Union B. Hunt, President of the Insurance Department, who spoke on behalf of that department of the Order, and of the fraternal insurance system generally, asserting that thousands of homes enjoyed protection that would not have done so had it not been for the beneficent influence of fraternal insurance. Speaking of his own department, President Hunt said:

I desire to say that the year 1913 has been one of the best years the Insurance Department has had. It shows a nice increase in business and a splendid financial gain. On December 31, 1913, that Department had a total membership of 71,672, with insurance in force amounting to \$99,513,000; assets, including legal reserve, of \$5,927,303.18.

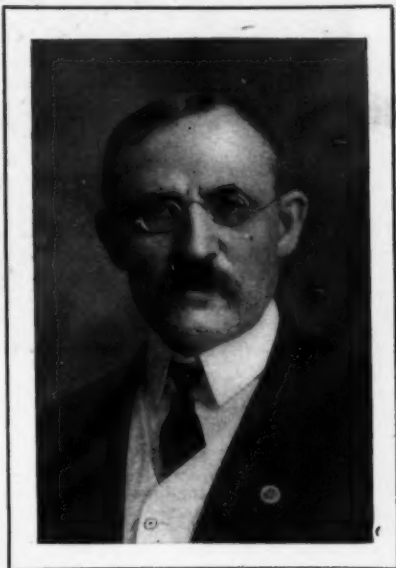


HENRY CLAY BERRY  
Past Supreme Chancellor

Amount returned to members in waived payments since 1907, \$1,144,086.25. This year we will return approximately \$220,000 more, making more than \$1,350,000 returned to our membership from 1907 to 1914. We have paid since the organization up to December 31, 1913, 19,684 death claims for \$36,754,894.08. The increase of our legal reserve during 1913 was \$849,568.51. Of the investments referred to, \$5,484,792.17 are

in county, township, school district and city bonds, and our earnings on these bonds are a little more than 5 per cent.

We think this showing, with the assurance of our actuaries, establishes beyond question the absolute safety of this Department. We have no criticism to offer of any life insurance company or society. I believe in



CHARLES I. RICE  
Imperial Prince, D. O. K. K.

life insurance, but, all things being equal, I think every Knight of Pythias, who is eligible, should become a member of the Insurance Department and thus assist in building up every Department of the Order.

In conclusion, the speaker paid an earnest tribute to fraternity and appealed to Knights of Pythias everywhere to support the Insurance Department.

## THE SUPREME TRIBUNAL

Judge Edward C. Reynolds of Maine, a member of the Supreme Tribunal, spoke for the Judiciary of the Order. He quoted the Supreme Constitution, showing that the Supreme Government shall consist of three co-ordinate departments, viz: a Legislative Department, an Executive Department and a Judicial Department; giving a history of the legislation creating the Tribunal and of the work of that body. In concluding, Judge Reynolds said:



BOARD OF CONTROL AND OFFICERS OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT TAKEN IN  
(Left to right) Charles E. Shively, P. S. C.; W. P. Powers, general secretary; S. E. Henshaw, secretary to the  
S. Davis, Thomas J. Carling, S. C.; B. S. Young, S. V. C.; George A. Bangs, Charles

The plan of a fraternal order government, founded upon and patterned after the government of our nation, is unique. We have enjoyed this distinctive characteristic. To make this system complete, the Supreme Tribunal was a necessity, and it is true, but more than that the demand for a tribunal of this character seems to have been largely instrumental in securing the adoption of the system itself. The members of the Tribunal believe, however, that this alone does not justify its existence. The manifest purpose of those by whom this plan was worked out was to create a department which, as an unbiased arbiter, might settle our contentions involving Pythian law and to which, in the belief that such differences might be fearlessly and fairly settled all interested might freely come. If at any time the Tribunal might not measure up to this standard, the reason for its existence falls and it ought to cease to exist even at the sacrifice of the complete parallelism of which so much has been said. The members of the Tribunal believe in it as a vital force in the Order. They do not forget that it is one of the three departments recognized by the Supreme Constitution as the equal of the others in dignity, importance and responsibility. Then on behalf of its members, influenced by these convictions, it is a great pleasure for me today to join with you, my brothers, from our Sister of the Snows, as well as from our own Southland and our Northland, from our

Crimson East and our Golden West, from the homes of our Blackwells, our Ritchies, our Hansons and our Carlings, and as well to join with our sisters from everywhere in the Supreme Domain under the leadership of our present Supreme Chief. Yes, to join with you all in the recognition of the surpassing importance of this occasion. It is rich in meaning to us who have linked ourselves together in the fraternity in which are freely blended the virile aspiration of a hopeful and confident Christian civilization.

D. O. K. K.

At the conclusion of Judge Reynolds' address, Charles E. Rice, Imperial Prince of the Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, was introduced and spoke entertainingly of that organization and its work. Brother Rice said in part:

You have heard it said that the dramatic Order, Knights of Khorassan, was the playground of the Knights of Pythias. To a certain extent this is true, but, my friends, I assure you there is far more to the Order than just fun.

In the beautiful lesson we teach and which leads up to the motto of our Order, we impress vividly upon the minds of Tyros seeking admission to the oasis of fair Khorassan the frailty and uncertainty of human life and endeavor, we teach them that the kindly





FRONT OF WILLARD HOTEL, WASHINGTON, DURING GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION  
 president; Dr. George G. McConnell, medical examiner-in-chief; U. S. G. Cherry, William J. Duvall, Charles  
 F. S. Neal; Union B. Hunt, president of the insurance department; William A. Owen

word, the cheering smile, the hearty, friendly clasp of the hand and the giving of flowers, while yet they are with us, are far better than roses placed upon the coffin which casts no fragrance upon the lonely way as the Tyros approach the final lessons taught and see invoked before them the exemplification of the motto "Uplift the fallen." They are imbued with a broader, kindlier love for their fellow-men.

At this point an event not on the program occurred, but one which was none the less appreciated—an eloquent tribute to the founder of the Order, Justus Henry Rathbone, by Joseph Omo, Past Grand Chancellor of Illinois. When Brother Omo had finished his address, Past Supreme Chancellor Blackwell turned the meeting over to Brig. S. Young, the Supreme Vice-Chancellor, who presided during the remainder of the evening, and kept the audience in good humor by clever and pertinent remarks.

The first speaker introduced by the Supreme Vice-Chancellor was Fred S. Attwood, Grand Chancellor of Minnesota, who spoke on "The Larger Fraternalism," and his speech was one of the real gems of the meeting. We quote briefly:

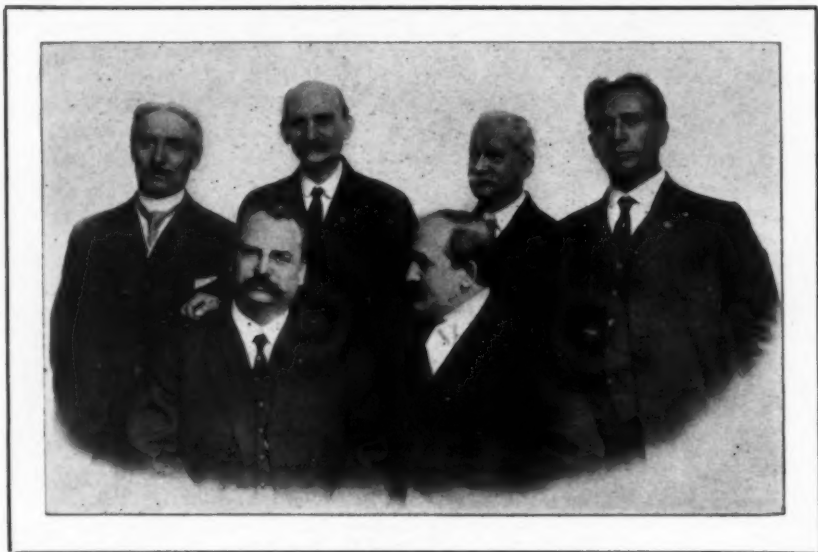
This is, indeed, the age of fraternalism, brotherhood, man's responsibility to man, and this spirit is making itself felt in every sphere of human endeavor, convincing the nations of the folly and sin of war and the beauty and desirability of universal peace.

Every age has had its predominating thought which has impressed itself indelibly upon the civilization of the time, and I believe that the twentieth century will go down in history as the age of fraternalism. There are those who tell us that thoughts are things of little value and too abstract and intangible for people of practical minds to trifle with, but I believe that thoughts are the most potent factors in the development of individual character and in the consequent up-building of the highest and best civilization. You contemplate a piece of wonderful, labor-saving machinery and say to me, "Ah, there is something real, concrete, tangible." I reply, "You are looking at what is merely the visible expression of a thought, for long before, in all its wonderful mechanism, that piece of machinery took tangible form yonder; it lived and moved and had its being in the mind of the inventor who conceived and brought it forth." Again, you stand in spellbound admiration before a scene by one of the world's master-artists, and when you have found your tongue you say to me, "Ah, there is something magnificently real in its wonderful depiction of art." I again reply, "You are gazing upon what is

merely the visualized expression of a thought for, long before, in all its beauty that picture took tangible form upon the canvas; it hung in the mind of the artist."

You call my attention to the churches, and schools, the temples and castle halls, the homes for the indigent, the aged and the orphan and say, "These institutions are concrete things in the civilization of the age," and once more I retort, "Yes, they are the practical outworkings of the great thought regnant in the hearts of the men and women of today; they are the answer of twentieth century fraternalism to the cry of the first murderer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

seeks to establish the true relationship between man and man as brothers, would be entitled to be classed as a "religious body." If, as Saint James tells us, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world," then the Order of Knights of Pythias is exemplifying "true religion" of the apostolic type. And this leads me to say further that, when the thought of man's common relationship once begins to dawn upon human consciousness, it brings with the co-related thought and conviction of the Fatherhood of God, for,



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE COMMISSION

(Seated, left to right) Hon. William F. Broening, Maryland, chairman; Harry P. Willey, P. G. C., chairman of the local committee, Grand Lodge, District of Columbia; (standing, left to right) Edward A. Horton, Ontario; James W. Carter, Washington, D. C.; George W. Penniman, Massachusetts, secretary; Frank M. Sommerkamp, Georgia

And so the great purpose of our Order is the development and cultivation of true nobility of character by the inculcation in the minds of our members of thought of friendship, charity, benevolence, bravery, love of truth, defence of right, amelioration of distress, the rigid observance of the laws of the land and the established rules of society. This Order is not a religious organization in the commonly accepted meaning of that word. We seek to shape no man's creed, nor do we interfere with his political faith. But, in the true sense of religion, this Order is of necessity a religious proposition.

I once heard Professor Hugh Blackie say, "Religion is the science of relations." If this be true, and I personally believe that it is, then any organization which aims at and

"if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

George W. Penniman, Supreme Representative from Massachusetts, and Chairman of the Committee on Pythian Education, closed the exercises of the evening with his famous illustrated lecture on the story of Pythian Knighthood. This address was one of the big features of the celebration. The speaker took his audience to Syracuse of Sicily, where Damon and Pythias lived more than twenty-three centuries ago, and then down across the

centuries to the year 1864, in Washington, D. C., and from there traced the wonderful progress of the Pythian Order.

It was late when Brother Penniman began his address and the midnight hour had struck long before he finished it, but the great audience remained as though spell-bound until its conclusion and was anxious to hear more.

One of the interesting features of the celebration was the joint convention, on the night of February 19, 1914, of Franklin Lodge No. 2, instituted April 12, 1864, and Mt. Vernon Lodge No. 5, instituted April 16, 1866, the two oldest Pythian Lodges now in existence, at which Supreme Chancellor "Uncle Tom" Carling and his associate officers were in attendance officially, together with a host of Pythian pilgrims, anxious to pay their respects to the two pioneer lodges, one the "Mother" lodge and the other the "Savior" lodge of the Order.

THE joint convention was presided over by Past Supreme Chancellor Edward Dunn of Franklin Lodge No. 2. After the "honors" had been given, "Uncle Tom" assumed the Chancellor Commander's station, bidding his associate officers assume the others, and began to look around. He soon had Past Supreme Representatives, Supreme Representatives, Past Grand Chancellors and Grand Keepers from all parts of the Supreme Domain seated beside him, and then introduced Past Chancellor Abram D. VanDerveer of Calanthe Lodge No. 11, of the District of Columbia, one of the thirteen who on February 19, 1864, organized Washington Lodge No. 1. Cheer after cheer greeted Brother VanDerveer, who, in his modest way, spoke of the pleasure it was to him to be present and witness the closing of fifty years of Pythianism.

"Uncle Tom" heartily congratulated the two pioneer lodges upon the work done by them in preserving and advancing the cause of Pythianism, and for humanity, and short talks were made by Past Supreme Chancellor Walter B. Ritchie and others.

Franklin Lodge No. 2 is referred to as the "Mother" lodge, and properly so, for on January 1, 1866, it was the whole

Order, thus being "the" Subordinate Lodge and, in effect, the Grand Lodge, the Supreme Lodge of the Order, though four other lodges had been organized and instituted, three in the District of Columbia and one in Alexandria, Virginia. Upon Franklin Lodge No. 2 rested the responsibility of preserving the Order to posterity. Realizing this responsibility it, early in 1866, appointed a committee to endeavor to organize another lodge. The committee met with success and soon reported a "charter list," whereupon the Past Chancellor of Franklin Lodge No. 2 granted a "dispensation," as it was then called, for the institution of the new lodge. It was under this dispensation, the only one of its kind ever issued in the Pythian Order, that Mt. Vernon Lodge No. 5 was instituted, April 16, 1866.

Both lodges have continuously existed since institution, the one since April 12, 1864, and the other since April 16, 1866; and joining hand in hand soon re-organized the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, which, of course, ceased to exist when all the lodges except Franklin No. 2 became defunct with the founder of the Order, Justus H. Rathbone, as Grand Chancellor. Thus Franklin No. 2 became the "Mother" lodge and Mt. Vernon No. 5 the "Savior" lodge of the Order.

Edward Dunn, the oldest continuous member of the Order of Knights of Pythias, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 9, 1836; moved to Washington, D. C. Became a member April 22, 1864, at the institution of Franklin Lodge No. 2, in which he has held continuous membership, for his eminent and efficient services in the early days. Brother Dunn received his early education in the United States Marine Corps. He enlisted November 23, 1850, to learn music; was promoted to corporal February 15, 1855; sergeant, June 1, 1855; first sergeant, November 12, 1857, and to sergeant major, December 1, 1863. He was retired May 15, 1886, receiving four years' additional service by an Act of Congress. Brother Dunn is still in the government employ, a custodian in the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard. During the entire period of this exceptionally long service, his name stands without a single black mark against

it, either as to conduct or performance of duty. Especially during that early period when efforts were being made to extend the Order into the adjacent states, Brother Dunn gave most liberally of his time, labor and money, and it is generally known by the pioneers of the Order that to Brother Dunn, more than to any other one man, was due the success of almost all these early projects and expeditions.

Brother Dunn, who is still active in the affairs of Franklin Lodge No. 2, the District of Columbia Grand Lodge, and the Supreme Lodge, has held all offices in Franklin Lodge, and has served four terms as its Chancellor Commander. He has served his country for over sixty years and his Order for more than fifty years, and is planning to be at the Supreme Lodge session at Winnipeg.

Abram Deyau VanDerveer was a charter member of the Mother Lodge of the Order, instituted in Washington, D. C., February 19, 1864, which marked the birth of the Order of Knights of Pythias. He was elected Worthy Banker at the organization of the lodge, which office he held until elected Worthy Vice-Chancellor, April 21, 1864, serving as such until elected Worthy Chancellor, June 30, 1864. Mr. VanDerveer was born in Roysfield, New Jersey, August 15, 1836. He was educated at Somerville (New Jersey) Academy. During 1855-1857 he was a drug clerk. Then he went to St. Louis, Missouri, until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he returned to New Jersey. In July, 1862, he went to Washington, where he enlisted in the Union Army, was promoted to sergeant, and detailed as a clerk in the adjutant general's office. He was honorably discharged and was promoted to the clerkship in Class 1. In 1869 he was appointed clerk in the Interior Department, and in 1874 was transferred to the Treasury Department, in connection with the National Bank Redemption Agency, where he has ever since been employed, and is now cashier in the registrar's division. Brother VanDerveer took a very active part in the organization of the first lodges of the Order and did splendid service during that period. He is a member of Calanthe Lodge No. 11, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Edward Sullivan Kimball, one of the original members of the Order of Knights of Pythias, a member of Washington Lodge, No. 1, initiated February 19, 1864, was born at Trenton, New Jersey, February 21, 1844, and received his early education in Maine. He became a resident of Washington, D. C., September 5, 1863, where he was appointed a hospital steward in the army. He graduated from the Medical Department of Georgetown, District of Columbia, College.

Dr. Kimball is director of a musical studio in Washington, D. C., which he has conducted for several years, and he is noted as one of the most capable vocal instructors in the National Capital. He is a member of Rathbone-Superior Lodge, No. 29, one of the leading lodges of the Mother Domain, this lodge getting its name from the consolidation of Justus H. Rathbone Lodge (originally named in honor of the founder) and Superior Lodge (named in recognition of Founder Rathbone's sojourn in the Lake Superior region). Dr. Kimball's health has not been very robust the past year, and he left on April 14 for an extended sojourn in California.

#### GENERAL CELEBRATION

Thus the great celebration in the National Capital, of the Order's birth, was closed; not only was this great anniversary held in Washington, but similar celebrations were held in thousands of lodge rooms, churches and other places of public meetings throughout the Supreme Domain. During the exercises at Washington, hundreds of telegrams were received by the Supreme Chancellor and by Grand Lodge Officers from lodges everywhere, telling of enthusiastic meetings; the Domain of West Virginia sending the largest number, but all the Domains were well represented. In addition to this, subordinate lodges all over the country telegraphed their Grand Lodge Officers of the wonderful enthusiasm manifested at these Jubilee meetings.

The writer has before him letters received from the Grand Chancellors and Grand Keepers of Records and Seal of nearly every Grand Domain, telling of enthusiastic and helpful Golden Jubilee

celebrations in all parts of their territory. A volume could be written, based upon this information, and while it cannot be used here in detail, it has been of great assistance in the preparation of this article, and will be used for the further good of the Order throughout the year. We can only say here that our fiftieth anniversary, generally observed as it has been, wherever Pythianism was known, was the most important event in the history of our Order, because it gave such wide publicity to our principles and achievements, and gave to the world a better idea of the character and magnitude of our work and impressed upon the hearts of our membership, as never before, the great lessons of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, as they are constantly being taught around our Pythian altars.

During the week in which our anniversary occurred, Fraternity bulked large on the world's horizon. Men in every walk of life paused to do it honor and Pythian Fraternity occupied the center of the stage. In the Nation's Capital, Woodrow Wilson, the distinguished President of this Republic, laid aside, for a time, the cares of state to meet and greet the representatives of this great Order. William Jennings Bryan, the busy Secretary of State of the United States of America, pressed though he was with public affairs, took the time to attend and address a meeting of his brethren and assist them in their great work, and so it was throughout the Supreme Domain. Ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, judges, United States Senators, Members of Congress, men engaged in common and skilled labor, clerks, merchants, bankers, in fact men engaged in all honorable occupations, met upon a common level and joined in doing honor to the Pythian cause and to Pythian principles.

On the 19th of February, more than one million people listened in lodge rooms, in churches, in schoolhouses and public auditoriums to the story of the marvelous work of this great fraternity. It was told sometimes in words of passionate eloquence by orators of distinction; again in simple phrase by some devoted fraternalist, and then again, it fell from the lips of children

in reading or declamation, or rang through public halls to the rapt attention of great audiences, as some sweet singer told of its glory in beautiful song. In some way, the message went everywhere and always as an inspiration to higher and better things.

Thus was the Golden Jubilee Anniversary celebrated. While we are still in our Jubilee year, we have passed our fiftieth mile stone. The history of the first half century of Pythian Knighthood has been written. Mistakes have been made and mistakes will be made in the future, because it is natural for humanity to err; but in the main, it has been a wonderful history, filled with achievements for human good. It has been ours to lift the burden from the heavy laden; to cast the light of love on many a darkened pathway; to drive the wolf of hunger and starvation from the door of many homes; to bring back the glow of health to the cheeks of the invalid; to comfort the bereaved of many a stricken household; to relieve the distressed; to educate the orphan; to inspire men to better citizenship, to a higher sense of duty to their God, their families, their country and to themselves, and to border the path of life with the flowers of light and love and happiness and joy.

Such has been our work during the last fifty years, but great as have been our attainments in the past, the present and the future demand still greater efforts and offer still broader fields for useful labor. If we would maintain our position in the world of fraternity, we must keep step with the progressive spirit of the age. We must not be content with merely pointing to our declaration of principles, grand and inspiring as that declaration is, nor with our splendid past, much as that past contains to be proud of, but we must do the things that will impress the world with the sincerity and earnestness of our professed desire to raise a higher and better standard of humanity; to help those who need our assistance and drive away the shadows of life. These duties and many others await us. Let us meet them with intelligent courage and win greater victories in the cause of right and humanity.





## MOTHER'S GARDEN

*It stands walled in by pickets gray and banks of royal green,  
In squares of box and southern-wood, and plots of flowers between;  
Great peonies of splendid hue, poppies of Eastern dye,  
And pinks, with which Arabian spice in sweetness may not vie.  
Mosaic strips of heliotrope and tufts of silken phlox,  
Geraniums with scarlet crest and gorgeous hollyhocks;  
Sweet mignonette and candytuft, and portulacas, too;  
Forget-me-nots of heavenly tint, sweet peas and featherfew.*

*Old bachelors with buttons bright, and maids of long renown,  
Attired with quaint simplicity, in faded, saffron gowns;  
Dispensing yet a subtle charm, more potent than the glow  
On fresher bloom—dear relics of a hallowed long ago!  
Maternal pansies keeping guard over a laughing row  
Of little flirts—"Ladies' Delight" they call themselves, you know;  
Their stately grandmas' velvet gowns they flaunt with easy grace,  
And even imitate her caps, and little puckered face!*

*In the dress-circle stand the peers of this ambrosial realm;  
Jonquils in satin coats, and dames whose splendors overwhelm  
The simpler folk. Tall fleur-de-lis at Prince's-feather smile,  
But Japan lilies, proud grandees, hold court alone the while.  
Pink almonds and the damask rose here make themselves a home;  
And all the Hebes, blush, cinnamon and bridals, too, find room!  
Ravishing scents!—the hummingbirds who quaff these nectared cups,  
And bees, spinning their golden wax, and gauzy fly who sups*

*From honeyed calyxes, enhance the witchery of scene,  
Outspread on dewy morns of June, as eagerly I lean  
To catch the roseate flush of dawn, while yet the day-stars kiss  
The little buds, till every lovely petal glows with bliss!  
Oh holy calm, oh depth of peace!—sweetened by mellow call  
Of bluebirds to their timid mates, ere the first sunbeams fall.  
Then earth exults!—high carnival of song and tint and scent  
Thrills every breast with symphonies of idyllic content.*

*Crisp morning-glories swift unfurl their purple chalices,  
Exhaling sweetest incense; while along the trellises  
The climbing honeysuckle lifts its balsam-freighted urn,  
Distilling balm, as sunrise gems the twinkling grass and ferns.*

—CORNELIA F. WHITNEY.

# A Passage at Arms

in the Another  
House Old-fashioned  
Debate

**T**HE *Congressional Record* is sometimes somewhat spicy reading, and the other day Representative Clark of Florida (the House being in committee of the whole, and considering the Urgent Deficiency Appropriation bill) thus introduced his remarks, by the following reference to the bill under discussion:

MR. CLARK of Florida. Mr. Chairman, through the press and otherwise, so much of misinformation has been carried to the public with relation to the matter of public buildings, their construction, and the general method of procedure on the part of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and of Congress, that it may not be out of place for me to submit a few observations on that subject.

The Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, under the rules of the House, let it be understood, has no power to appropriate money to carry into execution the provisions of any measure which may come from that committee. The committee simply has the power and authority to submit to the House bills authorizing the construction of buildings at such places as may be named within the limits of cost specifically provided for each place respectively. It has been the custom of the committee for many years past to report to the House once in from two to three years what has come to be called an "omnibus

public-building bill," covering the entire country, and providing one or more public buildings for each Congressional district at the places where the necessity appeared to be greatest. This "omnibus public-building bill" has frequently been contemptuously referred to as the "pork-barrel bill" by the press of the country, and particularly has this been true of the newspapers here in Washington. Whenever a Washington newspaper has occasion to refer to the effort being made by a Representative in Congress to secure an appropriation of \$50,000 for the erection of a post-office building in some thriving little city of his district, the afore-

said newspaper describes him as "the pork-barrel statesman from Squash Center"; but let that same Representative rise on this floor and advocate the expenditure of several millions of dollars for the construction of a marble palace in the city of Washington in which to transact the public business, and, ye gods, what a transformation.

The long-haired, hungry, cadaverous-looking "pork-barrel statesman from Squash Center" immediately becomes a wise, far-seeing, broad-minded and patriotic legislator. I have no doubt, Mr. Chairman, that here and there during the past ten or

twelve years a building has been authorized at a place where conditions did not justify such action, but I submit that such cases have been exceedingly rare and that, on the whole, the Congress has legislated wisely in the matter of the construction of public buildings. I submit also, Mr. Chairman, that the

## GOVERNMENT AS TENANT

*The government of the United States should not be a tenant in any place where it can reasonably be avoided, and under no conditions should the government long remain a tenant at the seat of the nation. Not only should this sentiment force us to immediately construct all buildings necessary to house the different departments of government in Washington, but purely as a business proposition we should not long delay this great work.*

District of Columbia, whence practically all the howl about "pork barrel" comes, has had vastly more than its share in every omnibus public-building bill which has passed Congress during the last ten or twelve years. Let us examine the record and see just how the account stands.

Mr. Clark proceeded to detail appropriations for 1902, 1903, 1906, 1908, 1910 and 1913, and thus summarized the result:

Thus it is seen, Mr. Chairman, that for the last twelve years we have averaged an omnibus public building bill every two years,

#### PRESENT PROCEDURE INEFFECTIVE

*The office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury is today between five and six years behind with its work; that is to say, that if Congress should not authorize another public building, but should cease operations entirely in this direction, it would take the office of the Supervising Architect, under the present plan of procedure and with the present force, fully five and one-half years to complete the buildings already authorized.*

and that during these twelve years the District has received \$24,419,000, while the forty-eight states of the Union have received \$165,901,309.34, thus giving to the District more than one-seventh of all the money authorized for public buildings during the period mentioned.

Notwithstanding the carping of the Washington press and the apparently deliberate effort on their part to place the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds in an unenviable light before the country, I for one am in favor of going forward with the great work of constructing here in the Capital City of the nation ample and elegant quarters sufficient to comfortably house every activity of the government. I would construct here buildings not only in such number and of sufficient size to take care of all the departments, but I would build them of such materials and in such style of architecture as would both challenge the admiration of visitors and be in keeping with the dignity of this great Republic. The government of the United States should not be a tenant in any place where it can reasonably be avoided, and under no conditions should the government long remain a tenant at the seat of the nation. Not only should this sentiment force us to immediately construct all buildings necessary to house the different departments of government in Washington, but purely as a business proposition we should not long delay this great work. . . .

Many of the activities of the government in the District of Columbia are today being

conducted in tumble-down, rickety, fire-trap buildings, which are liable at any time to be destroyed and cause us to lose documents and records which are invaluable, because they could never be replaced. This is true with reference to buildings owned by the government as well as some of those which are rented from private owners. But if we leave out of consideration the danger of loss by fire, the loss in efficient service produced by lack of decent and proper quarters and considerations of like character, and look only to the mere question of dollars and cents involved in the question of continuing to use the rented quarters which we now occupy or constructing buildings for those departments, or branch of departments, now housed in rented quarters, I assert that it is the part of wisdom and in the interest of economy to build. There is not a department of the government which is not forced to rent quarters for some branch of the service outside the buildings which we own in the District of Columbia. With the growth of the country the public business has expanded and the demand for more room is heard from every quarter.

The annual rentals being paid by each department of the government in the District of Columbia is as follows: The Treasury Department pays \$47,000; the Department of Commerce, \$70,000; the Department of Justice, \$34,100; Department of Labor, \$7,500; Department of the Interior, \$75,175; Department of Agriculture, \$99,277; War Department, \$61,443.30; Navy Department, \$87,274.16; Department of State, \$16,800; and the Post Office Department, \$63,110, making a total of \$561,739.46 paid by the United States every year to individual owners for the use of property in the District of Columbia in which to carry on the business of the government. This is very nearly three per cent on \$20,000,000, and I think I am safe in saying that the total value of all the property in the District of Columbia rented by

#### GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OUTGROWN

*There is not a department of the government which is not forced to rent quarters for some branch of the service outside the buildings which we own in the District of Columbia.*

the government would not exceed \$6,000,000, and, in addition, nearly all the rented buildings which we are now occupying are of nonfireproof construction.

In answer to repeated questions, Mr. Clark stated or elicited the facts that the Department of Justice was housed in an old residence building, utterly unfit to protect or remove its invaluable records

in case of fire; that the Patent Office records are in a like unsafe and crowded quarter, one of the most insanitary and poorly provided public buildings in the whole country, and that in both invaluable papers and articles on which most important issues may hereafter depend, are exposed to decay, and certain to be destroyed in case of fire.

Representative Clark continued:

I am quite sure that in times past a building has been erected here and there when existing conditions did not fully warrant the undertaking, but these cases have been the exceptions and not the rule. For the past twelve years there has been a steady increase in the authorizations for public buildings, and for the last three or four years there has been a steady decrease in the output of buildings from the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury. This decrease in the output began in 1911, when a reduced appropriation made it necessary to dispense with seventy-five of the four hundred and thirty-two employees. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, the output was one hundred and one buildings; for 1912 it fell to eighty-two; for 1913 it fell to seventy-seven; and the estimate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, is only seventy buildings. Mr. Chairman, the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury is today between five and six years behind with its work; that is to say, that if Congress should not authorize another public building, but should cease operations entirely in this direction, it would take the office of the Supervising Architect, under the present plan of procedure and with the present force, fully five and one-half years to complete the buildings already authorized. Unless the present methods are changed, therefore, I think all of us will agree that it will be the height of folly to authorize the construction of any new buildings or the enlargement

#### BUSINESS NEEDS PARAMOUNT

*This is not an appeal for architecturally beautiful buildings to enhance the appearance of "civic centers"; it is the insistent demand of the business interests for work-shop space*

of any old ones for four or five years to come. But we cannot afford to do this.

The rapid growth of the country and the consequent enormous growth in the postal business, augmented tremendously by the Parcel Post Service, has created a demand not only for a larger number of new buildings throughout the country, but has made imperative the material enlargement of almost every post-office building in everyone of the larger cities in the land. There is a real and

an urgent demand for more space in which to conduct the postal business of the country from every business center. This is not an appeal for architecturally beautiful buildings to enhance the appearance of "civic centers"; it is the insistent demand of the business interests for workshop space in which the everyday postal affairs of our busy communities can be attended to.

He referred feelingly, but in complete good taste and a business-like way, to the woes of fellow and "retired" representatives, who having "secured" a public

#### PROGRESS DEPENDS ON SYSTEM

*These buildings, and particularly the post-offices, should be built upon a common-sense, workshop plan, with more regard for their usefulness than their beauty; and when you have in the Treasury Department an organization for building purposes with a level-headed, practical business man at the head of it and the Supervising Architect in the drafting room, where he should be, you will make progress, and you will not until this is done.*

building for their bailiwick, have no hope of seeing it begun, much less finished in this mortal life. He said:

There is probably not a member upon this floor who has been here for six years or more, unless he represents a district in one of our large cities, who has not a building authorized for his district which has been pending for three or four years and which today appears no nearer being built than it did the day the bill which provided for it passed Congress. Under the methods obtaining, after a building is authorized, the patience of the community is worn threadbare before construction on the foundation is begun. In one place in my district, where I secured an authorization for a post-office building, some of the older inhabitants are beginning to date things back to "the time when Clark got a building for us," and yet not a shovel of dirt has been thrown toward preparing for the foundation. As I have said, the force was reduced in the Supervising Architect's office, and necessarily that has tended somewhat to delay the work, but that is not the real reason for the work being so far behind. In my judgment, there is another and an entirely different reason for the condition which confronts us.

Is it possible that the Secretary of the Treasury has the power thus to negative the action of Congress, and if it seems best, cripple one popular branch of the public service, while some other interest or

department receives its full appropriations? It would seem so from what follows:

About four or five years ago the Secretary of the Treasury, of his own motion and without consulting Congress, issued an order that not exceeding \$12,000,000 should be expended on account of public buildings in any one year. No matter what amount a public-building bill might carry, no matter what Congress said should be done, the order of the Secretary over-rode the will of Congress and he had his way about it. Take the last bill passed by Congress, the act of March 4, 1913. By that act we authorized the construction of buildings aggregating forty-odd million dollars, and under this plan of the Treasury Department, if we had a clean start, it would require four years in which to carry out the provisions of the act. Is it any wonder that the Supervising Architect's office is five or six years behind in its work? Mr. Chairman, when Congress shall assert its

#### THE POST-OFFICE OF THE FUTURE

*With the addition of the postal savings bank and the parcel post, an immense proportion of the business of the land is now being conducted through this branch of the government service, and it will increase in volume with the passing of the years. The post-office building of the future must be built not so much with regard to its external ornamentation as to its interior fitness for the purposes of its existence.*

power and let it be clearly and distinctly understood that no official shall be allowed to over-ride its will, then and only then will the dignity of Congress be respected.

The following suggestions of Mr. Clark will commend themselves to most readers, as they appear to have done to his hearers:

Several changes in the existing order can be and should be made to insure the more economical and speedy construction of public buildings. As I have said, the Supervising Architect's office is between five and six years behind. I have stated what in my judgment is the chief cause of this condition, but that is not the only cause. The methods in use are antiquated, the plan of procedure is slow, extremely slow, and something must be done to quicken the pace in that quarter. We are building both too extravagantly and too slowly. What can we do? I shall try to suggest a few things along remedial lines, and I do not wish to be understood as criticizing the Supervising Architect. However, most architects are dreamers and theorists, and not practical, wide-awake, hustling business men, and one of the important things that we need and need badly just now is a

live, active, keen, progressive business man in that office or bureau as a Commissioner of Public Works. He should have charge of the business of having these buildings promptly constructed along practical lines for the business to be transacted in them. These buildings, and particularly the post-offices, should be built upon a common-sense, workshop plan, with more regard for their usefulness than their beauty; and when you have in the Treasury Department an organization for building purposes with a level-headed, practical business man at the head of it and the Supervising Architect in the drafting room, where he should be, you will make progress, and you will not until this is done.

I think it is also greatly to the interest of the public service that buildings should be constructed in the order of the needs of the department which is to use them. Under the existing plan, buildings are given place for construction in the order in which the title to the site is vested in the government, and constantly buildings for whose use there is an urgent necessity are compelled to wait months and years while those are being built for which there is no great and pressing necessity.

Another change which ought to be made is this: Under the law, as it now stands, a site for a government building must be on a corner, and there must be land enough bought so that no other building can be erected nearer than forty feet of the government building. These provisions of the law should be repealed for obvious reasons. In the first place, every government building should be of fireproof construction, and if so, there is no necessity in having the forty-foot fire limit, and therefore no necessity in buying this extra forty feet of expensive land. In the second place, in the average city of the country the number of available and suitable corner lots is generally very limited, and when it is known that the government is in the market for a lot, and it is restricted to a corner lot, the few owners immediately get together and up goes the price to your "Uncle Samuel." If this provision were repealed, the government might never buy an inside lot, but the mere fact that the government was not restricted to corner lots would guarantee fair and reasonable prices.

I desire also to take the position that the day for a monumental building, to be used solely for post-office purposes, is gone. In this busy commercial age we need workshops in which to conduct the postal business of the country and not monumental marble palaces. With the addition of the postal savings bank and the parcel post, an immense proportion of the business of the land is now being conducted through this branch of the government service, and it will increase in volume with the passing of the years. The post-office building of the future must be built not so much with regard to its external ornamentation as to its interior fitness



for the purposes of its existence. We have sacrificed months and possibly years of time in drafting plans and specifications to satisfy the demands of art, which could have been much more profitably spent in efforts to perfect plans for buildings which, while insuring comfort of employees, would tend to secure for the government the maximum of efficient service.

After a most judicious and reasonable appeal for a standardization of Postal Buildings, so that the blueprints for the superstructure should be alike, and only minor details of substructure and inside finish be needed, wherever the climate conditions are similar, he recommended that to this end Congress divide the forty-eight states of the Union into groups in accordance with the climate.

Take, for instance, the New England States and let them constitute one group; let the Northwestern States form another group; let the Pacific Slope States become another group, and so on until the entire forty-eight states are subdivided into groups. When this is done, then take the cities of each group and divide them into classes according to their annual postal receipts. By this arrangement you will avoid the intolerable delay consequent upon the Supervising Architect being compelled to draw separate plans and specifications for every building which is authorized by Congress. It would only be necessary to draw one set of plans and specifications for each class in each group of states.

It will require better evidence than has yet been produced to convince me that a post-office building which is suitable and adequate for the purposes of a city in the state of Rhode Island, whose postal receipts are \$30,000 per annum, is not suitable and adequate for the purposes of a city in New Hampshire, whose postal receipts are \$30,000 a year. A post-office building in Florida would admirably fill the bill for the same size town in Louisiana. A building which would meet the postal needs in northern Georgia would answer every requirement for a city in eastern Tennessee, where a like amount of postal business is done; and so on, through all the groups of states, divided along the lines I have indicated.

Mr. Clark, in closing, made a strong appeal for prompt reform and activity along these lines in the interests of the postal service:

And right here let me say that while at all times we should jealously guard the Public Treasury and never become reckless in expenditures of the people's money, yet I do not believe that we should pursue a niggardly policy in providing necessary and proper means for the efficient and expeditious

transaction of the business of the people. The one great branch of the government service with which the great mass of the people come in close and daily contact is the Postal Service. This arm of government service penetrates every nook and corner of the great Republic, carrying to the people, rich and poor alike, business communications of every character, messages freighted with friendship, with love, with sorrow, with joy—freighted with every human emotion they come into every portion of our broad land. This great arm of government service carries into the homes of the people the newspapers, magazines and books of the day, and now it has been extended to provide a place where the people may deposit their savings, having as security the honor of this mighty Republic. That is not all. But recently we have seen this great governmental institution rise in the plenitude of the power of this the greatest Nation of the earth, and say to the rich and powerful express companies of the land, "No longer shall you plunder an outraged people, who for many years have suffered from your illegal exactions," and thereupon the parcel post was born among the agencies of government, to remain, let us hope, forever, as a safe guaranty against the heartless plunder of monopolistic greed.

The following dialogue, as to the position of the Secretary of the Treasury, closed this part of the debate:

MR. GARNER. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. CLARK of Florida. I will.

MR. GARNER. If the suggestion made in the gentleman's speech is carried out, and the Secretary of the Treasury gave instructions arbitrarily that only \$12,000,000 could be used for this purpose, regardless of the wish of Congress, you would not accomplish any more than under the present system, if the Secretary of the Treasury was allowed to do that?

MR. WILLIS. He has been doing that, according to the gentleman's statement, for some years.

MR. CLARK of Florida. Yes; but I think he has been doing it with a tacit understanding here. There has been no effort on the part of Congress to compel him not to do it. I think the time has come when Congress ought not only to legislate along these lines, but, when they do legislate, to see that the will of Congress is carried into execution.

MR. SHACKLEFORD. What method would the gentleman suggest for accomplishing that result?

MR. CLARK of Florida. I have not gone into all that, but I think the very able Judiciary Committee of this House and the many very eminent lawyers on this floor could find some way in which an executive officer could be prevented from over-riding the will of Congress. It seems to me if we cannot, we ought to adjourn and go home.

# Government Ownership of Telephones

by

Mitchell Mannering

*Experience in other countries, where the telephone service is under government control, warns that retrogression from American high standards would result, were the government to assume ownership of the telephone system*

TELEPHONE statistics are like astronomical calculations in their immensity. More than twenty million miles of wire are used in the construction of the telephone lines in the United States, a gain of nearly fifteen million miles during the last decade. Nine million telephones are jingling every hour of the day in this country; twelve years ago there were only three million. During 1912 nearly fourteen billion messages or talks were sent over the wires of telephone companies having an income of more than five thousand dollars. This includes all kinds of conversations, long or short, counting as one call the fifteen-minute gossip of the neighbors in the early evening, to say nothing of the lingering love chats. These figures do not include the messages carried over the million and a half telephones operated by smaller branch companies, which were not required to make a report.

In the light of these facts, talk of government ownership of telephones does not appeal to millions of telephone subscribers who know what real telephone service means. Evidence accumulates that the solution of industrial problems depends more upon internal evolution than upon external legislation, just as the medical profession has learned that a mere application of soothing liniment, or "cupping

and bleeding," does not cure or prevent disease.

While there is nothing basically wrong with the proposition of public ownership, it has its uses and abuses, despite the fallacy that public ownership is indicative of progress. Russia and India, two of the most undeveloped countries in the world, have the most extensive government ownership. The experiences of the last decade, sharp and harassing as they have been, suggest that the government could better own, regulate and check abuses of private corporations after proving efficiency in operating what it already possesses. Before the government seeks further to extend ownership activities logically, it should first prove that it can conduct public affairs more efficiently and profitably in the interest of the people than can private corporations. Has this been done hitherto?

SELF-INTEREST has always been a cohesive factor in society, and naturally inspires efficient management of a private enterprise—where a management under mere government control grows indifferent, ineffective and too often arbitrary. Officials, appointive and elective, usually have not the requisite training to manage an industrial undertaking, and to place the country's most vital method of communication—the telephone—in the hands of

political adventurers, with appointees in prospect, is retrogression rather than progress. The necessary training and experience of an army of employees in corporation service requires years of concentrated control, with an opportunity to assimilate and care for the recruits added from time to time. Chaos in government telephone management would result in an outburst of public indignation that would find speedy expression with a universal blast from telephone trumpets.

A vital point often overlooked in the discussion of public ownership is that the state and nation sacrifices the present large income derived from taxation, which is usually in excess of any possible profit to be realized by public management, thereby throwing the burden of deficits and mismanagement back upon the people without recourse. The necessities for future development anticipated by private corporations in the natural expansion, if left dependent upon the log-rolling methods of the Rivers and the Harbors Pork Barrel Appropriation in Congress, would reflect sectional bias and political power. The real success that has commended the admiration of the world in American industrial operations has been due to a freedom of action, not possible from public officials who, with their ears to the ground, are naturally first concerned in protecting their political life. The best men for management could not be secured under such conditions. Public accounting of public ownership operations seldom reflects the true state of affairs, for government departments naturally perform free service for one another without charge, making it difficult to compute actual cost and definite expense, but it all shows up when the government revenues begin running behind millions of dollars every day, as at the present time. Even the highest type of government official often sees no harm in making political capital by skimping needed repairs and improvements, only to pass a possible defeat on to his successor, while the public suffers as a consequence.

**T**HERE are some public utilities that naturally and logically should be owned by the government, but this does not mean invasion of the fields of general

business, on the ground that the government can obtain capital at lower rates of interest than private corporations for expansions. It should be remembered that in this case the government would pledge the property of all citizens, no matter whether they objected or not.

Money so raised is simply forcing a mortgage, indirect though it may be, on every man, woman and child without his consent or vote, and means an increased amount of outstanding government bonds, with a tendency of higher rates, for when the government enters the field as an increasingly big borrower, the rates gradually go up. Interest on the capital and fixed charges must be paid by the government, whether earned or not, which is not true of private corporations, which often operate many years without a dividend.

The labor question, too, is involved in every question of public ownership. What has the experience of other countries taught us? In France and elsewhere, strikes have not been eliminated by public ownership. On the contrary, labor disturbances have been aggravated, and in striking against the government the laboring man is met with the stern edict of the bayonet. There is no appeal or industrial "goats" to shear. Rather than alleviating the relations between labor and capital, government ownership tended to make the strained conditions of the laboring man more and more hopeless. This personal equation is not to be overlooked. Contrast today the employee of a well-managed corporation with the employee of the government. In one there is hope and aspiration, in the other the lethargy of governmental red tape. The government employee's one hope of advancement comes from political influence, or from promotion after the death of someone ahead—and initiative effort is not inspired—for, as they see—what's the use?—when higher up officials have their records first to serve.

**R**ECENTLY I came upon a memorandum of conclusions carefully prepared by a public ownership librarian, who had begun his work with a firm belief in public ownership. The result of his study of the matter is interesting, even to the casual reader:

"If I were to sum up, in a single word, the object lesson to be derived from a compilation and study of public ownership literature, I should say that 'inadequacy' appears to be the one dominant characteristic of all publicly-owned utilities; inadequacy to satisfy the public need with anything like the completeness of which private management is capable. The degree of inadequacy varies with the country and the character of its government. It also varies with the utility. In the telephone service, public management has shown itself to be particularly inadequate.

"Adequacy in telephone management, to my mind, means primarily two things: dependability of service, and extent of service. In both these particulars public ownership has shown itself to be distinctly a failure. Dependability, for instance, is almost wholly lacking in the French telephone system. The French subscriber, if he has an urgent message, with much depending upon prompt communication, will not infrequently prefer a messenger, or his own legs, to his telephone instrument. Previous experience has taught him that the chance of a ten or fifteen-minute delay in reaching his party—indeed, of not reaching his party at all—is not altogether remote. The same is true, in a measure, of the other European countries with government telephone service. The Hon. C. S. Goldman, M. P., has described the British telephone as 'the get-them-when-you-can-service.' Remarkable testimony was given in a German court some time ago by a Commissioner in Lunacy, to the effect that the exasperation from getting no reply from 'Central' was sufficient to make men actually mad; and in the long distance service, it is not an uncommon occurrence, in Germany, to wait in line for hours for an out-of-town call, only to be told by a government official, at the end, that the trunks are all engaged. Dependability, to the extent enjoyed by the American telephone subscriber, is wholly unknown to the publicly-operated telephone system of Europe.

"Extent of service is equally important. A single telephone, however perfectly constructed, can be no more than a mechanical curiosity. A million isolated telephones are no more useful than a

million isolated orators talking to the sands of a beach. Two telephones, with a connection between them represent the smallest unit of service. The efficiency and value of the service increase in geometrical proportion with the number of telephones capable of being reached. A restricted telephone service is, therefore, more than in any other business, a commercial tragedy.

WE can readily see this when we realize that the whole fabric of American civilization is, to a large extent, built around the telephone. In the cities, for instance, the telephone has made possible the skyscraper's airy accommodations, the closely-knit, time-saving offices, the apartment house and hotels, which raise people above the noise and dust of the street. Outside the city, it has made suburbs blossom out of waste places; where the business man might before have balked at suburban life, with the distance it throws between business and home, he now knows that, aided by a shining instrument and two wires, he can be put in instant touch with the business world. Beyond the suburbs and into the rural districts, the telephone has made its way, furnishing the American farmer and his family facilities for communication unknown in any other part of the world. It is safe to say that no other influence has stimulated the 'back to the farm' movement, as has the telephone. It is rapidly banishing the loneliness which, in the past, so discouraged the rural population, and drove people from the large and solitary areas of American farms and ranches. Politically, too, the telephone has made its influence felt; wiping out the local prejudices imposed by state lines, county lines and township lines, knitting the country together, and relegating the roorback to the limbo of the past. The Bell Telephone System lays claim to a total of 7,500,000 telephones, but this is no adequate indication of the extent to which the telephone has worked its way into the warp and woof of American life. In the cities, particularly, there are thousands of public telephones, many of them used by hundreds of different people a day. Money is moved by telephone; trains are moved by telephone; buildings,

bridges, tunnels, reservoirs and all sorts of public works are built by telephone; carriages and cars are called, employees secured, emergency help summoned—the whole machinery of American civilization kept going by the use of an instrument which many a Frenchman and Englishman today refuses to use in place of his legs.

WHEN we consider what an intimate part of American civilization the telephone utility has become, we can see what an advantage we have over those countries where the telephone has been made to wait at the government's door, and beg for such financial sustenance as political expediency can afford to throw it. There are now, in this country, nine million telephones. The United States has sixty-five per cent of all the telephones in the world. It has only five and five-tenths per cent of the population of the world. We have, per inhabitant, ten times as many telephones as Europe, where government ownership is the rule rather than the exception; and this despite our comparatively sparse and widely-scattered population.

"Great Britain has but seven hundred thousand or one and five-tenths telephones for every hundred Englishmen, as against eight and eight-tenths telephones for every hundred Americans. The American can reach by telephone six of his fellow citizens, where the Briton can reach one.

"In all France, there are only slightly more than the number of telephones in New York City alone.

"In Germany there are but one and eight-tenths telephones per hundred population, so that the American instrument is five times as useful in reaching people as the German.

"Sweden, Norway and Denmark have given more freedom to private initiative than any other of the important European countries, so that the telephone development, in proportion to population, is greater than in any other country of the old world.

"In Stockholm, the Stockholm Telephone Company operates in competition with a State system, and the Company not only has twice as many telephones in Stockholm as has the State, but has about one-third

of all the telephones in Sweden. Even at that, the influence of State development is so far felt that the total development of the country is but three and six-tenths telephones per hundred population, making its telephone facilities not half as great as those of the United States.

"In Norway, the development of the telephone service was originally left entirely to private initiative. About fifteen years ago, however, the government decided to administer the telephone service, but instead of seeking to develop new fields, it confined itself chiefly to absorbing exchanges of the more populous and profitable areas. This threw the burden of the less profitable rural development upon private parties, a serious handicap. And yet the State has, today, only about one-half of all the telephones in Norway, the rest being private. The total development of the country is two and seven-tenths telephones per hundred of population, or less than one-third the development of the United States.

"In Denmark, public ownership is confined solely to inter-company long distance lines, exchange service being entirely operated by private ownership under public supervision. Danish conditions are, therefore, in part comparable to those in the United States, and it is not surprising to find that the telephone development of Denmark is three and nine-tenths telephones per hundred population, which, although less than one-half that of the United States, is nevertheless higher than anywhere else in the world, except in Canada.

"As to Canada, the telephone service is chiefly supplied by private initiative, although in three western provinces the service is a government monopoly. Canadians have, in the main, the same characteristics as Americans, so that their telephone service is more like ours than that of any other nation. Canada has 354,000 telephones, a development of four and nine-tenths telephones per hundred population, compared with eight and eight-tenths telephones per hundred population in the United States. Canadian experience in government (provincial) ownership has been of short duration, and results have been far from convincing,



notably in Manitoba, where dissatisfaction with the telephone service reached such a stage last year, that it was necessary to appoint a Royal Telephone Commission to investigate the government's operations.

"In Switzerland the telephone system is owned and operated by the government, with the result that there are two and two-tenths telephones per hundred population.

"Italy has not quite as many telephones as the city of San Francisco. The whole of Russia has fewer telephones than Chicago, and Greece has less than a single American building—the Hudson Terminal Building in New York City.

"The total number of telephones in all the other countries of Europe is considerably less than may be found in two American cities—Chicago and Philadelphia; the whole of South Africa has less than Boston; and the remainder of the world, including Asia, Africa and Oceania, has less than the single city of New York.

"The Imperial Government of Japan has pointed with pride to its telephone service, because its apparatus and operating methods follow those of the Bell Telephone Company in the United States. But Japan, with all her wonderful imitative skill and thoroughness of execution, has been unable to escape the inexorable law of government operation, and the service has been so restricted by governmental policy, with its multitude of 'other political exigencies,' that a Japanese telephone subscriber considers himself a privileged character, and can sell his privilege at a good round premium.

THE fact that inadequacy is so universal, as a mark of government administration of the telephone service, leads inevitably to the conclusion that the one is a result of the other. The cause is obvious. Governmental machinery is itself inadequate to handle the requirements of a service so complicated as the telephone. No government, for instance, is capable of the financial prevision which has been required to build up the American Bell System. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Congress would devote itself to an accurate and scientific mapping out of telephone requirements, twenty years in advance—a practice which the present

high standard of telephone efficiency has demanded in private initiative in this country. The present stage of telephone development in the United States would have been impossible, but for an absolute guaranty of stability for a definite period of time in the future; a complete freedom from the gusts of opposing policies, political or otherwise, an atmosphere or reasonable expectation that deliberate and painstaking planning would be followed by equally deliberate and painstaking execution. What government on earth is capable of this sort of management?"

AS the people analyze some of the alluring propositions which attracted them during the past decade, they realize that even a good policy, if pursued too far, may become a mania. Such is the experience of the good people of New Zealand, whose public debt, after the government assumed operation of the public utilities including the telephone, amounts to the entire capitalized values of all the railroad, telephone and telegraphic interests in that country; this shows that some of the wild theories of socialistic legislation proposed by political leaders lacked the saving admixture of plain common-sense and facts. And yet New Zealand telephones can be used only from nine in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, while eighty per cent of the offices are closed on Sundays and holidays. Imagine the American people tolerating such a state of affairs. If you ever watched the faces of those obliged to wait upon a delayed call, fancy what their expression would be should any retrogression in customary telephonic services occur. And were the United States to take over public utilities, it might be found expedient to lower the rate of wages to the standard set in England, were operators to receive only forty per cent of the pay given Bell operators in this country. How long would these invidious conditions last?

GOVERNMENT ownership of telephone interests is advocated by Congressman David J. Lewis of Maryland, who wants a commission to consider and report on a project for the national postalization of the telephone network of the United States;

he set forth the details of his plan in a report of thirty-five pages in the *Congressional Record*, proposing a federal investment of nine hundred million dollars. His argument in its minor premises and figures is simply a glaring imitation of the ancient methods of the politician who sought to win votes by condemning corporations promiscuously without regard to facts or reason.

For a man in private business to figure on a venture with an arbitrary assumption of the value of private property, or by guessing at the value of what he wants to "absorb" would seem a hazardous proceeding. But Mr. Lewis sketches with a free hand, his logic based on figures marshalled under the subtle phrase "it is assumed"—a rather shifty way of predicating the value of the telephone proposition at nine hundred million dollars. Of course, he covers weak points by suggesting a final appraisal by the Interstate Commerce Commission. He proposed to leave out at present the farmers, and other co-operative telephone exchanges or telegraph properties, because, as he explained it, such telephone and telegraph service can be provided by means of telephone wires, a suggestion that seems to him to pave the way for the ultimate extermination of everything that looks like a corporation. When he asserts that the service of the United States telephone and telegraph companies is inadequate and that the rates are higher compared with those of other countries, his whole flimsy plea falls to pieces because it is not founded on truth.

**T**WO-THIRDS of the telephone mileage wire in the world is operated in the United States, and anyone who has had experience abroad knows that American telephone service is unsurpassed, and the best service can never be the cheapest. Three thousand miles being the maximum length of telephone wires in the United States, the average distances covered per message are immensely longer here than in other countries where it runs low—sixty-five miles in Belgium, and a little over five hundred miles in New Zealand. More than thirty per cent of the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company is carried eight hundred miles, nearly twice the average of other countries, and

more than one-half of the telegraph messages in this country exceed two hundred miles. It is very plain that the short-distance messages of Great Britain must be necessarily much lower than the long-distance messages of the United States.

Further, as every traveler knows, an address is not charged for in this country as in European countries, and, as an ordinary direction requires twelve words, this large percentage of a message carried free in the United States should not be ignored, as it is in the Lewis comparisons. The immense sums paid out by England and France in supporting the government telegraph are not considered by Mr. Lewis, but they do appear in reports on the telegraph business of foreign countries—for instance, \$4,600,000 in England; in France, \$1,800,000; in Germany, \$3,500,000, and so on, trifles which the Congressman has overlooked.

**T**HE figures given as to telephone operative efficiency do not take into consideration the joint telephone and telegraph service. In summarizing the calls made per employee, a foreign paper has pointed out that Mr. Lewis' report gives the figures of sixty-seven thousand, while thirty-eight thousand is the correct basis, and in the case of the Bell organization, the efficiency (including all employees) was about seventy-two thousand calls per employee, against thirty-eight thousand named by a foreign authority, or fifty-eight thousand as claimed by the Lewis report. This discounting by useless figures of the efficiency of the American telephone girl is justly resented by the operators. It is not so much a question of rates with the American people as it is of service. The leadership maintained and developed by American energy is due in great measure to the individual enterprise that distinguishes America from all other countries. It is coming right down to the question as to whether this quality shall become obsolescent and atrophied.

Carried to this logical conclusion, the people are beginning to realize that regulation as conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the case of the railroads is as far as the government can go, if a Republican form of government

is to be maintained. There can be a popular tyranny in going too far along these lines that will tend to uproot American representative government, and substitute the stern rule of monarchical Europe; but when the efficiency of American telephone operators is misrepresented, there will be a dispute from centrals that will ask for real figures, even if it only be a

gentle "Number, please?" The people are getting the real number in some of their alluring demi-semi-ex-official Congressional reports that do an injustice to the efficiency of American employees, and of the service they have rendered through the medium of well-organized corporations that understand what is demanded in American public service.

## OUR COUNTY FAIR

*By* FLOY SCHOONMAKER ARMSTRONG

**S**YLVESTER SMYTHE, a city kid,  
Boards at our farm this year,  
And I am sure 'twould make you grin  
If you could only hear  
Him brag about the city sights,  
The Hippodrome and Zoo;  
But when he piles it on too thick,  
I do some bragging, too.

I ask him if his hippodrome  
Or zoo has ever shown  
A pair of well-matched Devon steers  
That draw two tons of stone;  
And when he says it can't be done,  
I cross my heart and swear  
Sile Jones' steers do just that stunt  
Out at our County Fair.

I ask him if the museums  
He praises up sky-high,  
Show pumpkins big as wagon wheels,  
And every kind of pie;  
Or patchwork quilts all made by hand,  
Of tiny blocks cut square;  
We've shown these things for twenty years  
Out at our County Fair.

I s'pose he has seen lots of things,  
But so have I, b'gosh!  
And country pumpkin's just as good  
As any city squash.  
He never praises anything  
Out here—except the air;  
But you just watch! he'll change his tune  
Out at our County Fair.



THE MOSQUE-LIKE TOMBS OF THE EGYPTIAN KALIFS, CAIRO

## "*Post Cineres Gloriam Venit*"

by W. C. Jenkins

'In the rush of the hopeless battle;  
Borne down in the mad retreat;  
Mid the jeers of the cruel rabble,  
Haled to death through the crowded street;  
In the pitiless desert dying  
With none their thirst to slake.

Neath the furnace-halo dying  
Of the fagot-circled stake,  
Oft have the great in story  
Burst from Earth's prison bars,  
"After 'The Ashes Glory'  
From the flames to the radiant stars.'

**S**UCH was the ancient Roman's tribute to the peace, rest and more charitable consideration which, "after life's fitful fever," could be hoped for by any man whose genius or public services made him a busy and envied public character. It is drawn from the custom of cremating the bodies of the rich and illustrious, and preserving the ashes in urns, in the homes or mausoleums, prepared for their reception and preservation.

This method of preserving the remains

of the dead steadily passed out of use, to be replaced by the use of tombs and ordinary burial, but the sentiment that the body should rest in peace and undecorated, while the character of its former inmate was more justly and worthily considered by his fellow-men, preserved the old Latin saying, "After the ashes comes glory."

The Mausoleum of King Mausolus, which was built by his wife, Artemesia, at Halicarnassus, as a memorial to her

husband, was considered by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. It stood for fifteen centuries, when it was disturbed by an earthquake. It is today an inspiration to both architect and sculptor and has been reproduced in part on many occasions. It is from this structure we get the word "Mausoleum."

A wave of sentiment in favor of Mausoleum Entombment has swept over parts of several states during the past five years, and many persons are today engaged in the building of private and community homes for the dead.

The question of the fitting disposition of human bodies after death has perplexed the thoughtful people of many large cities for some years' time, and the query naturally arises: "Has the community Mausoleum solved the problem?"

The indisposition to consider every grave and solemn subject of inquiry which too greatly pervades our commercial and social life has prevented many people from even reading of the effort which has been made in many cities to change the prevailing customs of burial. Nevertheless, the proposed changes cannot fail to be of general interest, even though their discussion must necessarily bring to the mind pictures of sadness.

THE higher nations advance in civilization and increase in wealth and greatness, the stronger is the attachment to life and the greater the reluctance to think of one's death and final resting place. The votaries of pleasure refuse to consider their mortality; wealth and contentment seldom go into the house of mourning; and men enjoying success and prosperity never meditate among the tombs or visit with reverential feeling places of sepulture. All burial customs form a grewsome subject for discussion, but the reader is not invited to go, as a mournful traveler, weeping through the story, like Habakkuk wandering through the Valley of Jehoshaphat and sorrowing as one without hope. It is not to minister to a morbid curiosity, to clothe the charities of life in sackcloth and ashes, the sentiments of religion in mournful garments, or to invest the grave with any additional gloom or terrors that this article is written. It is published

in the belief that if the modern Mausoleum mitigates, in the slightest degree, the sadness which attends the burial ceremony, the people cannot know it too soon.

History furnishes abundant evidence that science has seemingly performed miracles for the benefit of the living; yet it has scarcely lifted a hand until the last few years in behalf of the dead. The methods of burial in every land have undergone practically no change in twenty centuries; a brutal custom has decreed that the remains of departed friends must rest until the final awakening in a bleak and often neglected cemetery, with the cold, wet ground for a bed. It is true that wealth can secure beautiful caskets and ornamental monuments of artistic designs, but in the final analysis, the last resting-place of pomp and poverty is essentially the same—a mud-draped grave.

There is no doubt, however, but that the American people are awakening to the necessity of a radical change in the custom of burial, and that the modern Mausoleum, perfected and built to stand the ravages of ages, has everything to commend it. The idea is not a new one, however; away back in the beginning of history similar methods of burial prevailed, and it must be admitted that in the selection of places for depositing their dead, the ancients were deeply impressed with a necessity of selecting tombs calculated to receive and preserve from decay and corruption the remains of departed friends.

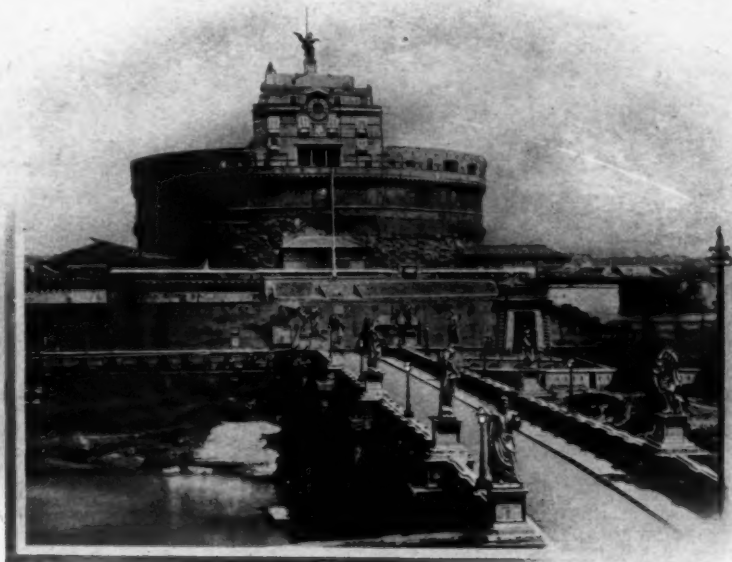
The histories of several extinct nations have been written chiefly from data found in their sepulchres. Their chief chronicles were inscribed on sarcophagi and cinery urns, vases, goblets and on articles of gold, silver, bronze, etc., found in the tombs of peoples so long passed away that their very existence was not known until archaeologists resurrected their records.

The ancient Egyptians believed that after a lapse of many thousand years, their souls would return to inhabit their bodies if the latter were preserved entire. So the body was embalmed and placed in a sepulchre not exposed to inundation. The tombs at Thebes, consisting of chambers and passages excavated in the side of a mountain, fitted to receive the mummies and decorated with paintings of



resplendent tints, depicting almost every phase of Egyptian life. Good taste in the combination of colors seems to be natural to the inhabitants of the East, and artists who have examined critically the paintings of the tombs of the kings, which remain in perfect preservation, have been surprised at the knowledge of effect which the ancient colorists possessed. It is not produced, they say, by the purity or brightness of any particular tint. They knew no other colors than red, blue,

their dead to resist decay and be even ready for the return of the soul. The preservation of the embalmed body, or mummy, was the chief end and aim of every Egyptian who wished for everlasting life. For the sake of the mummy's safety, tombs were hewn, papyri were inscribed with compositions, the knowledge of which would enable him to repel the attacks of demons. For the sake of the comfort of the mummy, the tombs were decorated with scenes that would remind



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME—ORIGINALLY HADRIAN'S MAUSOLEUM

dark and light yellow, green and black. With the red and green they produced a very splendid effect. They had no knowledge of elevating their figures by shading or very little knowledge of perspective—everything was in profile.

The monuments and remains of ancient Egypt preserved in the great museums of the world are chiefly of sepulchral origin, and we owe them entirely to the belief of the Egyptians that the soul would at some period revivify the body, and to the care, consequent on this belief, with which they embalmed the bodies of

him of those with which he was familiar when upon earth, and they were also provided with many objects used by him in daily life, so that his tomb might resemble as much as possible his old home.

The most ancient kind of sepulchre in Asia and Greece was the barrow, a heap of earth with a memorial stone at the top. Sometimes they had chambers with galleries within them and a defensive wall around them. Temples succeeded barrows, or sepulchral mounds with altars upon them. The Temple of Jerusalem was founded upon Mount Moriah, where

Abraham was about to offer Isaac as a sacrifice. Moses does not mention any temple of architecture, only an altar surrounded by stones, which in England would be called a cromlech, or druidal circle.

Tombs and temples in ancient times served a better purpose. The places where

at the earliest period of their history. The account in Genesis of Abraham's purchase of a sepulchre for his wife, Sarah, is one of the most beautiful examples in all history of tender concern for the remains of a departed loved one. Moses left a law expressly forbidding the dead remaining until the next day before burial. He con-



VALLEY OF KEDRON, NEAR JERUSALEM, LINED WITH TOMBS OF THE EARLY PATRIARCHS

the remains of illustrious persons were deposited were sanctified by religious observances, and gods at length came to be worshipped where revered memories were formerly honored. The first generation of men had no temples for their gods, but worshipped looking up to heaven, in the open air. The Persians, even in ages when temples were common in nearly all the other countries, thought it absurd to confine their gods within walls.

No people seemed to have attached more importance to the rites of burial than the Jews, whose belief respecting the honors of sepulture and of their duties to the dead were of a very different kind from those of the people they lived among

demned all public exposure of the dead, and Joshua, his successor, was very exacting in the observance of this law. The ancient Jews very rarely, and only in times of pestilence, burnt the dead bodies. No calamities predicted by the prophets were uttered in more solemn language than those menacing insults and injuries to the remains of the dead, which are especially frequent in the denunciations of Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Isaiah.

The earliest monument mentioned in Scripture is that spoken of when Jacob erected a pillar upon the grave of Rachel. There is an ancient Turkish structure standing between Bethlehem and Jerusalem which has been designated Rachel's

Tomb, and while it may have been built several centuries after her death, it is generally conceded that the spot is the true place of her interment.

The existing ancient tombs, outside of the walls of Jerusalem, called the Tombs of the Judges, are about two miles from the City, and the Tombs of the Kings, about half a mile from the walls, answer to the descriptions of places of sepulchre for the great, found in the Psalms and in Isaiah of graves or caves into which the entrance is by a descent, and which contain separate chambers or cells where each silent sleeper lay in its own home.

Pierre Muret, a French writer of much erudition, published a remarkable book on funeral rites, ancient and modern,

the Jews of tombs that do not in the least come short of the most sumptuous Mausoleums of other nations. Such, among others, was the tomb of Helen, Queen of the Adiabeniens, who left her own country to embrace the law of Moses; the tomb of the Maccabees, which Josephus relates was erected by Simon, the high priest in the City of Modin, the birthplace of that great family. It was made of polished white marble and had a stately colonnade around it; and the tomb of Daniel, who caused it to be built at Ecbatana in Media, at the time when he was a favorite of the King of Persia, constructed in the form of a tower, which was wrought with such extreme curiosity and art that Josephus says the world never yet saw its equal, its



TOMB OF THE VIRGIN MARY

throughout the world, in 1675. In regard to Jewish burial customs, Muret stated that two distinct periods are disclosed, in which the customs of one period differ greatly from those of the other; the first dating from the time of the patriarchs and Moses; the other from the nativity of our Saviour, or a century or two preceding it. Of the ancient Jewish sepulchre Muret says: "We find several instances among

contrivance being altogether stupendous and inimitable. Josephus saw it several ages afterwards and said it then appeared to be new and looked as though it was just finished.

Most remarkable of all was the tomb which Solomon caused to be built at Jerusalem for his father, David, and himself, a curious and admirable masterpiece of art, in the construction of which neither

skill nor the most precious materials were wanting; the most remarkable feature of all, however, was the place wherein he commanded that the two caskets of his father and himself should be deposited, because the same could never by any industry be found.

The Valley of Jehosophat is the scene of many ruins of ancient sepulchres. As a consequence of the prophecy of Joel: "I will gather all nations and will bring them down to the Valley of Jehosophat and will

statues in the dust, sculptured tablets scattered among the ruins, descriptive of battles, and the rites and sacrifices of the people. They are the chief records left of Assyrian and Babylonian greatness, power, riches, kingly state and sacerdotal pride and pomp.

Among the ancient Greeks the art of embalming and entombing the dead had reached a high degree of perfection. Discoveries in Pompeii and cities where art flourished and culture prevailed, show



TOMB OF RACHAEL, PALESTINE

plead with them there for my people," it was at one time a prevalent opinion that this would be the scene of the general resurrection, and therefore many of the Jews wished to be buried there. It took its name from King Jehosophat, who was said to be buried in that Valley.

While it is generally conceded that burial in the sepulchre was practiced in Babylon and Nineveh, little is left of the tombs and temples of those ancient cities of the East. The great monuments that have been discovered are remains of devastated palaces, vestiges of the abodes of mighty kings, crumbling columns and colossal

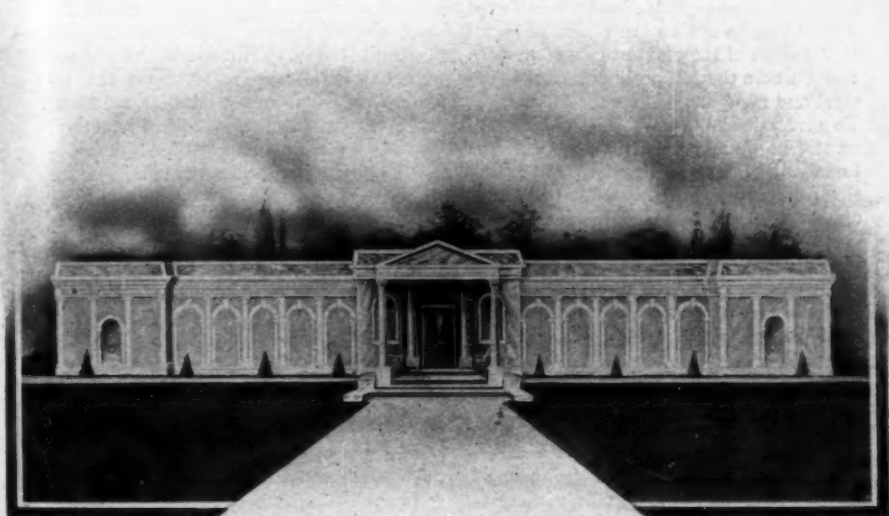
that the remains of the departed were cared for with a tenderness equal to that shown among the most enlightened people of today.

The veneration for the dead that existed in ancient times was a much deeper and nobler sentiment than that called forth in Christian climes. We are told by Plutarch that Alexander, on entering Persia, having found the tomb of Cyrus broken open, secured the author of that sacrilege and immediately put him to death. Alexander was much affected by the Persian epitaph on the tomb, which he ordered also reinscribed in Greek. It read:

"O man, whosoever thou art, and wherever thou comest, for come I know thou wilt, I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire; envy me not the little earth that covers my body."

The law of the Twelve Tables, which Cicero preferred before all the writings of philosophers and who declared them to be more valuable than all the libraries, speaks of nothing more pointedly than of the duties the living owe to the dead. In fact, it was ordained that an heir who had

point of view, it can never be popular with the people, although from a sanitary standpoint it has advantages. During the past twenty years great efforts have been made to force cremation upon the public. The movement seemed to be gaining ground a decade ago, when ten thousand bodies were cremated in the United States in a single year, but last year there were but 2,763 cremations in this country, nearly all of which were on the Pacific Coast.



PHILADELPHIA'S BEAUTIFUL MAUSOLEUM

not well acquitted himself in all the funeral honors which he ought to pay to his deceased benefactor, should be deprived of the inheritance or legacy which was left him.

In the early ages of Rome, the rites of burial and cremation seem to have been alike in use. Later, burial almost entirely prevailed, which practice was again followed by burning. Upon the establishment of Christianity, cremation was strongly opposed by the fathers of the Church, probably on account of its intimate connection with pagan associations and superstitions. From a sentimental

Probably the Taj Mahal in India, sometimes called the "Pearl of Agra," is the most costly of all the splendid Mausoleums ever built. It is also said to be by far the most beautiful building of its kind in the world, and associated with it is a story of deathless love told with deep solemnity in its beautifully carved marble and mysterious mosaics. The artistic Campo Santos of Italy, where both humble and elaborate decoration of family memorials invite the admiration of every visitor; the splendid Sarcophagi of St. Peter, where rest in permanent but simple splendor the remains of one hundred and thirty-seven popes;



the Mausoleums of Grant, and of our martyred Presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—are shining examples of the people's desire to perpetuate the names of the great, as well as to show a tender reverence for the dead.

Sixty years ago a noted English authority on burial customs wrote: "Who has ever visited the sepulchral monuments of ancient Rome, the cities of the dead, beyond the precincts of the habitation of the living, and seen the evidences that there exist of the sanctity in which these places of sepulchre were held and has not reflected with astonishment on the places of burial in the heart of the greatest city of modern times, where there is nothing sacred in the dead and no apparent care for the living." To give additional emphasis to his comments, he quoted from the report of the London Board of Health for 1850: "Estimating," says the report, "the duration of a single generation at thirty years, there must have been interred in the space of two hundred and eighteen acres—the area of all the graveyards in the metropolis—in the last generation a million and a half of bodies. The graveyards of London are the plague spots of its population. The putrid drainage from them pollutes its wells, seethes beneath its dwellings and poisons its atmosphere; and some parts of the metropolis are still honeycombed with deposits of the putrescent remains of millions of its citizens, just as with cess-pools and other abominations."

**I**T is the history of many burial grounds that once filled, adequate care ceases. The country is filled with sad commentaries upon our civilization in the thousands of neglected or abandoned cemeteries, which may be seen by those who travel. There are many instances of the removal of the dead in our metropolitan cities, due to "the demands of business," which means that the bodies are pulled out, carried away and re-buried.

In 1907 the United States Government issued to W. I. Hood and J. W. Chesrown a patent for a Sanitary Crypt, or Community Mausoleum, which embodies many of the excellent features of the ancient systems of burial. From a sentimental and sanitary point of view, the modern Mau-

soleum excels anything the world has ever known. So perfect is this system in its convenience for funeral service and as a place of secure and peaceful rest, that grief-stricken love receives a soothing balm in the reflection that the remains of dear ones who have passed away are cared for in a manner that the cold and clammy grave can never afford.

The first Mausoleum built under the patent mentioned above was constructed at Ganges, Ohio, a small town in Richland County. In this little country churchyard stands an unique edifice which marks the beginning of the Community Mausoleum as built today. Thousands, who have reflected with deep regret upon the indifference of science to burial methods, have visited this little country cemetery, and there saw for the first time a development which at one stride elevated the burial of the dead from its most primitive form to a plane which not only insures perfect sanitation, but alleviates to a certain extent the sorrows of those who are compelled to follow their loved ones to a last resting place.

Sorrow for the dead can never be entirely eliminated. Washington Irving has well said: "The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in silence." But sorrow for the dead can be alleviated to a considerable extent when it is accompanied by the knowledge that the precious remains repose in a sepulchre where water cannot saturate or worms devour. When we know that the body itself is actually lying in a hermetically sealed crypt, that it is not food for worms, we have a more assured and impressive conviction of the repose of the soul than we have when we are obliged to realize that no protection is afforded the dead to the ravages of decay and exposure to every insect the earth contains.

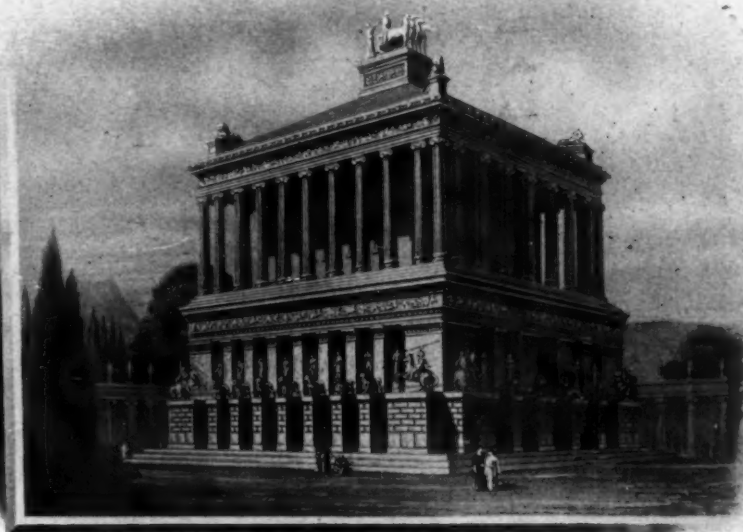
It was at Shelby, Ohio, that the first Mausoleum Corporation—the National Mausoleum Company—was formed, the first and principal officers being the gentlemen who owned the patent already mentioned. Later, the headquarters of the

Company were moved to Chicago and a new Corporation, the International Mausoleum Company, was organized. This Corporation acquired all the patents and interests of its predecessor, the National Mausoleum Company. Subsidiary companies have been organized in several states and in Canada, and over one hundred and thirty Mausoleums have been built in the various cities.

The largest Mausoleum now in course of construction is that of Yonkers, New

who mourn their departure from this life.

What can possibly be more depressing than to stand in the cold cemetery on a winter's day and see the remains of a loved one lowered into the yawning grave and hear the dull sounds of frozen earth thrown upon the coffin? How much better to realize that only a few inches away from a bright and sunlit corridor, in an apartment which can never feel the effects of winter storms, our dead may sleep until the final awakening.



TOMB OF KING MAUSOLUS

York, which will contain two thousand crypts and will be the finest building of its kind in this country.

Mausoleum entombment offers absolute protection for the remains of the departed from every sort of despoilers, whether human or the lower forms of life that infest the earth. The sanctity of the tomb which the generous and self-respecting have sought in all ages is secured in the highest degree, and the conscious knowledge that the remains of dear ones are sealed up from harm for many ages will always be a consoling and comforting reflection to those

The modern Community Mausoleums are generally built by local associations, which will own the buildings in fee simple forever. While the cost of compartments for an average sized family is less than a burying lot in most city cemeteries, and a monument, a portion of the purchase money goes to the creation of a permanent endowment fund, which will be sufficient to meet the expenses incidental to caring for the building for all time. This fund will be in the custody of trustees chosen by the owners of the compartments.

While mistakes may have been made

in some of the earlier buildings, yet the underlying principles of Mausoleum improvement are worthy of consideration. Let it be assumed that cases of faulty construction may be shown, this would be no argument against the system. With the latest modern knowledge of building construction, it does not require the application of theory alone to erect an edifice, whether Mausoleum or otherwise, that will stand for several thousand years.

to death having taken place, life-saving measures may be taken so that resuscitation shall mean restoration.

The methods used by the Mausoleum builders are based upon thorough disinfection. The principal agent employed is formaldehyde; its fumes, when liberated in the crypt, kill all live germs which produce decay in the body when it is deposited in its receptacle, and effectually prevent the formation and development of others.



A BEAUTIFUL CITY'S FORSAKEN CEMETERY

While there may be great variation in the outward appearance of Mausoleums, the underlying principles upon which the apartments, or crypts, are built, are essentially the same. The foremost Mausoleum builders of this country assert that the methods employed provide for concrete interior work as lasting as the pyramids. The interior of each compartment is so constructed that when the casket has been deposited upon the rug-covered floor, a heavy concrete wall, faced with polished marble, will fill the opening. They assert that the features of Mausoleum building may be varied at will, so that where there is the slightest doubt as

The vents from the tombs are controlled in such a way as to conduct all gas drainage through formaldehyde tanks and lime conduits, which disinfects every possible escaping odor.

The sanitary systems of the model Mausoleum are such that the gases leave the crypt by means of automatic valves, but not until they have been completely disinfected and thoroughly deodorized, and herein lies the reason for the success of the new method. The system is said by experts to be scientifically correct and easily understood. It is stated that by this method a body will rapidly desiccate without any possibility of becoming a

menace or endangering other human lives.

The Mausoleums are provided with chapels, which are always available for funeral services and are spacious enough to accommodate several hundred people. This certainly is an advantage over the open air services at the grave, which are often conducted under the most unfavorable circumstances. An eminent writer has said: "Do away with the grave and the barbaric exposures at cemetery funerals; make it impossible to see the sinking casket, to hear the falling clod or witness the tragedy of losing the dead in the darkness of the earth, and restore to the people

of our time the entombment of Judea and Rome, Egypt and Greece, and death will be accepted more philosophically and the sorrowing relatives and friends will be more easily reconciled to the loss of their loved ones when death overtakes them."

The Mausoleum, whether of private or community ownership, cannot fail to eliminate many of the unpleasant associations which attend the burial of the dead, and it fills the mind with thoughts of an entirely different character to those that come unbidden when we realize that the imperfect earth has our loved ones in its cold embrace.



FIRST COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM IN AMERICA  
Built at Ganges, Ohio, in 1907, and contains eighty crypts

# Books of the Month



**A**MONG the new books of the year comes Harold Mac Grath's "Pidgin Island,"\* with a freshness and verve wonderfully suggestive of the broad, blue, fresh-water seas; the glory and bounty of fruit-bearing autumn, the swish of delicate rods and dainty lines, the whirl of reels and the fierce tension and desperate rushes of gamy bass.

With these blend the warring enmities of diamond smuggler and customs detective, for Cranford, the hero, after a big seizure, goes to meet "Uncle Billy," the guide, to fish and shoot among the old, restful, nerve-vitalizing scenes of many a delightful vacation.

But Uncle Billy is engaged by Diana Wynne, a girl who, as he puts it, "is a real fisherman"; afraid of nothing, self-reliant to angle, shoot, swim and walk with the best of them, and still a beautiful, accomplished and modest woman.

There is a mystery about her, because, although a stranger, she is bent on visiting almost daily the dangerous ledges about "Pidgin Island," a bare and desolate islet, only tenanted by the lighthouse keeper

and his assistant. Now in September, with the savage "northers" liable to blow a gale and raise a resistless sea at any time, even Uncle Billy's sage warnings cannot prevent her from seeking this dangerous vicinage at every opportunity.

Cranford falls in love with her almost at first sight, and after many exciting adventures finally marries her. And at the end we find out that Diana is the daughter of the villain and has been trying to thwart his evil designs.

\* \* \*

**I**T is an unusual plot, and subtle treatment thereof, which Kate Jordan has developed in "The Creeping Tides,"\* a romance of Greenwich, that somewhat archaic appanage of New York. Here, in neighboring suites of an ancient mansion, dwell John Cross, an English gentleman, with a somewhat sullied past, and Mrs. Fanny Barrett, an escaped prisoner, left, albeit innocent, to bear disgrace and punishment for a handsome, rascally husband, happily removed by a sudden and devastating mine explosion.

Here the Englishman, who has made a splendid record for courage and efficiency



MR. HAROLD MAC GRATH  
His "Pidgin Island" is among the notable successes of the year in the world of books

\*"Pidgin Island." By Harold Mac Grath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

\*"The Creeping Tides." By Kate Jordan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.30 net.



in the United States Army in the Philippines, lies sick and suffering from old wounds, in his refuge from inquisitive neighbors and rapacious reporters, hungry after the details of his private life and public services. Mrs. Barrett helps his faithful body-servant to nurse him back to life and health, and of course they fall in love with each other. In the meantime, the story of John Cross' exploits in the Philippines has redeemed his boyish failures in the British service, and restored him to favor with the head of his ancient house, and the American government is equally ready to reward and honor him, but both wish to take up a ranch in Arizona, and find rest and happiness together. Just as they are about to marry, Mrs. Barrett's evil genius reappears, the report of her husband's death having been erroneous. He demands money, but on returning to get it, falls unconscious and is carried into John's suite, where he dies. Mrs. Barrett is arrested, and Cross, securing an interview with the President, satisfies him of her innocence and secures a free pardon. They marry and spend some happy years in Arizona.



ILLUSTRATION FROM  
"BLISTER JONES"

**I**F any young man or young woman wants to work up from a subordinate position to the highest attainment possible in his chosen calling, the aspirant should "read, learn and inwardly digest" Orison Swett Marden's "Exceptional Employee."\* It contains within its covers about all that the great employers of the world have declared to constitute the perfection of business service, loyalty and deserving. Probably no living person will ever attain to all these perfections—but many can learn to possess and practice most of the qualities and abilities therein so ably set forth.

\*"The Exceptional Employee." By Orison Swett Marden. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

**A**S deftly characteristic in its portrayal of "horsey" breeders, trainers, jockeys and the humbler dependents of the race track, as Kipling's depiction of the British army and civilian *dramatis personae* of his "Plain Tales of the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "Kim," etc., "Blister Jones,"\*

as drawn by John Taintor Foote, gives us a half-score of racing reminiscences covering every phase of interest from real and natural comedy to the tragic and passionate crises of human and especially Kentucky life.

Whoever loves a good horse, a gallant fearless rider, a brave beautiful horse-woman, a dauntless jockey, a splendid, honest, enthusiastic sportsman, and spirit-stirring races, will enjoy "Blister Jones" and wish to read of him and his again.

As Mr. Foote's "first book," it is full of great promise, and the further exploitation of character and incident dear to a class of horse lovers or rather of several classes which probably include to a greater or less degree three-fourths of the English-speaking race.

• • •

**M**ODERN Costa Rica has long been a subject of interest to the historian, statesman, and lover of adventure, but her earlier history has been almost utterly a closed book to any but Spanish-speaking investigators, and these have had little in the way of compiled history to consult.

Senor Ricardo Fernandez Guardia, ex-minister of foreign affairs for the Costa Rican republic, has prepared a spirited and exhaustive account of the Central American state,† bordering on the north of the Republic of Panama, and now more closely connected with the United States

\*"Blister Jones." By John Taintor Foote. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

†"History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica." By R. Fernandez Guardia. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, \$3.00 net.

through its ever-increasing production and exportation of bananas and other fruits.

Translated by Harry Weston Van Dyke, and copiously illustrated, it is a story of discovery by Christopher Columbus in 1502, and the succeeding records of Spanish discoverers and conquistadores, from that date until 1821, and their dealings with the splendid and warlike tribes of Costa Rica. In all these centuries, in spite of conquests, missions, and the attractions of civilization, the hardy and



THE LATE VAUGHAN KESTER

Who died just after the publication of his great success, "The Prodigal Judge." A collection of his short stories has recently been made by his brother Paul

unconquerable aborigines of Costa Rica still remain at heart Indians, and it is often surmised heathen at heart. As the writer expresses it, "the descendants of the dreaded warriors of former times have become inoffensive Costa Rica citizens. But in spite of any effort, they are still rebellious in spirit, as are all indomitable races that refuse to accept civilization." Inasmuch as the faith was practically forced upon them, or at best associated with bloodshed and devastation from generation to generation, this conclusion of the whole matter is not to be wondered at.

The story is a stirring one and well illustrated, although it is a pity that nearly a century remains unconsidered by the author. The book is an addition to any library.

\* \* \*

ADMIRERS of the late Vaughan Kester will gladly add to their library the collection of his short stories which his brother, Paul Kester, has compiled and prefaced with a charming fraternal sketch of their boyhood, youth and young manhood, of fraternal companionship and affection, and terse biography of his gifted and lamented brother.

Readers will find in "The Hand of the Mighty,"\* a delicious strain of that quaint American humor, which not frequently covers a satire as keen and effective as the thrust of a French rapier. It is not too much to say that his untimely death alone deprived us of a raconteur worthy of association with the hitherto inimitable Bret Harte.

\* \* \*

THE great calamities which from time to time shock and grieve humanity, are often made the text for diatribes against the cruelty of Nature and the mercilessness of God. Rev. Doctor Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, presents, under the heads of "The Sad Plight of a World without Pain" † and "The Friendliness of the World in which We Live Versus the Indictment of Nature for Cruelty," excerpts from recent sermons dealing with the pessimistic and irreligious cavillings of many writers today.

His contentions that pain is necessary to the perpetuation of animal life and physical perfection, and that what are called misfortunes and sorrows are equally necessary to the development of intellect and character, are too forcible and rational to admit the successful question.

That great natural laws and forces, necessary to the continuance and well-being of sentient and lower forms of

\*"The Hand of the Mighty." By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.35 net.

†"The Misfortunes of a World without Pain." By Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., LL.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, 75 cents.

life on this planet, must sometimes bring misfortune and even destruction to a small percentage of the fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of people on the earth, also seems, as indeed it is, unavoidable, and that death itself, by making room for the constant increase of animal and human life, must be a beneficent provision, however much it may grieve us to lose our friends, or shock us to contemplate the steady and inevitable approach of our own departure.

That, on the whole, the average life of man has increased with his advance in civilization, and that war and pestilence are far less fatal to the nations as they are drawn closer to each other, demonstrates that such inevitable change is working out a greater and more universal good, as the beliefs and prejudices of one age become the exploded theories of its successor.

\* \* \*

A DEAR old lady, homely yet beautiful with inward "sweetness and light," after lifelong service with a spinster aunt, is left mistress of herself and an income of nearly seventy-five thousand dollars a year. The one unrealized dream of her life has been to own a studio and become a painter. She goes to London, and after a brief talk with a strange lady decides to make the most of her remaining years, by helping to make others happy as well as herself. To the consternation of six artists in a Park Lane studio villa she takes the seventh and hitherto unoccupied suite.

They call upon her, however, and find her so motherly, cheery and lovable that they no longer regret that "an old woman" took the seventh studio. Dan Oldfield, "huge, red-haired and untidy looking," but a painter of little pictures exquisitely minute in detail; Jasper Merton, "sallow, clean-shaven, discontented," a painter of altar pieces for high churches in poor districts; Alan Farley, "fair and of a ruddy countenance," but for the time being a reader of Swinburne and Flora McDonald, and a mystic-impressionist; Paul Treherne, lean-limbed, grey-eyed, his mouth saddened by a drooping mustache, but, after years of adventure and peril in alien lands, a wonderful portrait painter; Michael Chester, deformed, a little cynical,

but sweet of heart and a wonderful violin player; and Kirby, nicknamed "Barnabas," true artist, true man, and most beloved of all, called her "Aunt Olive," and were the better and happier for her kindly interest.

Also, half-naked and fainting, to her comes Pippa, a little French girl, starved and abused, who wishes to pose as a model, but is taken in, cared for and finally given



Photo by Purdy, Boston

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

a home, and becomes a general pet of the seven studios. Then the stranger lady who had so greatly cheered and encouraged Aunt Olive when she first arrived in London, came to Paul Treherne for a portrait, and proved to be the Duchess di Corleone, who, under the will of her noble husband, must give up cattle and lands, gold and jewels if she married again. But she loved Paul Treherne, and when he told his love, she willingly insisted on giving it all up for the man she loved.

But Paul suddenly lost all his savings and would not allow the Duchess to give

up everything to live in almost utter poverty; but this, too, came to the ears of Aunt Olive and she insisted on making over a splendid income to the lovers, who were married in a nearby church, but held their reception in Aunt Olive's studio. And at the exact moment, just an hour after the marriage ceremony, the Italian executors, who had come from Italy to be present, gave into the hands of the bride a letter from the late Duke of Corleone. In it, most kindly and graciously, he told her that he had made his will only to ensure that her second marriage should be for love only, and to prove the love of her husband. In closing, with sincere good wishes, he announced that a deed of gift of the Casa di Corleone would be given to her by his executors.

So Paul and his duchess were happy; Jasper Merton, who had lived apart from his wife, had again a home; Alan Farley was married to a lady artist; and "Barnabas," Michael and Dan were happily at work, the former being especially busy at times in finding and caring for promising young artists, who needed aid in pursuing their studies. He had also ascertained, what he had long believed, that Pippa (baptized Philippi) was really the daughter of a dear friend Philippe Kortolitz, who less than a month after his marriage had been killed in a railroad accident, and we leave him not without hope that in due season he will become the husband of his old friend's daughter, and nearer and dearer still to "Aunt Olive in Bohemia."\*

\* \* \*

THE immense amount of scientific and practical research devoted during the last twenty-five years to the various operations of the farmer and stock-raiser, has been during the last decade, as never before, accepted at its true value by a large number of the so-called "farmer" class, who are no longer willing to follow the old, conventional and wasteful methods of their predecessors.

Among the great American interests, that of production reaches enormous proportions, and annually exhausts a vast

amount of cereal, vegetable and other food which at existing prices should be fed to the utmost advantage to repay the raiser for such exhaustion and the special skill, labor and expenditure involved.

A recent book on "Productive Swine Husbandry,"\* by Prof. George E. Day, and edited by Prof. Kary C. Davis of Cornell University, has added to the "Lippincott Farm Manual" a work which seems to exhaust every branch of the subject.

Beginning with some consideration of the economical plan of the hog upon the farmer and typical breed of the genus *sus*, the important matter of breeding and selection and the relation of breeds to economical feeding are discussed and illustrated by photo-electrotypes of every important type taken from life.

Then follows a most careful and instructive resume of the results of experimental feeding, at home and abroad, with every possible food, from simple pasturage to ground and cooked food, embodying directions as to the best methods ascertained by government, educational and individual experiments. Even the casual reader may care to learn that the average pound of live weight gained requires from forty-eight to sixty pounds of corn-meal with "something on the side" in the way of green food, wood-ashes, etc.; in other words, the average farmer exchanges his corn for weight, at the rate of from 487 to 630 pounds of corn for one hundred pounds gain in weight. This, of course, means the last "hundred weight" which prepares the well-grown but lean porker for market.

Much information about marketing and curing will be of interest to every farmer, many of whom nowadays cure the pork which they raise and get extra prices for pure lard and sugar-cured, honestly-smoked ham and bacon, from people who get tired of watered lard and hams painted with "oil of smoke."

Many useful directions as to buildings, sanitation, diseases, etc., and a very complete and convenient index completes the work, which in every department is liberally illustrated.

\*"Aunt Olive in Bohemia." By Leslie Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

\*"Productive Swine Husbandry." By Professor G. E. Day. Philadelphia and London: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

# *The Educative Inspiration of Outdoors*

*by the Editor*

**A**MID the boom of the surf on the million-dollar pier at Atlantic City, the poster men of America, in convention assembled, evolved and discussed an idea that has already left a deep impress upon the educative history of America. It was an earnest and enthusiastic gathering whose proceedings had the vigor of outdoor life. Delegates representing the ownership of poster plants in six thousand cities and towns of the country—men who knew how to put up a poster as well as how to manage an advertising campaign were in deliberation there. They decided to give space to the people for educative purposes, and when poster men give—they give. There were no “ifs” and “ands” about it. They talked it over, wrangled over the details, debated it, and biff!—acted as one man.

The result was given to the public last Christmas, a most appropriate time for the initiation of an idea all aglow with the gracious and generous spirit of the Yuletide. In early December the billboards of the country, from Atlantic to Pacific, blazed a magnificent poster in seventeen colors, recalling vividly and graphically the scenes associated with the birth of Christ. On the picture were the simple words, “Ask your Sunday-school teacher.” People of every degree and condition felt revived within them the charm of youth and the spirit of Sunday-school days. The influence of this poster upon the youth of the country can never be computed. I have seen groups of boys and girls, men

and women, standing before this handsome poster in days of bright sunshine, in days of cloud and wind, with the snow blowing about, discussing the great story of the Nativity as in a church or class room.

The picture was in itself a work of art translated out of doors, free in all the pristine light effects of sunshine unrestrained by prismatic color lens. It was an inspirational flash of those subtle imageries that will contribute to better citizenship, for who could ever forget this theme of the great masters in art, retold in posters, or fail to reverence the subject it portrayed?

This pictorial innovation was only the overture of an outdoor educative symphony in colors, planned at the convention at Atlantic City. The poster men did not know when they started this work what a far-reaching effect it would have. Their surprise was beyond description, when within two weeks of the time this poster had been placed throughout the country they received over five thousand letters from ministers, educators, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, commending the movement. It was then that they began to realize what a great opportunity for the doing of good and the uplift of humanity lay in their power. Encouraged by the favorable comment they had received on the Nativity poster, they determined to continue the campaign. Although involving an expenditure of money that would have startled even the large





THE INITIAL POSTER, ON THE NATIVITY, WAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED

advertising concerns, there was never a quiver of hesitancy in going forward with more posters at their own expense, though it represented the greatest outlay of money ever made for reaching directly the people of a nation with a message for general public welfare.

American youth has the militant spirit. This determined the character of the second poster produced, which depicted the life of General Ulysses S. Grant. In a flash was seen the story of his boyhood, his struggle in manhood, his rise to eminence as military commander, and finally his elevation to the presidency—an inspiration to American youth, iterating and reiterating the tradition handed down to every American boy that some day he may become President. Volumes were concentrated in that portrayal, for in a single glance and re-glance, counted as one

of the habits incidental to poster influence, the youth of America caught the inspirational flash. Out in the open air, in the radiance of God's sunshine, and even with storms beating about it, this picture presented a life study of Grant more graphically than could have been done in the artificial light of an art museum or even in a schoolroom.

Again the poster men were flooded with favorable comments on the Grant picture; various civic and welfare organizations throughout the country quickly recognized the value of this medium and the possibilities it presented to them for the development of their particular interests. Church societies were first in the field, asking for something to help increase the interest in and attendance at Sunday church services. Once more the clever artists were put to work and the already famous Easter poster



THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT GRANT IS AN INSPIRATION TO AMERICAN YOUTH



EMPHASIS IS HERE LAID ON THE "GO TO CHURCH" MOVEMENT

picturing crowds of people filing into the little side street church on a beautiful Easter morning came into being. There were the grandfather and the grandmother, the father, the mother and the children, all on their way to the Sunday morning service. In the glow of the bright Easter colorings happy faces were revealed. Up in the left-hand corner of the poster, in cloud effect, was the picture of Christ blessing little children. Underneath this picture was the quotation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." In the lower right-hand corner, in small letters, appeared the line, "Take your children to church. Give them the right start." In this beautiful picture the whole story of religious example was presented so insistently that every father and mother

and every guardian of a child or of children in the country could see in a glance the message presented, reminding them of their duty to the children under their control. Instead of saying, "Send your children to church," it said, "Take them to church."

If the letters received by the poster men from church workers in all parts of the country are to be taken at face value, and such letters should be, the beautiful suggestion that was made on the billboard poster has exercised a deep and potent influence in stimulating the "go-to-church" movement that has proven so popular and successful in many cities.

The fourth educative poster, intended to promote the Boy Scout movement among the youth of the nation, will be on the boards throughout the country



AMERICA PLACES HER SEAL OF APPROVAL ON THE BOY SCOUT ORGANIZATION



**BARNEY LINK**

President of many Poster Advertising Companies with headquarters at 515, 7th Ave., New York City and one of the most prominent poster men in the world. He has much to do with preparing the educational and uplift posters

as this magazine is read. It is made in three panels. In the left panel, under the head of "Chivalry," is shown the Boy Scout in his trim uniform, helping an elderly crippled woman across the crowded street and guiding her faltering footsteps amid the dangers of the congested traffic. The right panel, marked "Humanity," shows the boy scout in the act of protecting a poor street dog that is being stoned by a crowd of hoodlums. A large picture in the center reveals an open woodland scene

introduction. People, old and young, are now looking as eagerly for new posters as they do for the continuation of a thrilling serial.

Many can remember how their mothers worked on mottoes that hung over the door—"GOD BLESS OUR HOME" and other sentiments of beautiful inspiration. Time can never efface the recollection of those loved emblems adorning the old homes and indelibly engraved in memory. Now the messages of the mother are being



PROMOTERS OF THE EDUCATIVE POSTER CAMPAIGN AT ATLANTIC CITY

that appeals to the boys and girls as a part of their dreams of vacation days. In the distance can be seen the Boy Scouts performing their different military maneuvers—a scene aglow with the health and spirit of young America. This panel is labeled "Health"—the great basic necessity for strong men and women. The feature line of the poster reads, "A boy who is fair and honorable is a credit to his God and country." In the border are shown many of the medals and decorations so dear to the heart of the Boy Scout.

These four posters represent the work up to this time—but they are only an

carried out of doors, where they arrest the attention of those who travel, whether in swift-moving express trains, motor car, or trolley, for in these moments the mind is open to reflective suggestions that unconsciously mold character. Even clustering about the tenement houses, where hope is almost gone, the bright posters blaze forth the old, old story, ever new, that rallies the disconsolate and impresses the minds of the children playing on the pavements imagining the green carpets of grass on the poster pictures a glimpse of God's fairyland.

It is indeed a great pleasure for the



A. M. BRIGGS  
Chairman of the educational committee, Poster Advertising Association



editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE to realize that he originated the idea for this movement during an address before the convention of poster men at Atlantic City last July. There was a spontaneous broadside ratification of the suggestion by a rising vote, and immediate action was taken with a unanimity that was inspiring. Altogether it was an expression of true national patriotism which, following closely the memorable scenes of the reunion on the battlefield at Gettysburg, fifty years after the conflict, indicated the cohesive comradeship of Americans and also the power of the armaments of peace in kindling the latent and patriotic impulses of the people. It proved that shot and shell, the bloodshed and devastation of war, are not necessary in these times to arouse national sentiment when the billboard artillery can pour into the minds of the people day and night, pictorial and patriotic inspirations and epigrammatic phrases—sermons in themselves—that mould a healthful and noble sentiment. Never has a project been developed with such earnest enthusiasm, and it is the execution of ideas that counts. In mentioning the educative poster campaign unstinted credit must be given to the men who put

of these poster pictures answers the same need for which public buildings are adorned. It is a sad commentary that the sums appropriated in this way to eliminate the very source and causes of crime are so meager compared with the cost of



TAKEN UNAWARES

millions lavished in ornate adornment of courthouses and jails. A kindly word and suggestion creating self-respect and ambition is a dividend-bearing investment in good citizenship. The educative poster campaign points the way to a new field of philanthropy, in placing before the country upon the billboards the encouraging messages of uplift opportunity emphasized in every forward movement. Everything that increases the love of the beautiful, the true and the noble is a vital force and potent power in moulding the citizenship of the future upon which rests the destiny of the republic.

The world has moved outdoors these days and trolley cars, bicycles and automobiles carry the people far afield where the messages and lessons of stuffy indoors are not so effective in reaching the public eye. The heavy artillery of the poster brigade will be more generally used in the future in pounding away in city and country the everlasting truths in a setting of morning sunshine, noonday splendor and the glow of the sunset in over six thousand cities and towns throughout the country.

The first year of this work has conclusively revealed the innate impulse of the people to help each other, manifested in civic organizations, schools, churches and fraternal societies. Organization is the dominant force through which the old



POSTER MEN HAVING A FRIENDLY CHAT

the plan into effect and who have done so much already for the educational inspiration of out of doors.

The federal government in various states, cities and counties of the country expends millions of dollars for rural decorations in the public buildings where few people see them, and these only curious sightseers or ardent art-admirers. The presentation

fundamental principles common to all time must be proclaimed generation after generation. The country must continue to recruit its citizenship from the masses out of doors, and if the posters on vacant lots in the cities and towns will help to raise the standard of manhood it means more than producing vegetables or an unsightly field of weeds. The orderly environments that now surround the modern billboard plant, trim and neat as a clipper ship, are fulfilling the dreams and ideals of Mr. Barney Link, of New York, whose active life has been associated not only with poster development from early youth, but with the educative and uplift forces of the craft.

The memory of the gathering of poster men at Atlantic City held on the pier over the rolling breakers in 1913 will be associated with this movement of national significance. When Mr. A. M. Briggs,

chairman of the committee, made the stirring address in the open air concerning the inspirational deliberations of the advertising convention at Baltimore, the cheery ring of his voice in the sea breezes foreshadowed the vigor and enthusiasm with which the project of uplift posters was carried out. He put into the work the virility of his craft and the relentless energy displayed in his supervision of the poster departmental program at the national meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

Attention, Post Brigade, six thousand strong. You have done well your part; you have opened a new realm of philanthropy and uplift effort in the forward movements of the times that will bear rich fruit in the sovereign citizenship of the nation which is leading the world in acts and deeds, fulfilling the everlasting beatitudes of the Serron on the Mount.

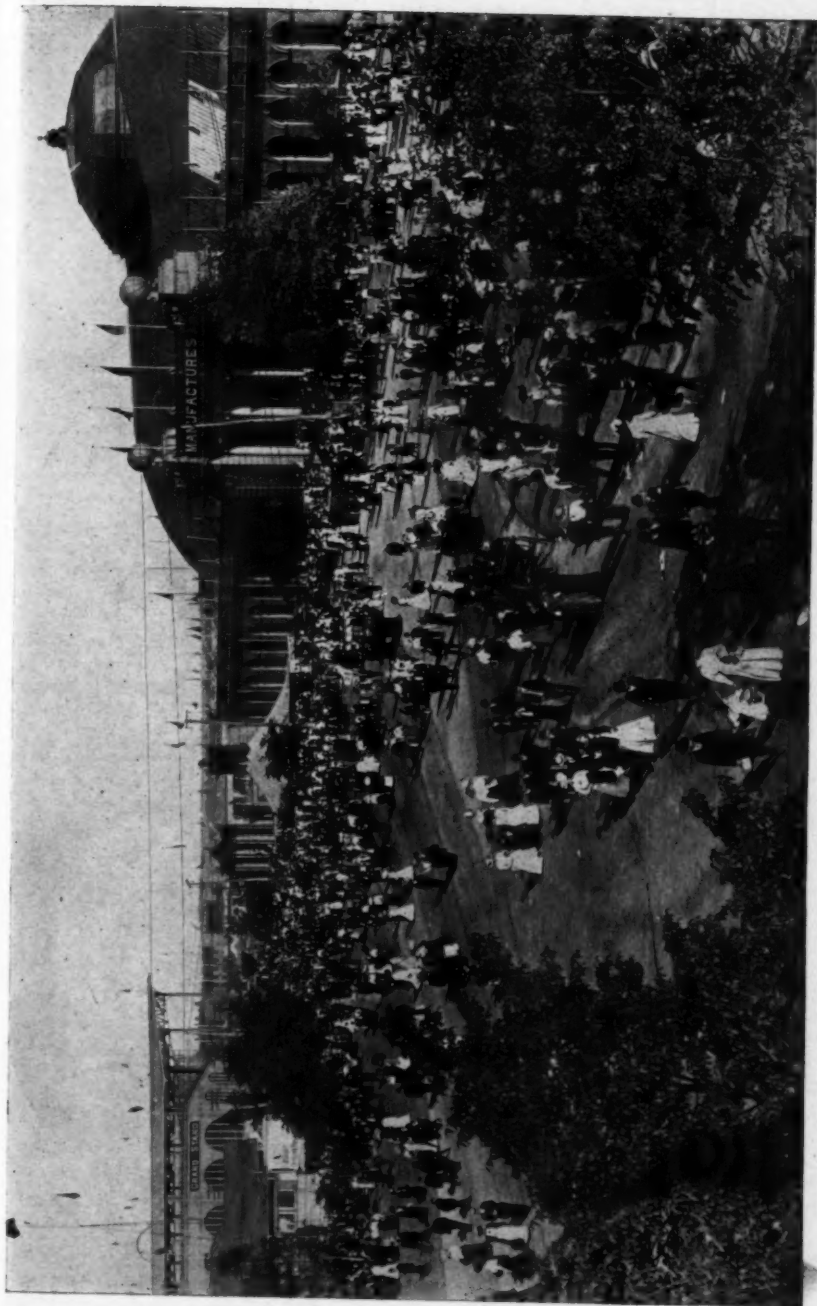
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## SPEED

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THE racing waves am I, and the wild wind;  
 I am the passion of the falling star  
 Emblazoned on the vault of night afar;  
 I am the headlong clouds with thunder lined,  
 And the dread lightnings that appal and blind;  
 I am the ether, and the swift-winged light  
 Encircling earth with smile of splendor bright;  
 And I am thought outshining in the mind!

I am the wonder of the age; the dream  
 Of bird and fish and quivering butterfly;  
 I am the aspiration of the clod—  
 The breath of life triumphant and supreme;  
 Behold I rest not, and I never die—  
 I am the Spirit homing unto God!



A TYPICAL CROWD AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO'S GREAT ANNUAL EVENT

# Toronto and a World Movement

by Garnault Agassiz

**A** HUNDRED and fifty individual clubs, a total aggregate membership of over ten thousand, a power that may well be called world wide, and all in the space of one short decade—that is the remarkable story of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America which is meeting this month in annual convention at Toronto, the western metropolis and "Queen City" of the Dominion of Canada.

Founded some ten years ago with the foregathering in Chicago of a small coterie of men interested in the ever-expanding field of publicity, among them Seth Brown, the able editor of *Standard Advertising*, the

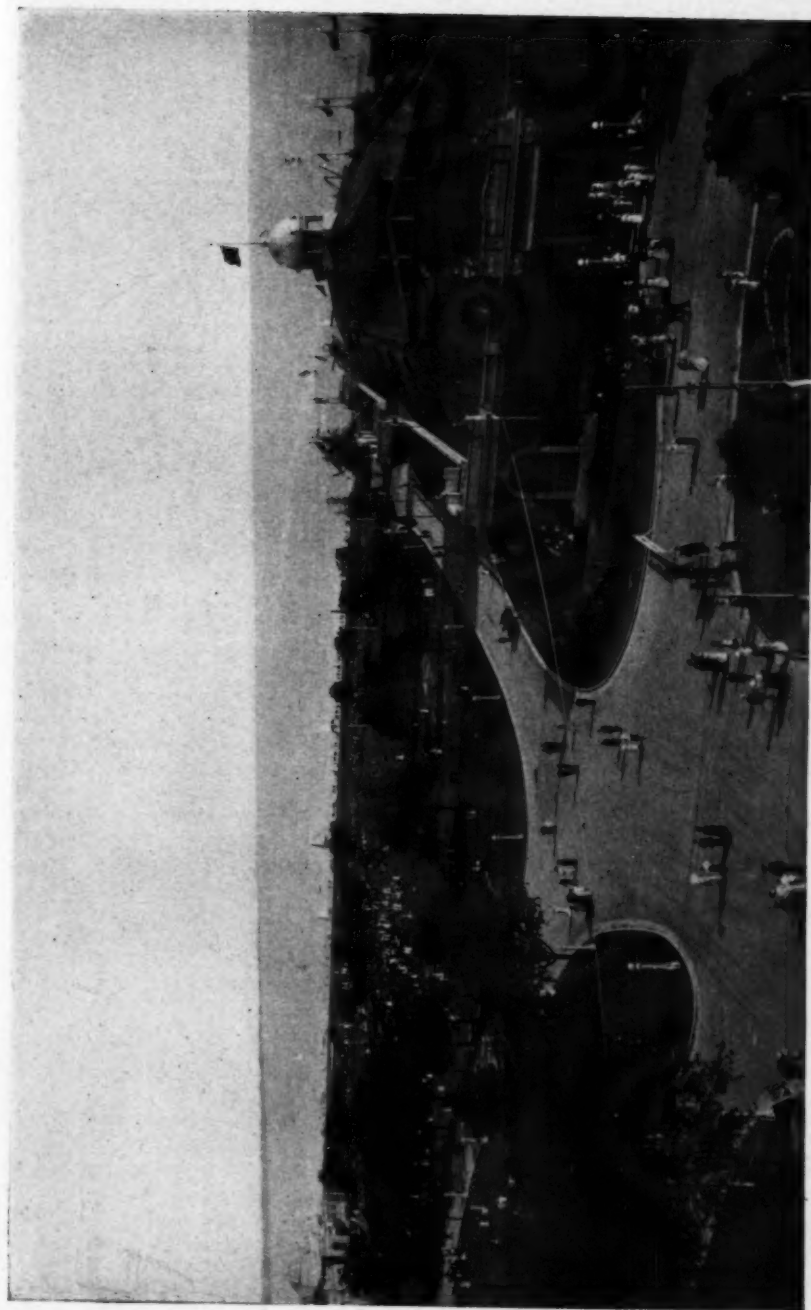
movement was at first purely sectional, having for its primary purpose the promotion of the mutual interests of its members.

This, naturally, was not conducive to stable growth, and there is no doubt that the association would have gone the way of so many other organizations that, worthy in themselves, are not founded on the broad principles that make for permanence, had there not been inaugurated, at the so-called psychological moment, the broad policies of national expansion that have been the bulwark of the organization in the years that have intervened.

No such revolutionary change could have been effected without a master mind to



ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S STATUE IN FOREGROUND



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TO BE USED AS THE MAIN HALL OF ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS  
OF AMERICA CONVENTION





TORONTO'S BUSIEST CORNER, YONGE AND KING STREETS

inspire it. The hour must have the man. And this hour did—Samuel C. Dobbs, of Atlanta, Georgia, now Vice-President of the Coca Cola Company. The work of Mr. Dobbs and that of his successor, George W. Coleman, of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston, will loom large in the history of the A. A. C. of A.

From Omaha in 1910 to Toronto in 1914 does not mean much in the calendar of years, but in the history of the great movement to uplift the profession of advertising it spells mighty accomplishment. Forgetting the tremendously successful conventions at Boston, Dallas and Baltimore, the organization, in addition to fulfilling its fundamental objects, the promotion of the scientific study of advertising and the raising of its general standard through the suppression of the objectionable, has done titanic work in various directions.

It has inculcated into big business a new spirit of progress, with truth as its dominant keynote. It has taught the small-town advertiser better methods of merchandising. It has propagated the principles of good advertising not only in this land but abroad.

It has laid the foundations of a movement that promises to be international in scope.

All this has not been accomplished without herculean work and a large measure of self-sacrifice. Strong men it has needed and has had—men broad enough to subserve self-interest to general good. Difficulties and obstacles have been encountered and overcome, differences have been submerged in common purpose, the ship piloted through uncharted seas with the beacon lights of principle always in sight.

Out of the atmosphere of uncertainty and doubt there has come the Declaration of Principles, unanimously adopted at Baltimore, that, under the able guidance of President Woodhead and the Executive Committee, is to be presented for adoption at Toronto in the form of a new constitution.

In an article of this character it would be impossible to mention all who have contributed to the success of so wide a movement, but it would be equally impossible not to mention some of the most conspicuous—Hertert S. Houston, of *World's Work*, for instance, who as Chairman of the Educational Committee, has been the inspira-

tion and force behind the splendid work accomplished by this department; Paul T. Cherington, of Harvard University, whose great classic, "Advertising as a Business Force," is the basis of the study courses; Harry D. Robbins, of New York, Chairman of the Vigilance Committee, which has so helped to uplift the tone of advertising by prosecuting fraudulent advertisers; William H. Ingersoll, for seven years President of the Advertising Men's League of New York, which for the last two years has won the *Printers' Ink* cup for the club that has accomplished the best results during the year; Richard S. Waldo, of *Good Housekeeping*, Chairman of the Publicity Committee; A. E. Chamberlain, of Chicago, and C. W. McDiarmid, of Toronto, both members of the National Committee, and Thomas Dreier, editor of *Associated Advertising*, the official organ.

So much for the movement; now something of the city in which it is to be held and the club that is to entertain it.

Situated on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, just forty miles from the Niagara

River and three hundred and ten miles west of Montreal, with a safe and commodious harbor, Toronto occupies a peculiarly strategic position in relation to the commercial geography of the frontier country and of all that great section designated by the general appellation, the Canadian Northwest, which, through the extension of transportation facilities and the constant influx of immigration, is being gradually developed.

To anyone conversant with the commercial importance of the Great Lakes, in relation to the development of the Canadian and our own Northwest, the advantages that promise to accrue to the Ontario metropolis must be apparent.

It is inconceivable, for instance, that the Port of Montreal, even with the wonderful improvements that have been made by the Port Commissioners and by the Grand Trunk Railway, even with the entrance to it of the Canadian Northern System, will be able to handle alone, very long, the ever-increasing grain export trade, and it is only reasonable to suppose that



(Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System)

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM'S APPROACH TO THE CITY OF TORONTO THROUGH THE SUBURB OF PARKDALE

the time will come, and that not far distant, when grain carriers will negotiate the entire water route between Toronto and the Old World under regular schedule.

Then there must be taken into consideration the comprehensive alterations that are being made in the Welland Canal, by which the twenty-three locks are being superseded by seven, materially lessening the difficulty of navigation, and the depth of the canal increased from fourteen to twenty-two feet, with provision

This is no prophetic vision. And the beauty of it is that the business geniuses who have been shaping the destinies of Toronto during the last few years have realized this and have builded well for the future.

A matter of twenty-five million dollars is being expended along the waterfront alone, in providing more adequate dock facilities, a larger area of protected anchorage, additional factory locations, and a scheme of esthetic development.



MAIN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

for an ultimate depth of thirty-nine feet, thus permitting vessels of six hundred feet in length to pass through the Upper Lakes to Toronto, whereas, under existing conditions, no vessel of more than 250 feet can travel farther than Buffalo.

Lastly, one cannot overlook the remarkable industrial development of the Niagara frontier, and, for that matter, all Ontario, that is being superinduced by the hydraulic power that is being distributed so effectively and at such cheap cost by the Ontario Hydroelectric Power Commission.

This work, which will take nearly ten years to complete, will be undertaken in three sections. In the eastern section, a breakwater will be constructed, seven hundred feet from the shore, and the intervening space filled in to a height of eight feet above mean lake level, the reclaimed land used for industrial purposes. It is estimated that twenty-five million cubic yards of material will be required for this project alone. A ship channel, 6,800 feet in length, 400 feet wide, and 24 feet deep, with a one-thousand-foot turning basin,

will connect this section with the outer bay. It will have nearly three miles of industrial docks.

In the central section, the work will consist, for the most part, of dock and park development.

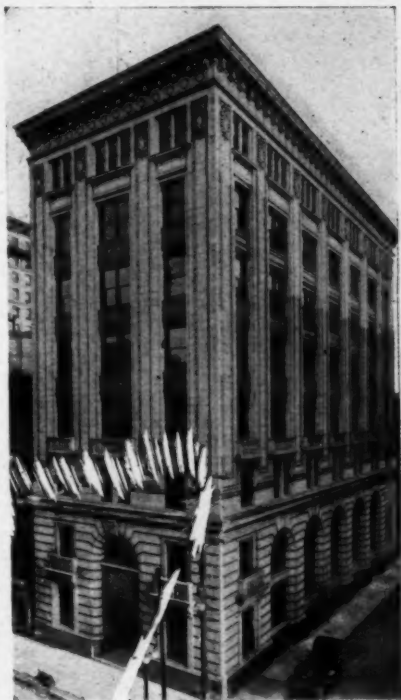
A breakwater, nine hundred feet from the present shore line, will be constructed in the western section, to provide a protected basin, some five hundred feet wide, for every character of craft. This breakwater will have forty-foot openings for the use of vessels, every two thousand feet.

The general scheme provides for forty-one bridges of varied character.

The cost will be apportionated between the Dominion Government, the city council, and the harbor commissioners.

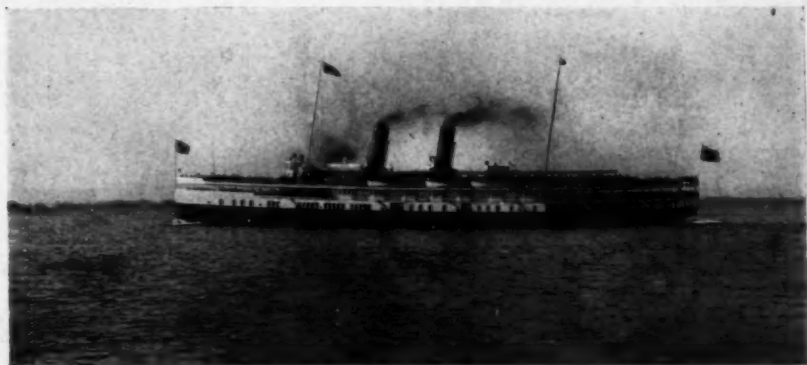
Toronto is governed by a municipal council, consisting of a mayor and twenty aldermen. The prerogative duties of the council are solely legislative, the active administration being vested in a Board of Control, a Board of Education, and a Board of Police Commissioners. The city has an annual revenue of over ten millions, a large portion of which is derived from city property. The water system shows a surplus above cost of operation of over a million a year. The bonded indebtedness is less than three million. The present mayor is Horatio C. Hocken, honorary president of the Toronto Ad Club and a lifetime newspaper man.

Toronto has five hundred and eight miles of streets of which three hundred and ten miles are improved, many of them



THE HOME OF THE STANDARD BANK

being handsomely parked. There are six hundred miles of sidewalk of the best and latest construction. A fine sewerage disposal plant, which is to be greatly extended at a cost of a million dollars, a



CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, S.S. CAYUGA, IN TORONTO-NIAGARA SERVICE

modern city lighting plant, a splendid water system, and an efficient fire department are some of the other advantages that contribute to the material welfare of its citizens. Nor let us forget seventy-cent gas.

Few cities on the continent have a more modern or comprehensive street railway system. One hundred and thirty miles of track connect every section of the city in a manner conducive to rapid intercommunication. In 1913 the Toronto street railway carried nearly a hundred and fifty million passengers and earned, above cost of operation, nearly two and a half million dollars, of which the city of Toronto,

University of Toronto, founded by Royal Charter in 1827. This historic institution has experienced many vicissitudes and has attained its enviable position only through liberal endowment and patriotic service. The main buildings were completely destroyed by fire in 1890, and were replaced by a series of quadrangular edifices that in the mass represent an unusual fine expression of the Gothic. The faculty embraces two hundred instructors and there is an enrollment of twenty-five hundred pupils. The University has an estimated property value of seven million dollars.

Other educational institutions are Trinity University, founded in 1851 by Bishop



CANADIAN NORTHERN SECTION, TO BE USED FOR FOREIGN EXHIBITS

under charter agreement, received nearly a million.

Toronto is the educational center of Canada. Her higher institutions of learning, splendidly equipped to turn out able men in every walk of life, attract students from every province of the Dominion and from many sections of the United States:

Her most famous hall of learning is the

Strachan of the Anglican Church; McMaster College, Baptist; Knox College, Presbyterian; St. Michael's College, Roman Catholic; Wycliffe College, Anglican; the Toronto College of Pharmacy; the Toronto Veterinary College; the Toronto College of Physicians and Surgeons; the Royal College of Dental Surgeons; and the Ontario Conservatory of



Music, practically all having an affiliation with the University of Toronto.

Toronto has nearly a hundred public grammar, high and technical, and twenty separate schools, with twelve hundred, one hundred, and twenty-five teachers, respectively, the former having an enrollment of sixty thousand and the latter

volumes, while the Federal Government is to construct a magnificent new Post Office that will be officially opened in 1918.

Toronto has many large theaters and music halls and an infinite number of other places of amusement. Its chief summer resorts are Hanlan's Point and Scarboro Beach.



KING STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM THE BANK OF TORONTO

seven thousand pupils. The separate schools, although subject to civic control, are purely Catholic institutions.

Educational property in Toronto has an estimated value of nearly ten million dollars:

Among its public buildings are the Houses of Parliament, the Government House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor; Osgood Hall, the seat of the Superior Courts; the Canadian Institute, Massey Hall, an auditorium, donated to the city to encourage the love of music, that will seat six thousand; the Custom House, the Court House, the Ontario Observatory, the Post Office, and a million dollar public library, which, with branches distributed at strategical points throughout the city, has two hundred thousand

One of the most healthful cities of the continent, Toronto has a death rate of only twelve per thousand. Built on a plateau that rises by regular degrees to an altitude of two hundred and twenty feet, it has an ideal situation, its summers never being extremely hot nor its winters too rigorous. Still the city has adequate hospital facilities, having no less than six institutions of this character: Toronto General, St. Michael's, the Sick Children's, the Western, and St. John's. For the treatment of contagious diseases it has the Riverdale.

Toronto has been called a city of beautiful parks, and it well deserves the appellation. Within its confines there are no less than fifty parks and playgrounds, some of them not very large, it is true, but all well planned and cared for—beautiful



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BUILDING, THE HIGHEST COMPLETED BUILDING  
IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

nature spots in which the toiler in the great metropolis can for the moment be beyond it. The park system has a total aggregate area of seventeen thousand and forty-three acres. The most popular parks are Exhibition, High, Island, Riverdale, Rosedale Ravine, and Queen's, in which is situated the Provincial Parliament buildings.

Other frequented places are the Humber Boulevard, Kew Gardens, Alexander Park, Trinity Park, Stanley Park, and the Victoria Memorial Park.

While in Toronto the visitor should not forego the pleasure of a visit to the zoological collection at Riverdale Park, which has been gathered at great cost by public-spirited citizens. In High Park, too, there are several fine specimens of moose and buffalo.

As a port of entry and export, Toronto is becoming annually more important. The total trade last year aggregated one hundred and eighty million dollars, of which sum imports represented a hundred and twenty million dollars. The customs collected amounted to more than twenty million dollars. Toronto pays nearly two million dollars annually in internal revenue.

Its opportunities for sport are unlimited. The River Humber borders its western boundary and the River Don flows through its eastern section, while its entire length is washed by the waters of Toronto Bay or Lake Ontario, giving ample facilities to the yachtsman, canoeist, oarsman, and



CATTLE PARADE, NATIONAL EXHIBITION

motor boat enthusiast. Its favorably situated parks afford ample provision for baseball, cricket, and Canada's great national sport, lacrosse. Toronto is a member of the Canadian Lacrosse League and the International Baseball League.

In the winter numerous ice rinks cater to the lovers of skating, while the hills of Rosedale and other suburban outskirts provide ample opportunity for the enjoyment of tobogganing, skating and other winter sports.

Toronto is known the world over as the home of Ned Hanlan and other famous sportsmen.

For those who follow the "King of Sports," there is Woodbine, one of the most famous race tracks in the world, for, notwithstanding their loss of prestige in some sections of the United States, the



A PARTIAL VIEW OF TORONTO'S MAGNIFICENT WATER FRONT



THE KING EDWARD HOTEL

ponies still run in Toronto. Spring and autumn meetings are held, the sponsor for their conduct being the Ontario Jockey Club, Canada's premier racing association. The Woodbine race track is situated in the eastern section of the city, overlooking beautiful Lake Ontario.

The musical center of Canada, Toronto has been ever ready to encourage every movement calculated to promote the love of music among its citizens. The Mendelssohn Choir, one of the most distinctive organizations on the continent, has its home in Toronto, and there are many other institutions of lesser note that are working in the same direction. The city is recognized as one of the best "play" towns in North America. The theater facilities are ample to the needs of a very much larger town.

If Toronto had no other claim to fame, she would still have a wide renown as the home of the Canadian Annual Exhibition, beyond all question the most important affair of its character in the world.

The Canadian National Exhibition was established in 1879, and has grown with the growth of the Dominion. More than a million people attended it last year, of whom over a hundred thousand were from the United States. The total receipts were nearly five hundred thousand dollars—not a bad record for a twelve-day affair.

More than two and a half million dollars have been expended in the construction of the permanent buildings,

which are used to illustrate every phase of the national life of the Dominion. Some idea of the immensity of this event can be gained from the fact that during exhibition time, Exhibition City has a population of ten thousand. Its grand stand, which cost nearly a quarter of a million, will seat sixteen thousand people. Its stables have accommodations for fifteen hundred horses, twelve hundred cattle, nine hundred sheep and six hundred hogs. It is lighted by thirty thousand incandes-

cent lamps. It awards sixty thousand dollars in prizes. It is the mirror in which is reflected the national prosperity of the Dominion.

As a summer resort, Toronto is becoming annually more important. People, on their way to the Muskoka Lakes, the Georgian Bay resorts, and other of Canada's famed summer playgrounds, find it profitable as well as comfortable to break their journey on either their going or their return journey, or on both, at this beautifully situated city. To an outsider there would seem to be no reason why Toronto should not become as important a summer resort as say Portland, Maine. She enjoys practically every advantage required of a place of summer residence, and yet is so



A PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE TO TORONTO UNIVERSITY

situated as to be in close touch with all the larger centers of commerce.

Her hotel accommodations are adequate to the normal business of the city. Few hotels on the continent are better equipped to furnish at reasonable prices the comforts and conveniences of modern life than the King Edward, Toronto's most palatial hostelry. The King Edward cost three

million dollars to build, and at the time of its construction was considered to be years ahead of its day—that is, of course, for Toronto. But, under competent management, it has been a notable success from the day of its opening—so successful, indeed, that it is now proposed to build a large annex and connect it by a one-story bridge with the present building. The new



TORONTO'S FAMOUS MUNICIPAL BUILDING



addition will have a grand ball and convention hall, capable of accommodating a thousand people, and total accommodations for four thousand diners. And when completed, the hotel as a whole will be able to entertain a thousand guests.

The King Edward has been a mighty advertisement for the business progress of Toronto—it promises to be a greater one.

Toronto divides with Montreal the distinction of being the financial center of the Dominion. It is the home of many of the great banks that have branches in the

twelve hundred industrial establishments within the city limits, having an aggregate invested capital of \$145,799,281, and an annual output of \$154,306,948. They afford employment to over eighty thousand. The chief manufactured articles are clothing, farm implements, furniture, pianos, stoves, engines, machinery, automobiles, confectionery, sewing machines and food products. Toronto is the publishing center of the Dominion, consequently there are many large engraving and lithographing establishments. Canada's largest



(Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System)

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MUSKOKA LAKES

larger towns of all the provinces, and within it are financed many of the most important projects for the upbuilding of the country. Its twenty-three chartered and thirty-one savings banks have a combined capital of eighty million and aggregate deposits of nearly two hundred million. Its bank clearings in 1913 approximated two billions. It is the national headquarters for many insurance companies and other financial institutions.

As a manufacturing center Toronto is tremendously important. There are some

distilleries and breweries are to be found here also.

Not one of those cities that have sprung up from the plains in a single night, as it were, Toronto has reached its present proud position as a world metropolis by regular stages of development, its growth having been synchronous with the progress of the Dominion as a whole.

When the white man's foot first trod the untrodden wilds of that section of North America now known as Ontario, Toronto, "the Place of Meeting," was

a favored rendezvous for the Indian aborigines, and there can be little doubt that many of the terrible Iroquois massacres that so depleted the ranks of the first settlers were planned at the war councils that were held intermittently on the shores of the picturesque Humber that washes the western border of the city.

The disposition of the Indians to assemble at Toronto led the French, in 1749, to establish a trading post there, under the name of Fort Rouille—a connecting link in the great chain of mission-forts that stretched to the Atlantic on the east and were being rapidly extended to New Orleans on the southwest.

Wolfe's signal victory over Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, however, by which Canada was irretrievably lost to France, brought Fort Rouille under the British flag, and Governor Simcoe, the first chief executive of the newly constituted Upper Canada, recognizing its commercial importance, designated it as the legislative capital, changing its name to York, in honor of a son of the then reigning monarch.

The town of York was occupied by the United States troops in 1813 and its government buildings and archives destroyed.

In 1834, having attained the necessary population of nine thousand, York was incorporated as a town under its historic name, Toronto, and commenced immediately to enter into a period of progress from which there has been no retrogression.

Toronto, in point of age a child among



TRADERS' BANK BUILDING

world cities, celebrates this year its eightieth anniversary. Eighty years young, judging by the promise of the future, the "Queen City" can look back on a past of which it need not be ashamed. Periods of trial, panic, disaster—it has met and overcome them all. Throughout the years there has been no sign of capitulation, no suggestion of turning back, always a determined striving forward and upward, with civic righteousness the municipal watchword.

Industrial setbacks it has experienced, of course, and disasters also. Only twelve years ago, for instance, a great fire swept the main wholesale district of the city, causing a loss of eleven million dollars. But setbacks and disasters have been only incidental, as pointing to the fallibility of man, and out of industrial quiescence has come a renewed prosperity, out of a disaster a newer and a greater city, rising phoenix-like from the ashes of the old.

The growth of Toronto in the past few years belongs really to the



A FAMOUS ENGLISH BAND AT EXHIBITION

category of the marvelous. Now the tenth city on the continent, it has an estimated population of half a million people, compared with 226,000 in 1904. It is the city's boast that it has doubled in population every fifteen years.

"A good illustration of the progress of the city," says Hon. W. A. Littlejohn, city clerk, is shown by the increase in the total assessments at stated intervals. In 1885, with a population of 110,000, the total assessment was \$69,000,000. Ten years later, with a population of 175,000, the assessment had increased to \$146,000,000. In 1906 the city had an estimated population of 253,000 and a total assessment of \$167,000,000, while last year, with a population of 450,000, its total assessment reached the considerable sum of \$436,000,000."

The growth of Toronto in the last few years has been the barometer by which the whole world has judged the progress of England's greatest colony.

During the Convention, the delegates



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS

will be given ample opportunity to see the chief attractions of this progressive Canadian metropolis, for while there will be many entertainment features and extended sessions for serious business, there will still be time for sightseeing.

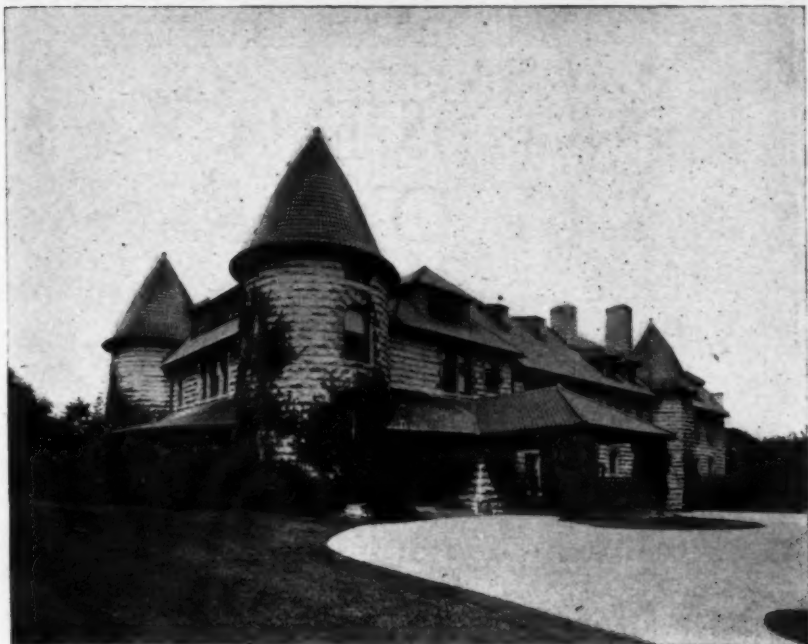
In this connection it might be remarked that visitors should not forego a visit to the Toronto General Hospital, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world. It covers eight city blocks and represents an investment of millions of dollars. Among its many liberal patrons is John C. Eaton, Toronto's merchant prince.

Eaton's, by the way, is another place of interest that should be visited by everybody. It is the largest store in Canada, employing twelve thousand and doing an aggregate cash business of \$35,000,000 annually.

The city of Toronto has arranged a program of entertainment that alone should make the Convention a memorable one. There will be a moonlight excursion, a regatta, a grand military tattoo, with nine military and civil bands participating, and firework displays galore. Then for the ladies a trip to Niagara Falls, New York, via the Canada Steamship Line's Steamship Cayuga, across Lake Ontario and the famous gorge route, for an inspection of the Home of Shredded Wheat. The Shredded Wheat band



GROUP OF SKYSCRAPERS, King and Yonge Streets



HOME OF SIR DONALD MANN

Who, with his partner—Sir William MacKenzie, constructed the Canadian Northern Railway, the third great transcontinental system of the Dominion

will meet the party at Lewiston, and the officials of the Shredded Wheat Company will be the hosts at a delightful banquet in this wonderful factory for the manufacture of cereals.

Organized only three years ago, the Totonto Ad. Club has nevertheless played an important part in the immediate past of the Queen City. It has a membership of two hundred and fifty, extending to all branches of the commercial life of the

municipality. It has done good work in connection with the National Vigilance Committee in obtaining legislation against fraudulent advertising. It holds weekly meetings throughout the year.

It made a bid for the Convention at Boston and Dallas, and by persistent effort landed it at Baltimore.

William G. Rook, of the *Canadian Home Journal*, is the president of the well-known advertising battalion in kilts.

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While there is time his trouble no man grudges,  
Nor repetition of his good advice  
. . . Pain is a friend that giveth sound advice.

—Goethe.

# LET'S TALK IT OVER



**GRADUATION** flowers have faded, and thousands of young people, who have received their school diplomas, are now seriously thinking of a vocation. How to get a position, how to start in, and where to find the right place form a trio of

constantly recurring queries. You cannot fail to note that most business operations in the country are handled by big corporations, and that in the evolution and systematization of work in large institutions the employee is becoming a mere cog in the wheel. The average young American is nothing if not filled with the initiative spirit, and the long drudgery required in the apprentice days when trades were thoroughly learned no longer aids or

hinders the formation of a life vocation. It seems as though some plan should be evolved by which every boy and girl, on finishing school, could take up seriously the work of life immediately after vacation days are past. The only way to get things in these days, as in all times, is to "go and fetch them." The danger of drifting and waiting for something to turn up has ruined the career of many a bright young man—loafing is a dangerous habit.

In the curriculum of schools and colleges one important phase of education—that of training young people how to meet and mingle with men of affairs—seems to be overlooked. This is caused partially by the fact that business men are seldom seen about institutions of learning. They are too busy. During the last year in school an effort should be made to bring the students into personal contact with representatives of various enterprises that are employing and requiring help. In this way many of the difficulties in recruiting their own payrolls would be eliminated and American boys and girls would be given

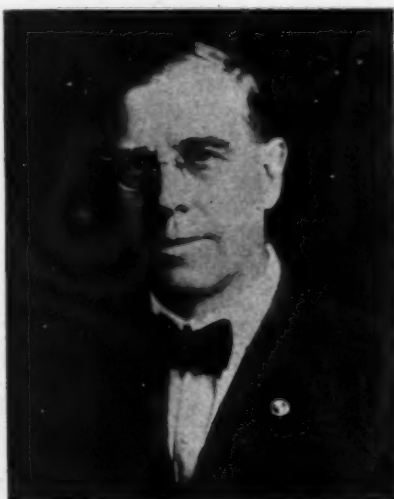


Photo by Marceau

**WILLIAM WOODHEAD**  
President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America





**SAMUEL C. DOBBS OF ATLANTA**  
President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of  
America, 1910-11



**C. W. McDIARMID**  
Member of the National Committee  
Toronto, Ontario



**FRANK H. ROWE**  
Chairman of convention committee, Toronto Ad Club  
and sales manager of E. L. Ruddy Company, Outdoor  
Advertising



**PRESIDENT WILLIAM G. ROOK**  
Publisher of *Canadian Home Journal*

a fairer and more encouraging opportunity of finding their initial place in the multitude of competitors.

Over half a million men and women who were employed a year ago are out of work, and the graduates of 1914 have a more serious handicap than those of previous years. These handicaps and obstacles are in a way an advantage, as they neces-



WILLIAM H. INGERSOLL

Of Robert H. Ingersoll Brothers, creators of the famous dollar watch

sarily develop and generate latent power and energy.

There is a place somewhere for you. Because it cannot be secured always by writing letters, many cease their search for work when they have nearly reached their goal, forgetting that those in charge of employing help are just as earnestly seeking recruits from the young and vigorous red-blooded youth of America as ever.

Many of you will drift into business places asking for positions, without knowing anything about the institution at which you are applying for work or what the nature of the work is. Even the slightest care and study of what you are going after, though it is just assistant salesman of a peanut stand, will help. Just know something about it and know the business. But come into an institution to ask the manager about the hours, where the desk is located and what he is trying to do, and the chances are that you will be overlooked, for someone who knows just what he can do and wants to do.

There are many editors throughout the country just like the big brother on the NATIONAL, who wish our graduate brigade all success in the earnest effort to get the right start in life, for we have all been through it and know just what it means. So without using any Latin class motto or indulging in any diploma declarations, we hope that 1914 will find the graduates of American schools and colleges fully installed in the great university of real life before the tingling activity of autumn days.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *Laredo Times*, published on the border and within range of the Mexican guns, was moved to comment as follows upon the arrival of the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE:

"Within the past week it has been announced that some of our most famous writers have succumbed to the itch to enter the war fame, and several of them are now near the border, or on the way.

"The Spanish-American war was one of the first occasions on which some of the famous novelists acted as correspondents in the field. Before that time several of the most noted newspapermen had accompanied the armies of various nations to the scene of war, and their vivid and brilliant descriptions of battles, skirmishes, 'infalls and falls,' stimulated the desires of the youthful writers to follow their example.

"Among those who have reached the border is 'Joe Chapple,' the famous writer and founder of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, whose stories of foreign lands have been so eagerly sought for by the young people of our country.

"Mr. Chapple has represented various papers in the national Capital for several years past, and in visiting the *Times* today he mentioned the fact that this was his twenty-seventh annual tour with the National Editorial Association, having begun his edi-

torial career at the youthful age of fourteen years, when he owned a little paper in Dakota.

"Mr. Chapple has just returned from a trip to Galveston, and he said that the view of the American fleet at anchor there was one of the most impressive sights he had ever witnessed. He had seen American warships many times before, both at home and abroad, but never in war trim and on earnest purpose bent.

"Joe" said that while in San Antonio he felt that it was only natural that he should want to see the Gateway City, and especially because of the late events across the river. He had never before made a visit to Laredo, and the people of this city may look for some interesting reading in his famous magazines concerning his impressions of us.

"Should there be occasion for him to make a trip to the front in the event that hostilities ensue, it is certain that some of the best descriptions of actual happenings will come from his pen. He has a faculty of description that is rarely equalled anywhere, and he is a keen observer, always making it a point, as he said, 'to get the real facts on the ground.'

"At the banquet of the National Editorial Association last night, Mr. Chapple was moved to talk on 'Hot Stuff,' his inspiration coming from the Mexican supper with which the editors were regaled. And from all accounts, his talk was real 'hot stuff.'

"It is to be regretted that Laredo people cannot hear the famous traveler and writer talk of some of his experiences in other lands. But the next best thing will be to read some of his ideas concerning the border people, and even though his stay be short, it can be accepted as certain that his impressions of the people he meets down here will be vivid and clear-cut.

"Mr. Chapple thought it was a pity that more of the national editors did not come to Laredo while they were so close. Of course they can get a certain atmosphere in San Antonio that is not felt elsewhere, save on the real border, but they will have missed a splendid opportunity for witnessing scenes that in all likelihood they will never have again."

\* \* \*

**S**OMETIMES the aggressive spirit of American advertising takes a humorous turn. The worried business man, facing a strenuous day's activity, is put in a cheerful frame of mind by an intimate and personal "letter" like the following:

No, you "have no widow," but you may leave one any time.

Your wife of today may be your nurse tomorrow and your widow next week, or a widow thirty years hence, dependent on the fortune you expected to make, or made and lost.

Would your widow of next week be much, if any, better fixed? Now is the time to find out. Count up your assets; get low enough; wring out the water. Set over against them your liabilities; get high enough and add interest, because your creditors will.

Now what do you figure the income? Sort o' small dependence, isn't it?

What! Spent five times that last year? How could your widow buy for a dollar what has cost you five dollars? That dollar is all she will have, for she can't write stories, and sell magazines, and still do justice to her family.

Your ability to do these things will be buried with you. "But I'm not dead yet,"



Photo by "Holmes," Baltimore

HERBERT S. HOUSTON

Vice-President Doubleday, Page and Co. Garden City, New York, and Chairman National Educational Committee

you say. All the better, for you have time and opportunity.

Can't afford it? Or loaded up. If you can't do without, say one-tenth of your income, how could she do without ten-tenths? If your salary were reduced 10%, couldn't you live on the remaining 90%? Just so; you would have to live on 90%. Better "have to" and invest the other 10% in providing for the inevitable future.

Think this over seriously; it deserves it, and let me know the result, as I may be interested.

Yours very truly,

If the object of American advertising is to attract attention at any cost, such a letter should make a man turn over in the grave which he does not yet occupy.

IT is now proposed to censure the living pictures that appear between the "movies." The fool songs and risqué jokes and anecdotes associated with vaudeville need attention; the words of some of the recent songs displayed in large, cold, black type would startle even those who sing the lines to the rhythm of a catchy melody.

The Italian government has planned a tax of about two cents a yard on all imported and domestic picture films exhibited or imported and a censorship is provided



GEORGE W. COLEMAN  
President of Associated Advertising Clubs of America,  
1912-1913

for the purpose of prohibiting pictures "distasteful or contrary to public decency and morality, especially those reproducing scenes of cruelty, or which might be an incentive to crime."

\* \* \*

THE immense production at Niagara Falls of carbide of calcium, the curious artificial stone which, when bathed in water, gives off acetylene gas, recalls that this substance was first manufactured in America by accident, through the metallurgical operations of Mr. T. L. Wilson, near a small stream in North Carolina. While using limestone and salt in smelting, he noticed among the melted slag which day by day ran nearer to the brink of the little stream, a grayish-

white substance new in his experience, but thought little of it until one day the molten slag overhung the water and began to flow into it. Then suddenly a bright, white flame burst out of the molten mass and enveloped it for some time. He drew from the dry slag some of the strange material and touched a match to it, but without result. Then he poured some water upon it, and at the next trial the liberated acetylene gas broke into flame. Thus in 1892 accident discovered a practicable way of producing that acetylene gas, first discovered in England in 1836 by Edmund Day while experimenting with potassium tartrate and charcoal. It remained, however, for the intense heat of the hydro-electrical furnaces of Niagara to turn out this wonderful stone in almost perfect purity and immense quantities.

\* \* \*

NEARLY every day a letter is received concerning "Heart Throbs" or "Heart Songs," some story or letter, bit of verse or poem or some half-forgotten song.

Now comes an eminent man desiring to know if our readers—the people who made "Heart Throbs"—can furnish a copy of the speech of Blackhawk, the Indian chief, which was published in one of the old school-readers.

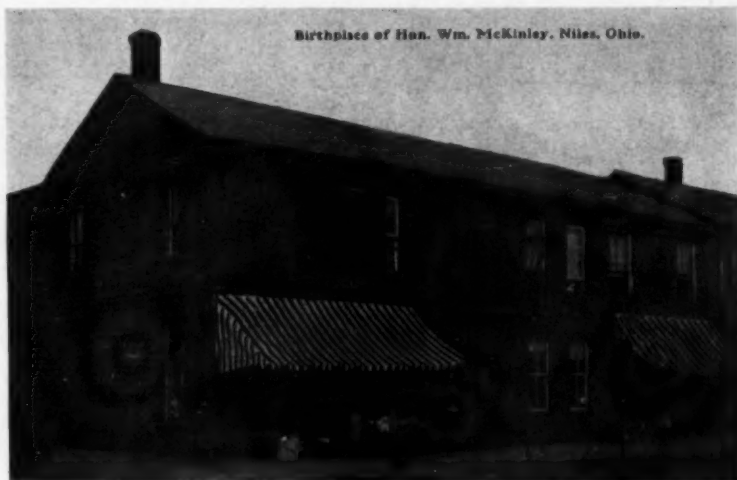
The eloquence of the Indian oratory formerly made a great impression upon the American orators of a half a century and a century ago. It is felt that much of the splendid oratory of the middle of the last century was due to the influence of the Indian lore.

Now, if you remember where the speech of Blackhawk can be located, won't you kindly send a copy of it for a fellow-subscriber, and if desired by a sufficient number of readers, it will be published in full. The story of Blackhawk is one of the intensely interesting stories of the days of real Indians in the middle west. And the American boy, grown up or otherwise, can never outgrow the fascination of "playing Indian," whether with feathers or fulsome suggestions of the customs of the "Big Chief" in the days when the red man still felt the pride of ownership of the broad areas of the Americas.

**E**ARLY on the morning of Memorial Day I arrived at Niles, Ohio, birthplace of William McKinley, and roamed among the scenes once so familiar to the vigorous and athletic boy who played here, little dreaming of the destiny in store for him as hero-soldier, statesman, President and martyr. Here where he was born will stand the memorial building that will be a lasting monument to the Niles boy,

Iron Works at Newcastle. He also owned a charcoal blast furnace at North Wilmington, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, of which President McKinley's father was manager. Mr. Crawford's son, Mr. Hugh A. Crawford, who later went to California, was a playmate of William McKinley.

Early in June, Mr. J. G. Butler, Jr., President of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Association, received a letter



who became a great and good man, and throughout the world was revered as

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

The people of Mahoning Valley are especially enthusiastic over the privilege of preserving his memory and birthplace, and from all parts of the world generous contributions are coming in to swell the handsome amount already secured.

Since the publication of the article in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May, many new donors have contributed to the McKinley Memorial, and among them one gift from California of \$5,000 was received. The story of this contribution is interesting.

In the early fifties Mr. Alexander Crawford, one of the pioneers of the Mahoning and Shenango Valleys, built the Casalo

from him stating that he had read an account of the McKinley Memorial in a Boston periodical and wanted to know if it was too late to make a contribution. He was sent full information, and promptly forwarded a check for \$5,000 to aid in constructing the McKinley Birthplace Memorial Building at Niles. Many contributions are coming in every day to Mr. J. G. Butler, Jr., at Youngstown, Ohio, from those who admire and love the memory of William McKinley. In the advertising pages appears a blank for popular subscription to the McKinley Birthplace Memorial, and we hope that readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will subscribe at least \$1.00, signing the blank and returning to the president, Mr. J. G. Butler, of Youngstown, Ohio.





### LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

**F**OR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

#### OLD BRACKETS RENEWED

BY H. L. S.

When old flower brackets need freshening, paint them with gold powder mixed with common varnish. It makes a pretty finish and will not wash off. By putting gold powder in any of the colored varnish stains, they can be made any shade desired, and will last indefinitely. It is equally good to renew old picture frames.

#### Relief for Rheumatism

For sudden attack of rheumatic pain in joints, an application of vaseline with a liberal sprinkling of red pepper will give immediate benefit.

#### USES FOR CONCENTRATED LYE

BY W. H. S.

The substance which adheres to agate kettles or basins, when food or fruit has burned on them, can be removed by sprinkling thickly with concentrated lye, pouring over it boiling water. Let stand an hour, when the kettle can be cleaned by ordinary washing, without injury by scraping.

When the kitchen drain becomes clogged, pour into it one can of concentrated lye, followed by several gallons of boiling water. It will clean the drain and prevent sewer gas from arising.

#### TO SET COLORS

BY A. W. W.

In washing anything blue, put a handful of salt into the water; green, a lump of alum; gray or brown, a little ox gall; tan or linen goods, a little hay water; reds and pinks, use a little vinegar.

#### To Keep Salt Dry

When damp days come and the salt does not pour readily from the cellar, try putting a few lumps of starch into it, keeping them as large as you can. The starch gathers the moisture to itself, and if a piece is always kept in the cellar, the salt will flow freely the year round.

#### A FRIEND TO THE HOUSEWIFE

BY J. W. B.

When preparing chicken or fish, put a piece of paper on kitchen table, cut the fowl or fish up and when finished roll the refuse in the paper and put in fire; the table will be left clean.

#### To Open Jar

Best way to open fruit jar is to invert the top of jar into hot water, taking care that the water is not deep enough to touch the glass. The principle is to expand the metal top, then open as usual. A minute or two is sufficient.